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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Billionaire Bunker Hunt's Biggest Investment: Christianity

Someone May Need Your Liver

Barbara Cartland on Staying Young

Tips on Selling Your House

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Lucian Lupinski

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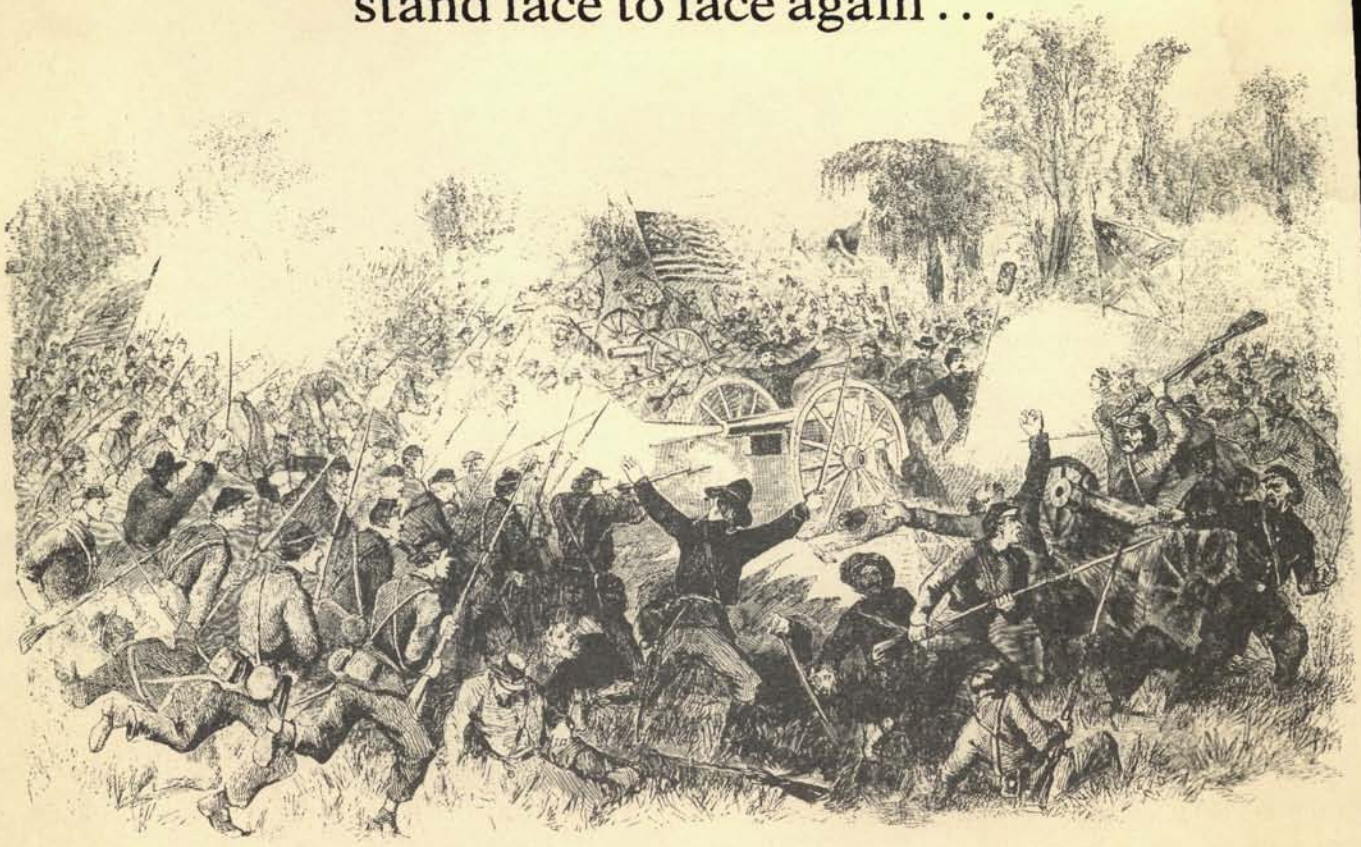
The armies of the Blue and Gray stand face to face again . . .



THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

An official issue, available only by direct subscription.

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Limit: One set per subscriber.

Please subscribe by Feb. 28, 1985.

CIVIL WAR CHESS SET

1861-1865. The War Between the States. A conflict that still touches the American soul. And so, it is in lasting tribute to the heroes of both North and South, that The National Historical Society, founded in Gettysburg, now dedicates the Civil War Chess Set.

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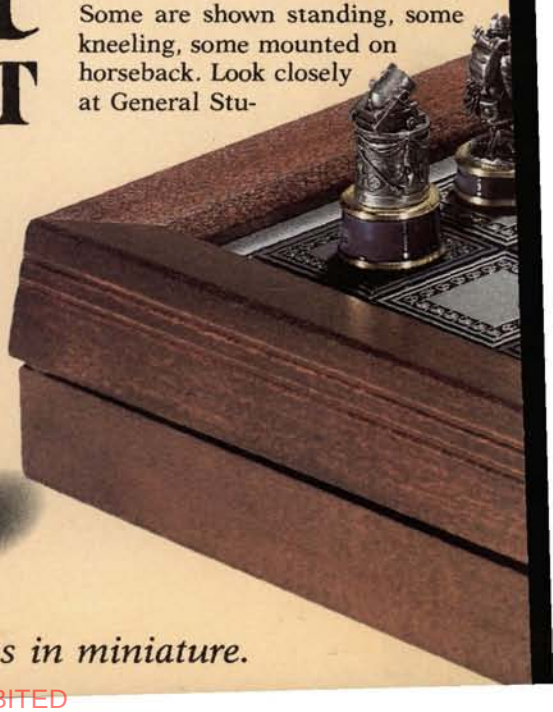

A dramatic collection of authentic portrait sculptures in miniature.

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art, a Confederate *Knight*—his boots, saber, saddle bags, gloves, jaunty beard, and rakish hat with ostrich plumes—"Jeb" Stuart rides again.

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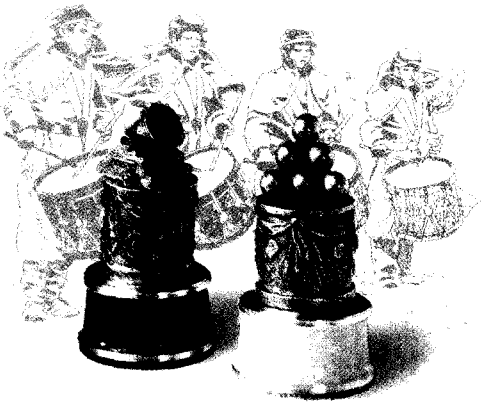
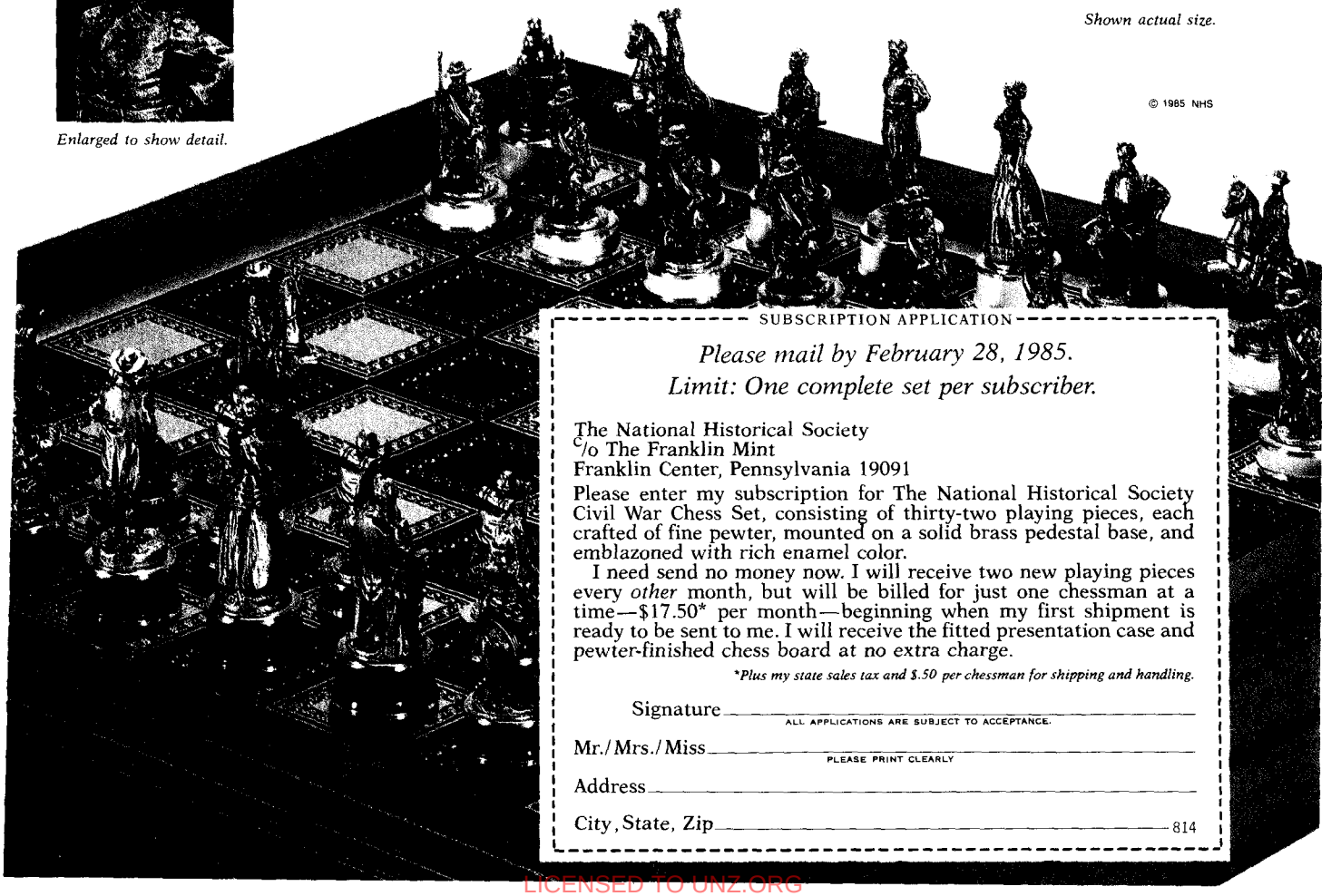


Shown actual size.

Enlarged to show detail.



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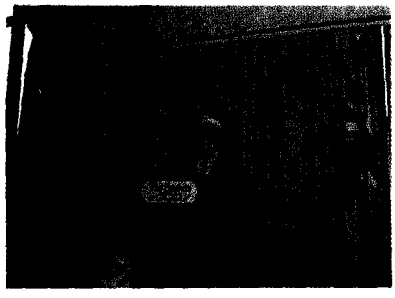
Threatened by Liver Disease—a young mother wonders about the chances for a liver transplant. 58



Ageless Barbara Cartland—shares her secrets for staying young and looking great at 82. 62

Francine Prince—supplies us with tasty recipes for foods high in magnesium. 18

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FOUNDED A. D. 1728

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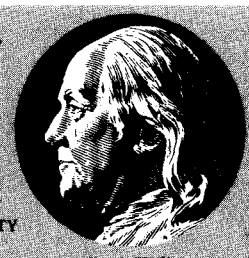

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(Cover illustration by Lucian Lupinski)

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Five important things to know before you buy a home appliance.

At Whirlpool, we know that buying a new appliance is a major decision. And that there is more to it than just the selection of color, size and features. So to us, what we can do *in other ways* to make your world a little easier is just as important as what our appliances can do.

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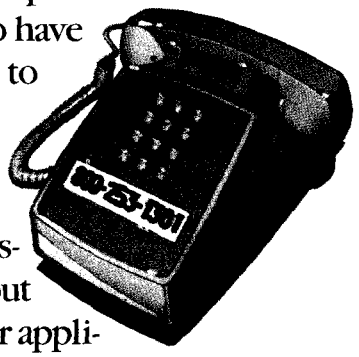

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William Faulkner—lures us to the backwoods country for an exciting murder mystery. 70

Letters

PKU

Your letters section is the finest. I wish you would have 2-3-4 pages of letters—people in need, filled with fear, old, alone, ill, puzzled, etc.—they (we) need a place to ask questions—get some answers.

Your letter on galactosemia was on something I'd never heard of; but PKU is something too well known in our home. Our only child, age 36, was born *one* year before the cause and help for PKU was discovered.

Just one year later, and my precious, pitiful burden could have had help. There must be hundreds—maybe thousands—of parents like us. Is there nothing, no drug, no tranquilizer, that will calm and quieten a PKU child? Will wine do so? We are the strictest of strict teetotalers, but so often, in heartache too deep to describe, I look at her and wonder, "Would some mild grape wine help her?" She is seldom happy. She longs to be with her own kind.

Our income means no top-rated home for Margaret. She has no sisters and brothers. No one wants her—no one. What is her future to be? Congress can and does and has helped the "no-goods" of America—why is there nothing to help the children who cannot help themselves? Why is it that Americans of great wealth do not endow such places? Our Kentucky tobacco and whiskey millionaires could do, oh so much, for Kentucky's children, like mine.

Charlotte Martin
Martin, Kentucky

There's a rich Southerner in Senatobia, Mississippi, who has done just exactly what you suggest. . .he founded a home for moderately retarded adults. The Baddour Center at Senatobia, Mississippi, might be just the place for your daughter. Read about it on page 68 of this issue.

Guess Who Came to Barbecue?

In response to the delightful article "Dinner With The President" in the November '84 issue: May I just add that if I had to choose just one word to describe President Ronald Reagan, it would be—GRACIOUS.

During his 1976 presidential cam-

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paign, my husband, who was on an NBC news network crew, had the privilege of traveling with the future President on his entire campaign. I might add that my husband, a registered Democrat, was not a Reaganite at the beginning of his assignment. However, after less than a month's traveling, he began to sing the praises of our current President.

At any rate, at the end of the campaign, the President and Mrs. Nancy Reagan had the entire press, and their spouses, as guests at their lovely ranch in Santa Barbara, including a tour of their private home and grounds and a barbeque, à la California. At no time did the President or First Lady retire to their quarters, but spent the entire day with their invited guests.

I have nothing but good things to think and speak of our present President and First Lady.

Margaret Robinson
Morro Bay, California

Please print in *The Saturday Evening Post* the recipes from your White House dinner.

Cynthia R. Olsen
Agana, Guam

Cat Ayes

As an ardent fan of Norman Rockwell art in whatever form it takes, I was drawn to your most recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* visited by Garfield—love No. 2.

I am writing at this particular time regarding Rockwell's painting on page 51. Somewhere, I read that his model for this painting was a boy (noticeable mostly by the legs and knees). Since I was a tomboy and a most definite look-alike, my family has carried on the love of Rockwell even more so because of the keen resemblance. Whenever I see Rockwell replicas—wherever I see them—I look for this one in particular (the girl outside the principal's office after a playground battle). To my very surprise, I picked up the *Post* and the book fell open to *my* picture (and Garfield).

My parents were subscribers to *The Saturday Evening Post* in the 1950s and this 1953 *Post* cover was pasted to the chimney at my grandpa and grandma's house (in Door County), but lost in a "chimney fire" in 1969.

I guess, for now, all I want to tell you is: I loved Rockwell then, and still do now—he was a great artist—and I wish I could have met him personally. I am enclosing a picture of myself—all cleaned up for class photos in 1955 (fifth grade). I don't think I ever looked as wrecked up as the girl in his painting(!), but I think you too would agree that the resemblance is good. Thirty years later, I have a daughter who again carries on the resemblance (except no braids!). I turned 41 years of age on October 8; my daughter is now 10½ years old (also a fifth grader).

I was able to visualize the real character replaced by "Garfield" in almost all of the pictures. This was a neat update of Rockwell's paintings from several decades back to the current art fad of "Garfield." As I am a collector of Rockwell, I would like to hear a response back from you, about this communication to you. I hope this is not too great a request and I do look forward to hearing from *The Saturday Evening Post* to complete my "fantasy."

Barbara (Voeks) Peacock
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

After viewing *The Saturday Evening Post*'s November '84 cover, I'm curious—do you or will you offer reproductions of Jim Davis' illustration? It's a great takeoff on the Rockwell self-portrait. Your response is appreciated.

Jim C. Trutt
Sycamore, Illinois

Puff Piece

First let me tell you that I think yours is the finest magazine one can buy. It will always be welcome in my home.

My husband recently quit smoking after 20 years at age 36. Not only has he noticed a difference while jogging (he runs six miles a day during his lunch break) but my "chronic" sinusitis has completely disappeared! Even our three children have fewer run noses these days.

I'd also like to comment on the l ter from Brenda Bouchie. We intr duced our children to the vario bran cereals at an early age—pl fruits and vegetables known f roughage. I still wasn't sure if th (or we parents) were getting enou fiber, so I started using the bran cer als as "fillers" for meat loaf, ca seroles, etc. My husband is the o who taught me the importance of f ber in one's diet, so he really deserv the credit for the good eating habi we hope our children are learning.

Joanne Ciam
El Cajon, Californ

Smoked Out

In a recent article in the *Post* abou cigarette smoking and allergies, yo requested experiences from you readers. Though I have never smoke cigarettes, I have lived around othe smokers all my life until a few year ago. I had no complaints except th smell and a mild allergic rhinitis.

In 1965 I started working the 3-to-1 shift on a switchboard. All of th other operators smoked heavily. At in the afternoon the small room wa thick with smoke. My eyes began t burn and after a couple of months began to have occasional glaucoma "Get out of there or face blindness i two years," was my doctor's advice.

We moved to the Seattle area i 1966. Within a year the pressure in my eyes returned to normal. The rhinitis was clear in the summer but returned in the fall and winter even worse than before. In 1970, an allergist diagnosed tobacco-smoke poisoning.

My husband immediately stopped smoking. We threw away our ash trays and put up a needlepoint plaque that reads "Thank You for Not Smoking." Our guests are understanding and step out of doors to smoke.

Within six months my husband suffered what seemed a severe heart attack. It was diagnosed as acute asthma, complicated by irreversible minor emphysema damage. The doctors told him that, had he still been smoking, the attack could have been fatal.

Since then we have avoided public places where smoking is permitted and cut down on visiting homes of

continued on following page

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A new and delightful idea in porcelain . . .

Woodland Surprises

Two wonderful sculptures in one!
Each engaging little woodland animal
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Handcrafted in fine porcelain and painted entirely by hand.

Just $19.50, the pair.

Just when you thought nothing new and different could be done in porcelain —surprise!

Along comes Woodland Surprises. A collection of new and original sculptures, created exclusively for Franklin Porcelain by the talented nature artist, Jackie Smith. A collection as delightful as it is different. Because there's more to each of these little porcelain sculptures than meets the eye.

At first glance, you might think that each woodland animal is in its home to stay. But, with a little help from you, each will be happy to come out for a special visit. Reach right into the tree trunk and pfft . . . the raccoon's out. Give the frog a push and he'll leap from his lily pad. And with a little nudge, you'll even have the baby bear eating from the palm of your hand.

Two delightful sculptures — for the price of one

Each imported sculpture is lovingly *handcrafted* by skilled porcelain artisans. *Hand-painted* in rich colors. And brought to life with a wealth of captivating detail. Yet the price for each two-piece sculpture is just $19.50. A remarkable price for handcrafted porcelain sculptures of this quality. Sculptures which will bring a smile to your face—and delight all those who see them.

You need send no money now. To begin your collection of Woodland Surprises, simply fill out the application attached and send it to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, PA 19091, by February 28, 1985.

Sculptures shown smaller than actual size.

This attractive hardwood display stand will be provided to subscribers, at no additional charge.

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Please mail by February 28, 1985.

Franklin Porcelain • Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

I would like to subscribe to *Woodland Surprises*, consisting of twelve hand-painted, two-piece porcelain sculptures.

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**Plus my state sales tax and $1. per sculpture for shipping and handling.*

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ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

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Canadian residents will be billed for each two-piece sculpture in advance of shipment at $23.50 plus $1. shipping and handling (Cdn. $).

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people who smoke. Many of our friends have stopped smoking since hearing our experience.

Ilda Weatherford
Renton, Washington

Naval Reinforcements

Dear Admiral Synhorst:

Congratulations for writing your article in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Your description of the tests and what the patients have to look forward to if they continue to smoke should make anyone stop smoking.

I'm glad you made mention of the government support. As a physician in the naval reserve, the battle against smoking is constant.

Jeffrey F. Brookman, D.O.
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dance Fever

Dear Dr. DeMyer:

I enjoyed your article on "Dancing for Fun and Fitness," in the November *Saturday Evening Post*. I agree with you that it is an excellent way to fitness; however, I am a divorcee and find it very difficult to find dance partners and/or places for singles to learn about ballroom dancing and to participate. I will be moving to the Columbia, Maryland, area in a few months and would like to ask you for the names of "ballroom" dances in the Columbia/Baltimore/Washington, D.C. area. Also, how would I go about contacting others who are now participating in competitive dancing? Thank you very much for your help.

Beverly McClure
Raymond, New Hampshire

Since my wife died of cancer in July '83, I've explored several activities, including skydiving. But the most satisfying in the last three months is beginner ballroom dancing! Please send me schedules and locations of competitive dancing in northern California.

Ralph Segura
San Francisco, California

I found your article in the November issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* most interesting. It prompts me to inquire about any competitive ballroom dancing in the Mansfield or Columbus, Ohio, areas.

In fact, I reread the article this morning and I certainly agree that this has a great deal to offer. I hope that I can become involved.

I am curious about the response to your article. I will be watching for a follow-up article or perhaps a letter to the editor indicating response.

I will appreciate any information you are able to give me.

My best wishes for your continued success, fun and fulfillment in dancing.

John Furrer
Shelby, Ohio

Just to let you know that your article in the *Post* was enjoyed and appreciated. For I too love dancing, which I did a bit of in the 1920s. Can now say there was 50 years between dances. Three years of tap dancing beginning 1973—now 3 years of ballroom (silver). You are right, it is addictive—and it makes you feel so good!

Enclosed picture—now 85+ years taken at February '84 competition. Wishing you happy dancing.

Dollie Grant
Winter Haven, Florida

Gravis Situation

I would like to commend Berton Roueché on his article, "The Lady Who Thought She Was Crazy," in your October issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Rouché successfully helped Miss Allen tell of what were probably the hardest four years of her life. I personally find it difficult to imagine the mental strength she must have had in order to go through what she did. I hope that her story a happy ending has given hope to my thenia gravis victims everywhere.

Kirsten Baldri
Hailey, Ida

Cereal Rights

Re: A Church Whose Memb Have Less Cancer.

I read with interest a reprint your article from *The Saturday E ning Post* about the remarkable fr dom from cancer enjoyed by the Se enth-day Adventists. My grandfat er, W.K. Kellogg, would be the fi to correct your overgenerous attrib tion to him for the starting of t cereal industry. He himself credited man named Purkey, who produced shredded-wheat biscuit in his Kans City, Missouri, shop, with the fir ready-to-eat breakfast cereal. Ho ever, Purkey planned to capitalize c this invention not through the sale c cereal, but the machines to make it

It remained for Charles Willia Post to plagiarize the Battle Cree Sanitarium's health foods into wh was to become the ready-to-eat cere industry. It was his promotion genius that led to packaging and pr moting his corn flakes (known as El jah's Manna, later Post Toasties) Grape-Nuts and Postum (cereal bev erage). His pirating of W.K.'s hard won products led to the ultimate spli with brother John Harvey Kellogg J.H. was under constraints impose by the American Medical Associatio for claims of cures from unprove therapies and could not promote an advertise as brother Will demanded.

Several books have been written or the subject of the Battle Creek cerea industry, most of them in the Sunday supplement—sensational style. On of the better ones is Gerald Carson's *Cornflake Crusade*. Another is entitled *Nuts Among the Berries. Heiress* by William Wright makes fascinating reading about Marjorie Post, C.W.'s daughter. I have done a 35-chapter account of my own for the *Battle Creek Enquirer and News* and have several supplemental articles that may or may not be published.

It's timely that you have popularized the lifestyle of the Seventh-day Adventists and its effect on their health. They also enjoy far fewer coronaries and strokes, which is also at-

continued on following page

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tributable to their dietary restraint. Though not a member of the faith myself, I have some relatives who are and I admire them for their habits.

Norman Williamson, Jr.
Claremont, California

Schipf Ahoy

I have read with interest the letter of Mr. Robert G. Schipf, which appeared in the Oct. 1984 issue of that wonderful magazine—*The Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Schipf states that there is no relationship between Christianity and smoking and speaks of a Mr. Robert Taylor as a "silly ass" because he states he gave up smoking when he became a Christian.

Well, Mr. Schipf, may I tell you that there are many millions of "silly asses" on this planet. May I state kindly that your letter manifests an abysmal ignorance about Christianity. For practically all Christians who would call themselves evangelical, or fundamental, or "born again" consider their bodies to be the "Temple of the Holy Ghost." And they consider it improper to ruin and defile that temple with the noxious weed, tobacco. Many leading denominations, such as the Seventh-day Adventists, all holiness groups, all Pentecostal groups, etc., strongly teach against the use of tobacco. In many denominations it is practically grounds for excommunication.

I happen to have visited 128 different countries in my life time, in missionary and church work. And in practically all cases, people who become Christians are taught that the use of tobacco is defiling for a Christian. I have seen whole tribes give up its use. As a matter of fact, I happen to be the Honorary Life Time Pastor of the world's largest church, in Seoul, Korea, which has over 360,000 members. And no person is accepted into membership if it is known that he uses tobacco.

Maynard Ketcham
Springfield, Missouri

To: Penny Peterson
Amarillo, Texas

Dear Ms. Peterson:

I have your letter of 16 September 1984. I am glad that you agree that "abstaining from smoking does not a Christian make." That was the point of my letter. I take it that the editor of the *SatEvePost* did not understand it at all, judging from his comment.

I fail to see anything about smoking in the Bible references you cite. To use such citations to "prove a point" is wrong from both Biblical and moral considerations.

Although you and I may agree that smoking "has no benefit for the body" and may even be "detrimental to our bodies," many persons believe otherwise. Indeed, smoking has very good medical benefits, according to some medical researchers. There are many persons in the world to whom smoking is a religious duty. Y would know this if you had taken anthropology course or did so reading about other cultures.

I am sick and tired of the religic bigotry apparent in our society. T *SatEvePost* has obviously chosen appeal to this bigotry so its pages a filled with it. The letter to which I c jected is only one example of the pc nography the "born again" Christi revels in. It is disgusting and foul a lots of dishonest people make m lions from it.

Incidentally, I do not smoke, nev have, never will. But I am not a bigc

Robert G. Schi
Missoula, Montai

Don't believe anyone who wou tell you that cigarettes don't ki They kill about 350,000 people in ou country each year according to th director of the National Cancer Inst tute. The billion-dollar cigarette in dustry is now undertaking a lucrativ operation of teaching Chinese wit healthy lungs how to market the ev and addicting drug nicotine.

The Bible emphasizes the sacred ness of all life. To respect life we hav to oppose smoking because it leads t suffering, illness and death for ou fellow human beings.

Asking Christians to help preven the pain and suffering brought on by cigarettes isn't bigotry. Addicting in nocent people to assure customers is a kind of greed that should not be tolerated.

What is your faith that doesn't cause you to show sympathy for the addicted?

Warn Your Congressman

Hats off to the *Post* for pioneering fiber for health. We need help from readers to warn their congressmen to kill bill H.R. 6050. This bill has strong lobby backing and could make illegal what Norman Cousins did in "One Chance in 500 to Live" (*Post*, May 1977). He used i.v. vitamin C and laughter to treat his potentially fatal viral affliction for which there wasn't any known medical therapy.

Among other restrictions, the bill could require vitamins to be sold only by prescription. Readers should order a copy of this insidious sleeper bill which may pass if we don't protest.

Dr. and Mrs. Michael Hopping
Atlanta, Georgia

"So I wasn't dreaming after all! I really did fire the whole staff during the office party."

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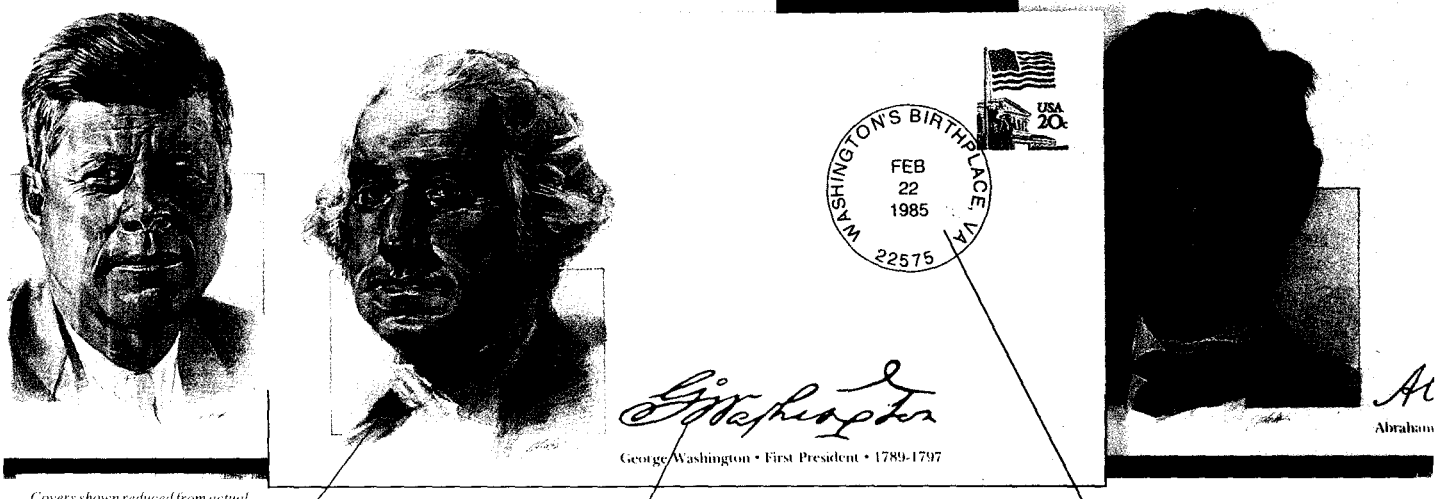

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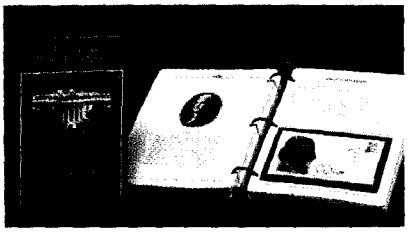

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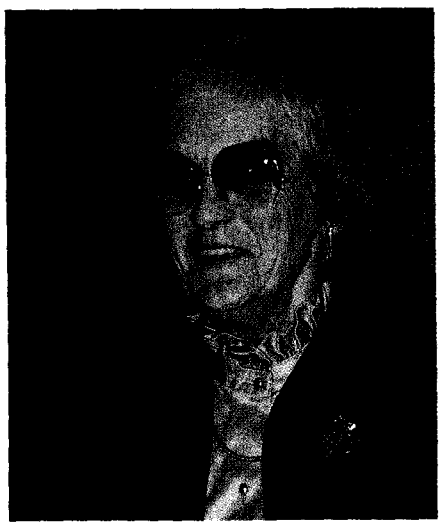
Post People

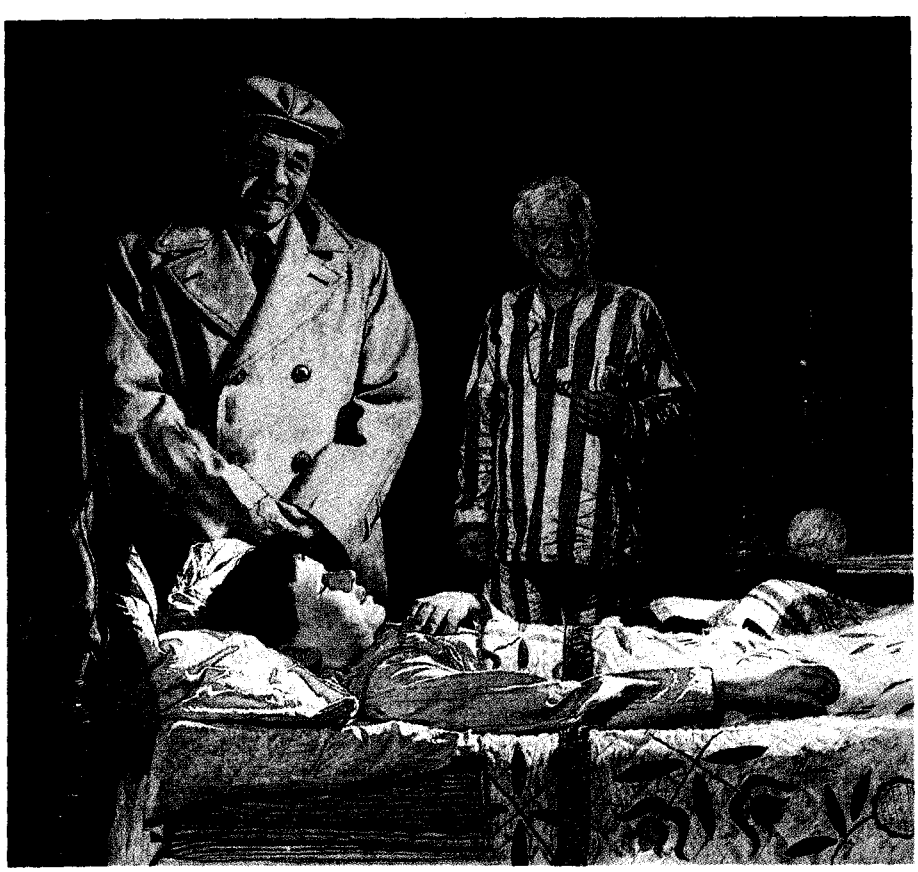
Dorothy Ruth Pirone of Durham, Connecticut, is a baseball fan; her father was the great Babe Ruth. Her recent tour of the Benjamin Franklin SatEvePost Museum brought back



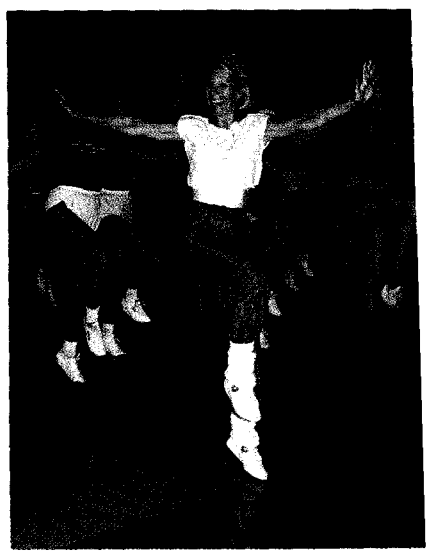
memories, especially when she viewed the original illustration by Earl Mayan of Paul Gallico's 1954 *Post* story "The Word of Babe Ruth" (below). The story was based on the Babe's numerous visits to hospitals to comfort sick or dying children.

TV criminals never had it so good. Since the dirty crooks must be nabbed, who more appealing to slip on the handcuffs than the curvaceous twosome of "Wonder Woman," ***Lynda Carter***, and ***Loni Anderson***, who gave "WKRP in Cincinnati" its

one-two punch? Together, these two offbeat detectives make "Partners in Crime" a TV show to follow, whether you follow the plot or not.



For ***Jacki Sorensen***, maintaining go health and vitality by walking, r ning, swimming, playing tennis, r ing a stationary bike and dancing a not enough. An exercise program f military wives that began in 1969 h expanded to include older wome



men ("Aerobics Lite") and childre ("Kicks for Kids"). Now, thanks t this leader in the physical-fitness surge 180,000 students in 1,500 cities in th United States and overseas are danc ing just for the health of it.

Bill Cosby fans can be thankful that the comedian didn't, as he once threatened, abandon entertainment and turn his doctorate in education into a career of teaching school. For all of his eight Grammys and record sales in the millions, critics agree that in this season's TV hit, "The Cosby Show," the star is at his funniest. Perhaps it's because, with five children in the real-life Cosby family, the weekly situations come close to reality.

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The finest thimbles are works of art in miniature.

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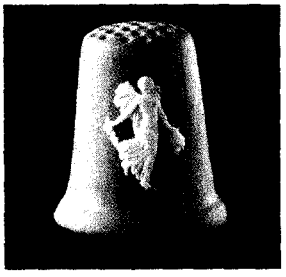
Now, through membership in the Thimble Collectors Club you can build a collection of the *creme de la creme* of porcelain and china thimbles; a collection which would be practically impossible to assemble on your own.

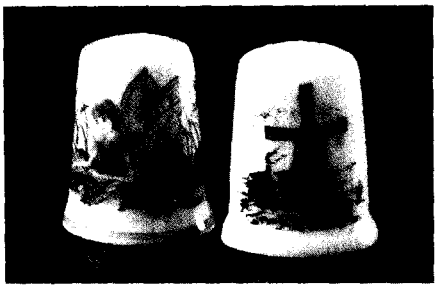
Each month, you will receive a beautiful thimble. Our representatives are in contact with porcelain houses all around the world. They select only the very best thimbles. Indeed, many of the monthly selections will have been created exclusively for the Club's members.

The thimbles in your collection will bear the names and identifying marks of the great houses that created them. They will reflect the different artistic visions of the various nations and porcelain makers. Thus, the individual thimbles will have infinite variety...yet together they will form a harmonious collection.

A card will accompany each thimble describing the motif on it and the porcelain house which made it.



A Wedgwood thimble in their famous blue Jasper, invented in 1774 by Josiah Wedgwood himself. It depicts their well known Floral Girl. $7.60.

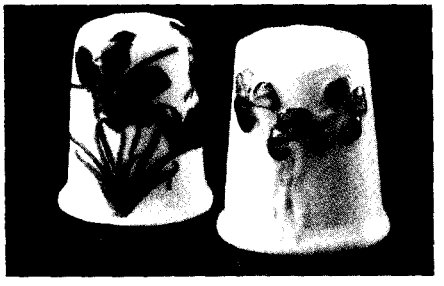


"Enchantment;" a delightful fairy thimble from Royal Worcester. *$7.50.*

This traditional Dutch Windmill design is delicately captured in the beautiful 'Blue Chinese' style, by Royal Mosa. *$8.00.*

An Aynsley *Bird thimble in fine English bone china. $6.80.*

Kaiser *of Germany has portrayed an exquisitely detailed country scene on this delicate thimble. $7.95.*



Haviland *of Limoges presents a lovely violet thimble – perfectly beautiful! $9.50.*

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GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN

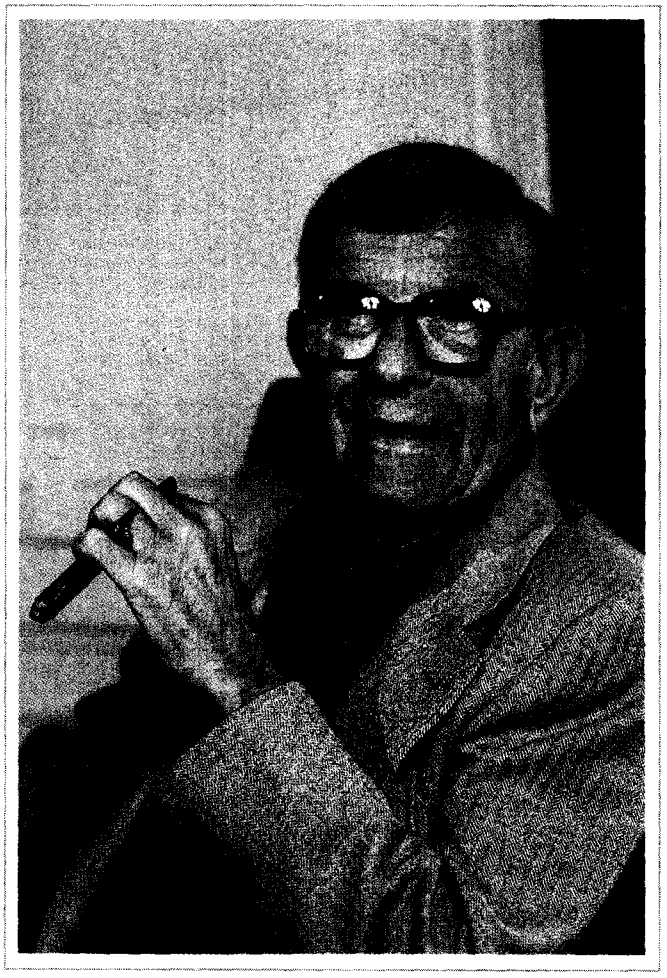
. . .and the other half, says this old hand at traveling, is what makes some people stay home.

by George Burns

The older I get the more I realize there are some things in this world I'll never understand. One is how you can get to be my age and have so many things you don't understand. Another is why so many people are happiest when they are anyplace but home.

A man pays $3 million for a house in Bel Air or Beverly Hills, his wife lays out $500,000 to redecorate it exactly to their taste, they throw in another $100,000 redoing the pool and the landscaping and putting in a lighted tennis court, and after all that they move in and two weeks later they've locked it up and are off to enjoy the back alleys of Tangier or the sights, sounds and smells of the lower Ganges.

What's amazing is that they're not the exception. They have company at every level of income; enough to make the travel business a billion-dollar industry. For some, getting away means the 2 weeks of the year that make the other 50 bearable. Others only come home long enough to pick up the mail, holler at the kids, get some clean underwear, feed the dog and leave again.



Where are the real wonders of the world—a cab driver who understands English, especially in America, or an airport where you can understand the person announcing the arrivals and departures?

Everyone is someplace else. If you were planning to go to Tokyo to see the Japanese, forget it. They're all over here snapping pictures of Marineland. The Germans are in Spain; the Spaniards are in North Africa; the North Africans are in France; the French are in Italy; the Italians are in Arabia; and the Arabs are everywhere. So are the Americans. If you want to see all your friends, go to London, Paris and Rome. If you want to meet interesting, exotic-looking foreigners, stay home.

I've seen lots of tourists in my time, and there are as many different kinds as there are countries. Some want everything done for them. They travel with groups on charters or organized tours where every detail is taken care of. When they get home they can't always tell you where they've been, b they'll do two hours on how smoot things went.

Others are just the opposite. Th wouldn't think of going with a grou And they don't even use trav agents, they do it themselves. I knc a couple like that. Every time they g anywhere they spend months lookii at maps, doing research, making u itineraries and writing away for rese vations. They love planning their trij and they love talking about it whe they get back. The on thing they don't love is th trip itself. That they coul do without.

Some people are onl happy in out-of-the-wa places, staying among th natives and living as the do. Others can be i France, India, Egypt o Tibet—it's all the same t them, because they're al ways in an American hote where they eat only Ameri can food and stay in thei room all day watching "I Love Lucy" reruns anc sending local picture pos cards to everyone they ever knew.

Then there are the shoppers. They don't go to see a country, they go to buy it. Wherever this year's bargains are is where you'll find them. One woman I know spent $10,000 dragging her husband all the way to Italy just to buy a pair of Italian alligator boots. They didn't tell her the alligator was from Florida. It was caught in a swamp about 15 miles from their condominium in Fort Lauderdale.

And how about those happy travelers who only want to know three things about their trips: Where do we eat? What do we eat? and When do we eat? This is quite a large group, and they're getting larger by the meal. When they check into a hotel they don't want to see brochures on points of interest, they go right for the room-service menu. And they eat their way from country to country.

The other day I overheard two Jew-

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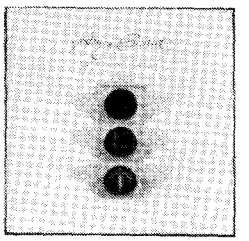

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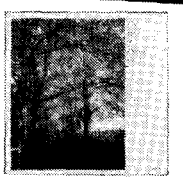

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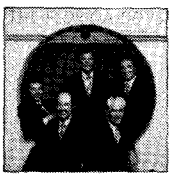

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ish ladies in a restaurant in Beverly Hills. One had just returned from Paris and the other was asking about her trip. This was the conversation:

"So you liked the Champs?"

"Fantastic. Best crêpes I ever had."

"And you got to the Eiffel?"

"Wouldn't have missed it. But the portions at the bottom don't compare to what they give you halfway up."

"And how about that Notre Dame!"

"They got a restaurant there?"

At least she enjoys herself. Some tourists complain from the minute they leave to the minute they get back: The bed's too hard, the bed's too soft, the room's filthy, the bus is too hot, the guide's rude, the chateau's a bore, the Riviera's a ripoff. If you give them the Seven Wonders of the World, they might be satisfied.

That's another thing I don't understand. What makes the Seven Wonders so wonderful, and who decided on them? I'm not putting down the Taj Mahal or the Great Wall of China, but when it comes to traveling these are some wonders I'd like to see:

A cabdriver who understands English, especially in America.

A place in the world where you can't get a Big Mac and a Coke.

A headwaiter who hides his scorn when you order the house wine.

A cruise ship that advertises "no gratuities" where you can actually skip the tip without running the risk of being thrown overboard.

And what about an airport, train station or bus terminal where you can understand the person announcing the departures and arrivals? That would really be a wonder of the world!

If you're getting the idea that travel is not my long suit, you're right. And yet I can understand why so many people can't wait to get away. For them it's an escape from the pressures of daily life. I've never had that problem. I've always been able to turn it on and turn it off, although lately it seems to turn off easier than it turns on. And sometimes I don't have to turn it off, it turns off by itself.

The truth is I'm not a sightseer. I don't applaud anything that can't applaud back. And I'm not the kind to lie on a beach in the sun waiting for my skin to shrivel up. It does enough of that while I'm moving around.

I must say if I were the beach type and a year or two younger, I might give that Club Med a try. They have locations all over—the South Pacific, Mexico, the Caribbean—and their ads make it look very inviting. Lots of great-looking male and female bodies in lots of tanned skin. And what activities! Tennis, golf, volleyball, sailing, scuba diving, surfing, dancing, drinking and something I think I left out. Oh yes—investment counseling. I knew there was something I could do.

Actually, the only kind of travel I really enjoy is when it's a working trip. That gives it a purpose. When Gracie and I were in vaudeville we went all over the country to do o act. And when we traveled to En land, it wasn't to go through church and museums, it was to play the P ladium or do a command perfc mance for the royal family.

In 1982, years after I started wor ing alone, they asked me to appear the royal gala of the Barbican Cent in London. Prince Charles and Lac Diana were to attend. When I arrive in England the newspaper reporte met me, and one of them asked wh I thought of Lady Di. I said, "She's little too old for me." Not the bigge joke in the world, but it made all th papers.

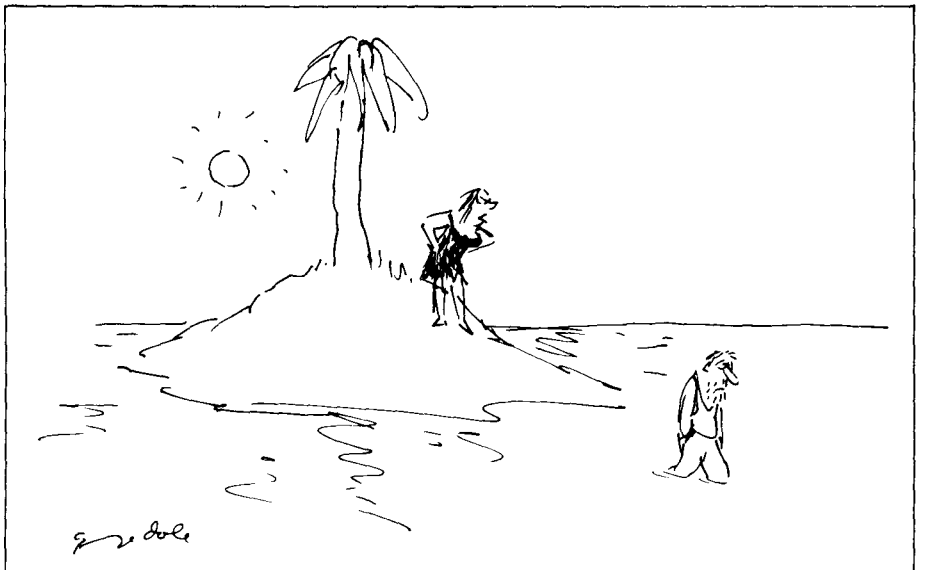
After the show all the performer stood in line to meet the royal couple When they got to me, Lady Di saic "I understand I'm too old for you."

I said, "No, ma'am," and Princ Charles said, "And she's not too ol for me, either." I had a funnier lin than "No, ma'am" for Lady Di, bu I don't go around topping royalty. love playing England.

It reminds me of another time I ap peared for the royal family. Thi event took place at the Palladium fo one of Princess Margaret's favorit charities. After the show they took me up to the royal box to meet Prin cess Margaret. Well, this charming lady was sitting there, and I said tc her, "Your Highness, I'd bow, but if I got down I wouldn't be able to get up again." She said, "Mr. Burns, I'm not Princess Margaret, I'm the lady-in-waiting."

Just then the princess came in, and after we were introduced, I said, "Your Highness, I just told a funny joke and you missed it." She said she was sorry, and she was also sorry she missed some of the lyrics of my last song. I said, "Would you like to hear it again?" and she said, "No, once was enough."

I figured it was time to leave, but as I started to go the attendant stopped me. "No, no," he whispered, "the princess leaves first." I sat down, and after the princess left I got up and he stopped me again and whispered, "The lady-in-waiting goes next." So I just sat there—I was afraid to move. Finally the usher came in and said, "Mr. Burns, everybody has gone, we're ready to close the theater." So I got up to leave, and he said, "No, I go first." I said, "Oh, you do?" "Yes," he said, "and don't forget to lock up on your way out."



"...and don't come back!"

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"The Female Body Should Remain Beautiful For A Lifetime." —**Penny Wise Budoff M.D.**

Now...Vitamins for Women

Can Help Keep Your Body Beautiful

Finally, A Vitamin/Mineral Supplement Medically Formulated to Fill the Special Needs of the Female Body.

For years Dr. Budoff searched for a supplement she could recommend to her patients. Finally, she created *Vitamins for Women*, a complete vitamin and mineral formula, to meet the complex needs of the female body.

In addition to the fact that men and women have different nutritional needs, even a woman's needs change as she ages. So Dr. Budoff created two formulas: "Over Age 40," and "Ages 14 to 40."

Osteoporosis: The Silent Killer.

Younger women need a steady supply of calcium to build strong bones. Over 40, the female body needs even more calcium to maintain bone strength and prevent Osteoporosis. If the body takes in too little calcium it will absorb it from the bones, causing up to 50% bone loss. The bones become brittle and break easily, the body becomes frail and stooped. 8 out of 10 women suffer from calcium deficiency. Over 35% of older women suffer from Osteoporosis.

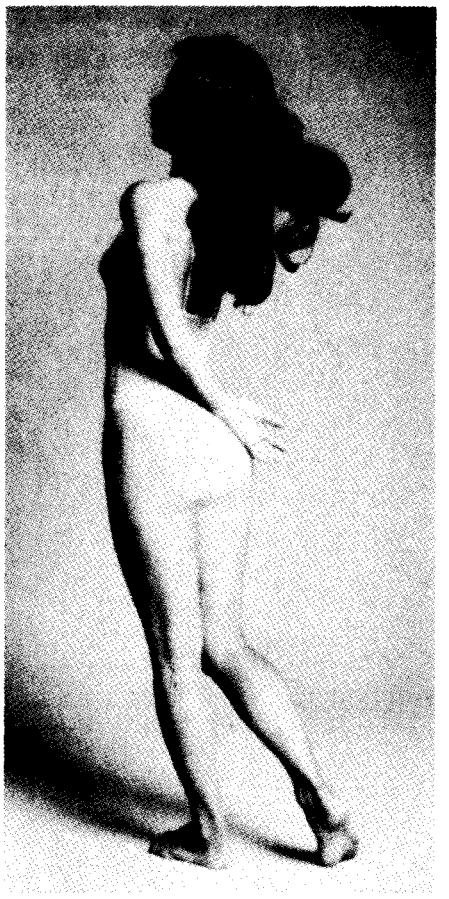
Vitamins for Women "Over 40" provide 1,000 mg. a day of pure oyster shell calcium, plus 400 mg. of Vitamin D to help absorb and metabolize the calcium. How and when to prevent Osteoporosis? Start taking *Vitamins for Women now.*

"Over 40" and "Ages 14 to 40." Two Specialized Formulas.

Vitamins for Women is formulated to compensate for the female body changes that come with age. Non-menstruating women need more calcium and less iron. Excess iron in this age group may actively increase the risk of heart attack.

Penny Wise Budoff, M.D. An authority on women's health, Dr. Budoff has published many research arrticles in prominent medical journals on menstrual pain, menopause, premenstrual syndrome and breast cancer.

A noted lecturer and author, her books, "No More Hot Flashes and Other Good News," and "No More Menstrual Cramps..." are best sellers.



Under 40 females require more iron and less iodine and calcium. Dr. Budoff, having examined thousands of patients has allowed for these differences in her two formulas.

Helps Your Day Get Started: Helps You Sleep At Night.

Both "Over Age 40" and "Ages 14 to 40," *Vitamins for Women* come in morning and evening formulas. Although the female body needs calcium, it should not all be taken at the same time. Dividing your calcium and vitamins into morning and evening doses, allows for their better absorption and utilization, and is best for your body. The morning tablets contain many vitamins to get your day started. Many women feel that the evening tablets are calming and help them sleep. All of the Vitamin E is in the night tablets to help prevent night time leg cramps.

Compare Vitamins for Women to Any Other Supplement.

You will quickly see why Dr. Budoff's formulas are superior. VfW contains 23 ingredients that are essential to the female body. In fact, her formula contains *more* of these essentials than 2 or 3 of the most heavily advertised brands *combined.*

As another plus, she has included Vitamins, A, E, Beta Carotene and Selenium, which according to the latest cancer research, have certain protective properties. Dr. Budoff personally sees that her tablets are carefully manufactured, natural, and free from sugar, starch and preservatives.

With proper care, exercise, nutrition, and a *medically formulated supplement*, there's every reason to expect your body to remain beautiful for a lifetime.

Two Tablets Contain: (Over 40 Formula)

DAY TABLETS

Vitamin A	5000 IU	Bioflavinoids	100 mg
Vitamin D3	400 IU	Rutin	10 mg
Vitamin C	500 mg	Iodine	80 mcg
Vitamin B1	25 mg	Iron	15 mg
Vitamin B2	25 mg	Zinc	15 mg
Vitamin B6	200 mg	Copper	1 mg
Niacinamide	50 mg	Selenium	50 mcg
Folic Acid	400 mcg	Chromium	100 mg
Calcium	250 mg	Manganese	5 mg
Magnesium	100 mg	Biotin	25 mcg

NIGHT TABLETS

Vitamin E	200 IU
Calcium	750 mg
Magnesium	200 mg

TO ORDER: CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-331-1700

Or: Mail this coupon to: *VITAMINS FOR WOMEN*
P.O. Box 305, Woodbury, NY 11797

Please send _____ packages of Ages 14 to 40 Formula @ $19.95 each.

Please send _____ packages of Over Age 40 Formula @ $19.95 each.

For a total price of: $_____
(This includes postage and handling)

Each package contains nite and day formulas in 2 separate bottles of 120 tablets each.

☐ Check or Money Order enclosed for: $_____

Charge to: ☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Credit Card No. _____

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ARE YOU GETTING YOUR MAGNESIUM?

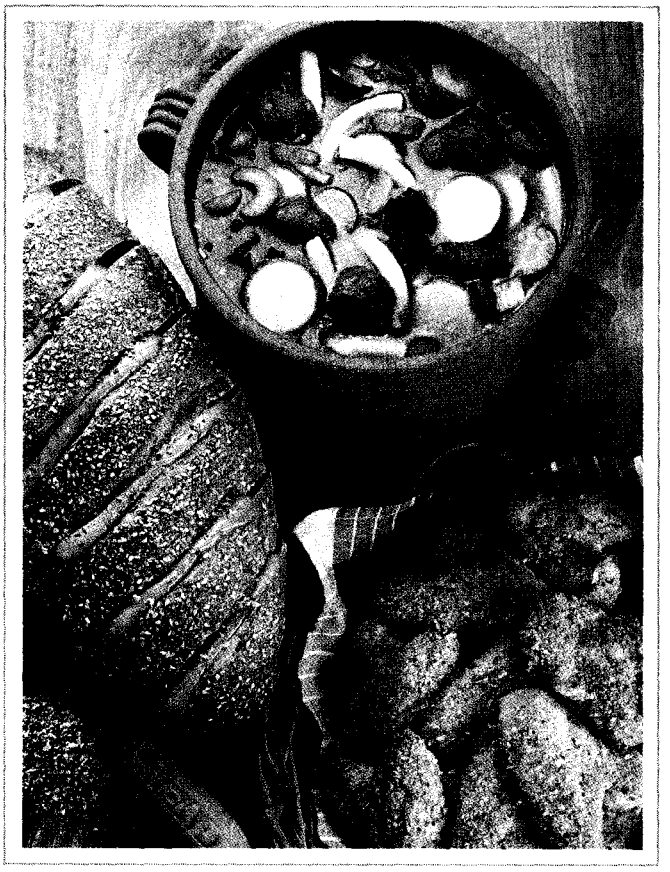
Fortify your family with some unique and delicious dishes high in a mineral essential to life.

by Francine Prince

Magnesium is a mineral so essential that without it there could be no human life—or any kind of life, animal or vegetable, on earth.

Without the right amount of magnesium in combination with calcium, your muscles can't function properly—contract and relax naturally. If you are one of the thousands of people on a diet or diuretics, you are more likely to become magnesium-depleted. "Pins and needles" is often a warning signal of magnesium deficiency.

With the right amount of magnesium, your muscular system responds as it should, and other good things happen to your body as well. Magnesium protects you against some forms of painful kidney stones. It helps your body to manufacture the proteins that cells need to function properly and activates many of the enzymes without which the cells can't function.



Whole-Grain Country Loaf and Cheddar Cheese Melt, made with whole-wheat flour and wheat germ, contains many times more magnesium than ordinary white bread and tastes better, too.

Magnesium is responsible in large measure for the health of your nervous system. Deprived of magnesium, you're prone to mental disorders ranging from restlessness to depression to hallucinations.

There's no reason you shouldn't be obtaining enough magnesium, because it's plentiful in many everyday supermarket foods: eggplant, for example, tofu, salmon, bananas, shrimp, rice, spinach, yams, sardines, corn and mozzarella cheese. Bland foods, I grant you, but no food is bland food when you know how to prepare it.

Here I've combined these high-magnesium foods with compatible ingredients, healthful in their own right, to produce mouth-watering dishes. To boost the magnesium content of each dish, I've used more than one high-magnesium ingredient. Sardines and bean sprouts marry happily in a crunchy salad. Tofu, eggplant and mozzarella, plus a supporting cast of mushrooms and tomatoes (good sources of magnesium, too), star in a complete-meal dish your whole family will enjoy. And you must try something different: shrimp and bananas—my family went wild over it. So will yours.

Twenty Other High-Magnesium Foods

Almonds
Barley, whole grain
Beet greens
Brazil nuts
Cashew nuts
Filberts
Millet
Oats, whole grain
Peanuts
Pecans
Pistachios
Rice, brown
Rye flour
Sesame seeds
Soybeans
Soybean flour, defatted
Walnuts
Wheat bran
Wheat germ
Yeast, brewer's

Eggplant-Tofu Casserole

(Makes 4-5 servings)

1 pound eggplant, cut into ⅜-inch slices
2 tablespoons each corn oil and Italian olive oil, combined
2 tofu cakes (about ¾ pound)
1 cup onion, chopped, or mixture of shallot and onion
2 tablespoons minced garlic
1 sweet green pepper, seeded and coarsely chopped
¼ pound fresh mushrooms, trimmed and thinly sliced
½ teaspoon each crushed, dried marjoram and thyme leaves, and ground ginger
¼ cup dry vermouth or white wine
1½ cups canned tomatoes, chopped
2 tablespoons unsweetened

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apple juice
cup parsley, minced
cup part-skim mozzarella, grated

range eggplant slices on cookie tin. ush on each side with 2 tablespoons l. Broil under high heat until lightly owned on each side. Remove from en and set aside. Cut tofu into ½- ch slices. Lay on double sheets of pa- r toweling. Blot with another sheet toweling. Let drain. Heat remain- g 2 tablespoons oil over medium eat in nonstick skillet. Saute nion, garlic, pepper and ushrooms until softened lo not brown). Sprinkle with arjoram, thyme and ginger. aute for 1 minute. Add wine nd cook for 1 minute. Then ix in tomatoes, apple juice nd parsley. Bring to simmer- ng point. Simmer, uncov- red, for 3-5 minutes or until ixture is thick and most of quid is reduced. Preheat ven to 375° F. Assemble cas- erole in alternate layers of ggplant, tofu, tomato mix- ure and cheese. Bake, uncov- red, 40-45 minutes until ightly browned.

Broiled Salmon Steaks with Mint
(Makes 4 servings)

For the sauce:
½ cup mint leaves, minced
3 tbs. apple-cider vinegar
⅓ c. unsweetened apple juice
1 tablespoon honey

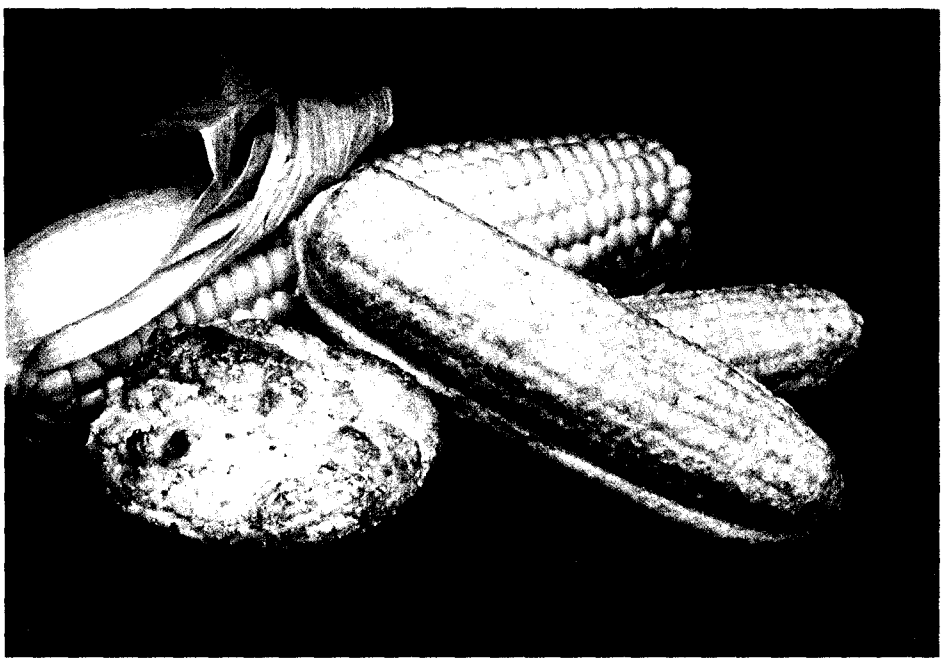
For the fish:
1½ pounds salmon steaks, cut into 4 serving pieces
4 teaspoons corn oil
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
3 tbs. shallots, minced
1 tablespoon minced garlic
1 tablespoon each celery, minced, and sweet green or red pepper

Prepare sauce the day before or 2 hours before serving. Combine all ingredients in saucepan. Heat until barely simmering. Pour into jar and let cool. Cover tightly and refrigerate overnight or let stand, covered, for two hours until ready to use. Coat fish on both sides with equal amounts of oil and cayenne pepper. Arrange on rack in broiling pan. Sprinkle each side with shallots, garlic, celery and green or red pepper. Broil 4 inches from heat for 7 minutes. Spoon each serving with 2 teaspoons mint sauce. Return to broiler for 1 minute. Turn. Sprinkle with balance of garlic and vegetables. Broil for 7 minutes. Spoon each serving with 2 teaspoons mint sauce. Return to broiler for 1 minute or until done. (Fish should flake easily when tested with fork; do not overcook.)

Yam Salad with Almonds
(Makes 4 servings)

½ teaspoon crumbled, dried tarragon leaves
⅛ tsp. each ground ginger, marjoram and nutmeg, freshly grated
2 tablespoons chopped almonds, blanched (see note)
1 pound yams, peeled, cut into ⅜-inch slices
1 tbs. tarragon or apple-cider vinegar
2 tablespoons unsweetened

The Natural Wonders of High-Lysine Corn



High in Lysine Up to 70% higher than in regular corn — providing better balanced, quality protein. The human body does not synthesize lysine, but it is essential for healthy growth and for life itself.

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High in Fiber The many benefits of fiber are available from this whole grain food. Nutty and crunchy . . . enjoy healthy amounts of fiber in pleasant, delicious ways.

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Available in special 2 lb. and 5 lb. bags or in bulk at most health food stores and selected supermarkets.

A NEW CORNMEAL from Arrowhead Mills
Box 2059, Hereford, Texas 79045

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apple juice
1 tablespoon sweet butter/margarine blend
¼ cup shallots, coarsely chopped
2 tablespoons minced parsley or dill, or a combination of both
3 tablespoons low-fat plain yogurt
Salt to taste, if desired

In cup, combine herbs and spices with chopped nuts. Blend well. Set aside. Drop yams into saucepan of rapidly boiling water. Boil for 7 minutes. Drain. Carefully transfer to bowl. Combine vinegar with apple juice and sprinkle over yams. Place in freezer for 5 minutes to quick-cool. Melt butter/margarine blend in nonstick skillet. Sauté shallots for 2 minutes without browning. Spoon over yams. Gently stir in nut-spice mix, then fold in parsley and yogurt. Serve at room temperature or chilled.

Note: Blanch almonds yourself—it's easy. Just drop almonds into rapidly boiling water for 10 seconds. Drain. Quickly peel (skin will slide off in one piece). Pat nuts dry on paper towels. Then chop in food blender or by hand.

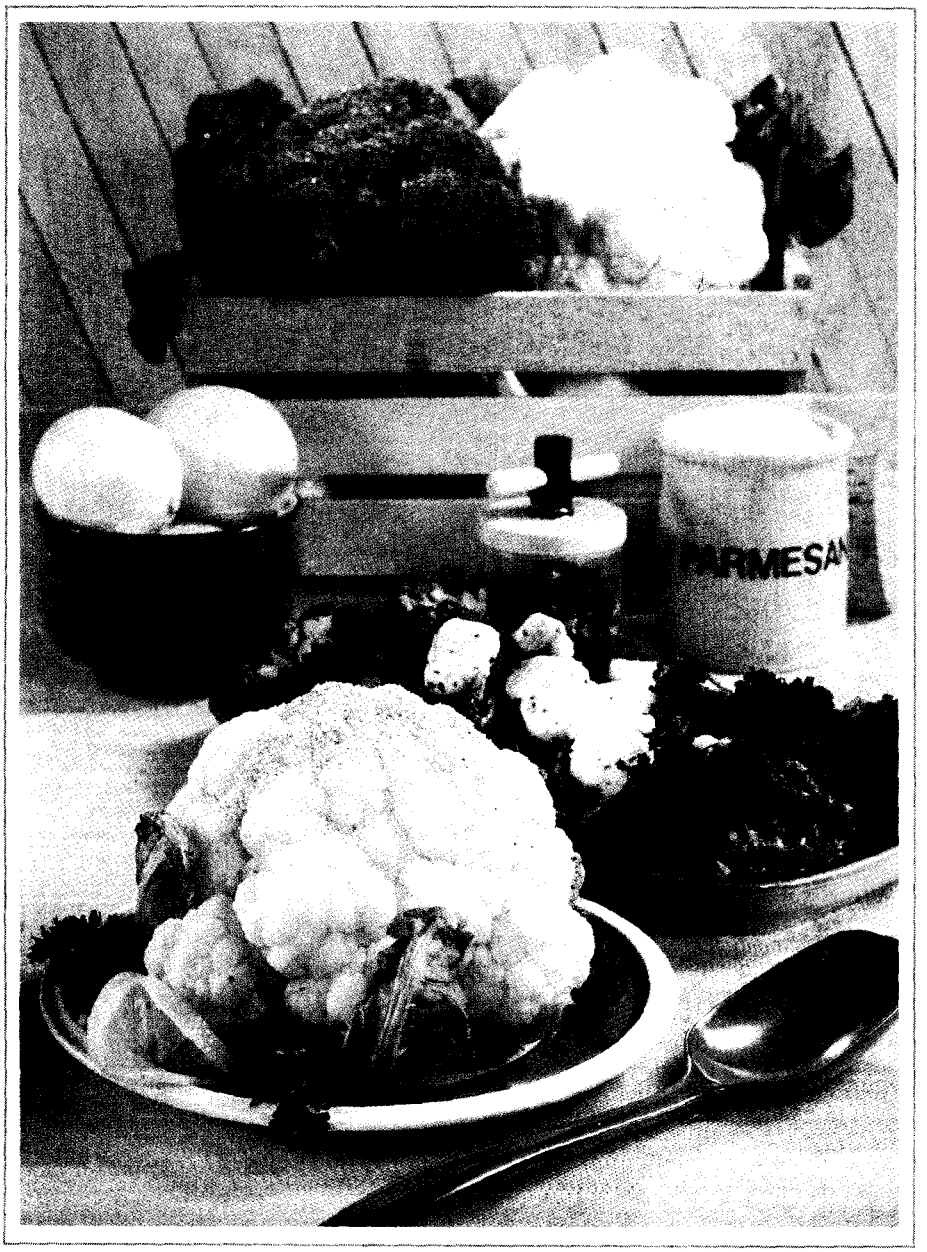
Shrimp with Banana
(Makes 3 servings)

3 tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon ground ginger
¼ teaspoon each ground cinnamo and coriander
3 dashes cayenne pepper
6 teaspoons peanut oil
1 pound unshelled shrimp (shelled and deveined), well drie
3 tablespoons each shallot, mincea and sweet green pepper
1 large, almost-ripe banana, ½ inch, diced
3 tablespoons apple-cider vinegar
⅓ cup dry vermouth
½ cup unsweetened pineapple juice
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice

In bowl, combine cornstarch wi spices. Add shrimp and turn to coa Set aside. Heat 4½ teaspoons oil i well-seasoned iron skillet. Sauté sha lot and green pepper until wilted bu not brown (about 2 minutes). A range shrimp atop sautéed ingred ents. Sauté for 1½ minutes on eac side. Push all ingredients to side o skillet. Add remaining 1½ teaspoon oil to skillet. Sauté banana and sti continuously for 1 minute. The gently combine with shrimp mixture Sprinkle with vinegar. Stir and cool for 30 seconds. Combine vermouth with pineapple juice. Pour aroun side of skillet. Simmer until sauc thickens (about 1½ minutes) an spoon shrimp with sauce. Sprinkl with lemon juice and stir. Serve a once over a bed of just-cooked rice.

Wild Rice Risotto
(Makes 4 servings)

1½ teaspoons each corn oil and Italian olive oil
1 tablespoon minced garlic
2 green onions, trimmed, cut into ½-inch diagonal slices
½ pound mushrooms, trimmed and thinly sliced
¼ pound snow peas, stems and strings removed
1 cup cooked wild rice
½ teaspoon each ground ginger and caraway seeds
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
½ teaspoon crumbled, dried tarragon leaves
2 teaspoons fresh lemon juice
3-4 tablespoons low-sodium chicken broth
2 tablespoons fresh dill or parsley, minced
Salt to taste, if desired



Fresh vegetables are a good source of magnesium, which is lost from processed foods and not replaced by enrichment at the factory. The minimum daily magnesium requirement is set at 300-350 mg, but some argue it should be as high as 450.

continued on following page

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An important message from PAUL NEWMAN and JOANNE WOODWARD

"We share our love with seven wonderful children we have never seen.

"We'd like to tell you why."

The seven children the Newman family sponsors are Pedro, Gustavo, Carlos, Johnny, Andres, Jaime, and Laki.

"For 16 years we've been Save the Children sponsors. We began by sponsoring a desperately poor little girl from the mountains of Colombia—a child who lived in a one-room hut and could only dream of attending school.

"It was a joy to share our good fortune with her and to know that she was blossoming because someone cared enough to help. It made us want to help other children in the same way. And now we sponsor seven children around the world. Children we have come to understand and love. Thanks to Save the Children.

"If you've ever wondered 'What can one person do?'—the answer is 'You can help save a child.' If you are touched by the plight of needy children, there is no better way than Save the Children to reach out to them with caring, comfort, and support.

"Please join us as a Save the Children sponsor. We've seen the wonders they can work. You'll see how much you really can do—in the eyes and in the progress of the child you sponsor. You'll bring new hope to a child you'll know personally, as we do, through photographs...reports...and letters you can exchange, if you wish.

"You'll see despair turn to hope, and you'll feel the personal reward of knowing what your love and support can do.

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Heat wok or large, well-seasoned iron skillet over high heat for 1½ minutes. Pour oil around rim of wok or around sides of skillet. When oil drips down, add garlic and stir-fry for 1 minute. Add green onions, mushrooms and snow peas. Stir-fry for 2 minutes. Mix in rice. Sprinkle with ginger, caraway, cayenne and tarragon. Stir-fry for 1 minute. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Stir in broth and use enough to moisten rice. Add dill or parsley. Stir and serve immediately.

Note: With a wok, food is less likely to burn; the rice retains its *al dente* texture; the mushrooms cook to simultaneous perfection; and spices, herbs, juices and other vegetables blend into utter harmony. If you're not wok-wise yet, use a skillet, adjust cooking time in each sequence and take care that garlic doesn't burn.

Hearty Spinach Patties
(Makes 4 servings)

For the patties:
2 tablespoons shallots, minced
3 tablespoons bulgur
⅓ cup unsweetened apple juice
1 cup cooked, well-drained spinach, chopped
½ cup well-packed bean sprouts, dried and chopped
½ cup toasted regular wheat germ
½ cup low-sodium Swiss cheese, grated
½ teaspoon nutmeg, freshly grated
¼ cup low-fat plain yogurt
4 light dashes cayenne pepper
Salt to taste, if desired
1 tablespoon sweet butter/margarine blend

For the garnish:
½ cup low-fat plain yogurt
2 tablespoons Mrs. Dash® salt-free 14 herbs-and-spices blend

Combine shallots, bulgur and apple juice in small, nonstick skillet or saucepan. Bring to boil. Cover and simmer for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and let stand for 5 minutes. Turn into bowl. Add balance of ingredients except butter/margarine blend, one at a time, and blend after each addition. Shape mixture into 8 3-inch patties. Heat butter/margarine blend in large nonstick skillet until melted but not brown. Sauté patties over medium-high heat until browned on both sides. (For delicious perfection, do not crowd patties into small skillet. If small skillet is used, prepare patties in two batches.) Serve with garnish on the side.

Whole-Grain Country Loaf and Cheddar Cheese Melt
(Makes 2 loaves)

1 package (¼ ounce) active dry yeast
½ cup warm water (110°F.)
1 container (8 oz.) low-fat plain yogurt, at room temperature
½ cup lukewarm water
¼ cup honey
1 large egg, at room temperature
2 tablespoons safflower oil
3 cups whole-wheat flour
½ cup hulled, unsalted sunflower seeds
¼ cup wheat germ
2 tablespoons Mrs. Dash® salt-free 14 herbs-and-spices blend
2½-3½ cups all-purpose flour
Egg glaze (1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon water)
Wheat germ and sesame seeds for garnish
8 oz. low-sodium cheddar cheese
Salt-free 14 herbs-and-spices blend

In a small bowl, sprinkle yeast ov warm water. Let stand 5 minutes, unt foamy. In the large bowl of an electr mixer, blend yogurt, lukewarm wate honey, egg and oil. Add yeast mixtur At low speed, beat in the whole-whe flour, sunflower seeds, wheat gerr and Mrs. Dash® herbs-and-spice blend. Beat in enough all-purpos flour to make a soft dough. Tur dough out onto a lightly floured sur face. Knead for about 10 minutes, un til smooth and elastic. Place dough i a large, greased bowl, turning to coa all sides. Cover with a damp towel. Le rise in a warm place 1-1½ hours, unti volume doubles.

Punch down dough and divide i half. Cover and let rest 10 minutes Shape into 2½-inch-long oval loaves Set bread loaves on one large or twc smaller greased baking sheets. Cover and let rise 30 to 40 minutes, until doubled in volume.

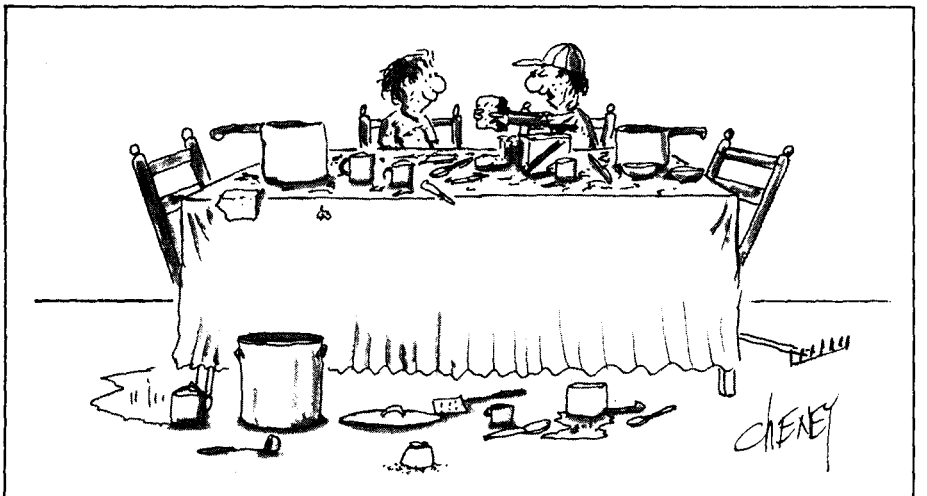
Preheat oven to 375°F. Brush loaves with egg glaze and sprinkle with wheat germ and sesame seeds. Slash tops of loaves decoratively with a sharp knife or razor blade. Bake about 25 minutes, until loaves sound hollow when tapped on bottom. Transfer to a wire rack to cool.

To serve: Preheat oven to 350°F. Cut bread into thick slices. Cut only ⅔ of the way through. Insert ¼-inch-thick slices of cheese into cuts. Sprinkle cheese with herbs-and-spices blend. Put bread on baking sheet; bake until cheese is melted (5 minutes).

Lemon Parmesan Cauliflower
(Makes 4 to 6 servings)

1 medium head cauliflower
Juice of 1 fresh lemon
2 to 3 tablespoons low-salt margarine, melted
2 to 3 tablespoons Parmesan cheese, grated
¼ teaspoon paprika

In saucepan, cook cauliflower in 1 inch boiling water with juice of ½ lemon until tender (florets 5 to 10 minutes; whole 15 to 20 minutes); drain. To serve, sprinkle cauliflower with remaining juice of ½ lemon and margarine. Combine Parmesan cheese and paprika; sprinkle over cauliflower. Salt and pepper to taste. Garnish with lemon cartwheel twists



"And there you have it. . .a peanut-butter sandwich!"

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ıd parsley if desired.

Corn and Peppers with Dill
(Makes 4 servings)

tablespoon peanut or Italian olive oil
small sweet red pepper, seeded and julienned
tablespoons shallots, minced
10-ounce box frozen kernel corn, cooked, or fresh kernel corn
½ teaspoon ground ginger
¼ teaspoon ground marjoram
Cayenne pepper to taste
teaspoon wine vinegar
tablespoons fresh dill, minced
Salt to taste, if desired

Heat oil in nonstick skillet until hot. Sauté red pepper and shallots briefly until just wilted. Add corn and stir to combine. Sprinkle with ginger, marjoram and cayenne. Stir and sauté for 1 minute. Add vinegar and cook until all ingredients are heated through. Stir in dill and serve immediately.

Herbed Lemon Patties
(Makes about ¼ cup butter)

¼ cup low-salt margarine, softened
1 teaspoon fresh lemon peel, grated
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice, squeezed
½ teaspoon of one of the following: basil, marjoram, mint, oregano, parsley or tarragon leaves, crushed

Combine all ingredients. On waxed paper, shape butter mixture into 1"x 5" roll or rectangle; chill. Slice into patties. Serve over vegetables.

Fresh Potatoes and Rutabagas
(Makes 4 to 6 servings)

1 pound (2 cups) rutabaga, cut in cubes
2 medium (2 cups) potatoes, cut in cubes
2 tablespoons low-salt margarine
½ cup onion, chopped
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
⅛ teaspoon pepper

In large saucepan combine rutabagas and potatoes. Add water to cover and boil. Cover. Reduce heat; simmer 30 to 40 minutes, until vegetables are tender. Meanwhile, in small saucepan, melt butter; add onion and parsley and cook until onions are tender. Drain cooked vegetables, turn into large mixing bowl; beat with electric mixer until smooth. Stir in onions and parsley and pepper; mix well.

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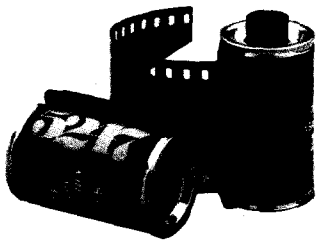

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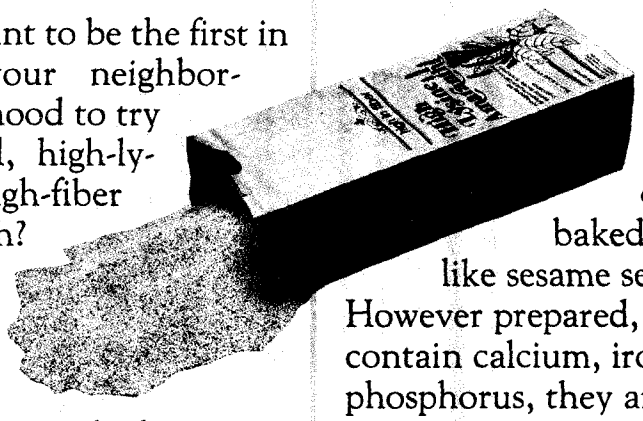
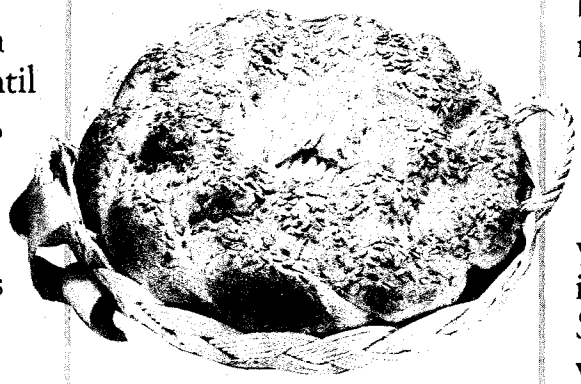


Amaranth, grown by the Indians long before the white man arrived in America, has been labeled the "grain of the gods." Not the least of the reasons comes from its nutritional value. The tiny seeds of the amaranth plant can be popped in a pan—without any oil—until they burst into tiny puffs, like popcorn. They can be cooked as a hot breakfast cereal or sprouted like alfalfa seeds—or they can be ground into flour and used in cooking and baking. They can be added to salad dressings or sprinkled on baked goods like sesame seeds. However prepared, they contain calcium, iron and phosphorus, they are 12 to 15 percent protein and high in lysine (an essential amino acid) and are more easily digested than most grains. Amaranth also offers far more fiber than most other grains.

As for taste, the proof lies in the pudding. And from those who have tried the "pudding," we hear such comments as "kind of nutty and mild" and "sort of like rye but not as strong." Unfortunately, that nut-like flavor is not available in most groceries, bakeries c restaurants. It must come from recipes tried in your



own kitchen—recipes you'll find on your FREE bag of amaranth if you mail the subscription coupon below. Just as you have nothing to lose and much to gain by going with the grain, so do you have much to gain by introducing the legendary *Saturday Evening Post* to your home—or by keeping it in your home if you are already a member of the

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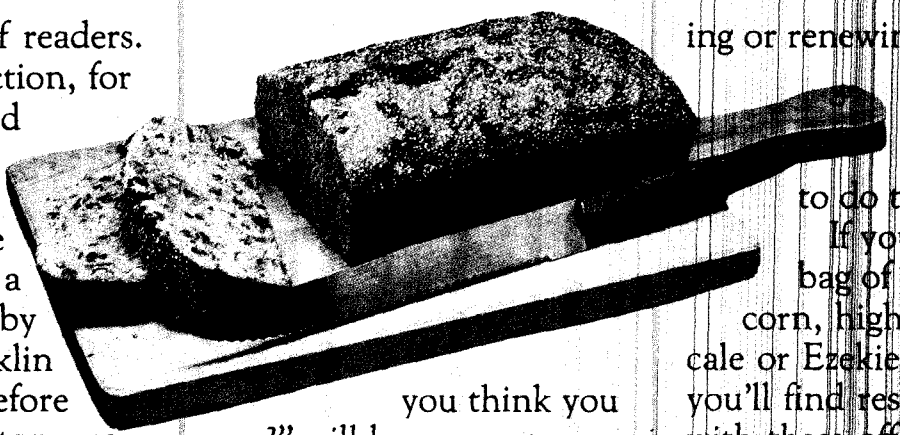

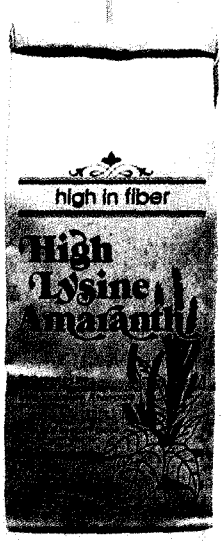

High-lysine high-fiber amaranth with each paid subscription

First-time readers may think a bag of amaranth an unusual "lure" for our magazine. But our regulars know that their good health and long life are foremost among our goals. Adding lysine and fiber to the family fare with this "food of the Aztecs" is a tasteful way of reaching those goals. Subscribing or renewing your *Post* subscription is an ideal way to do that.

If you'd prefer a bag of high-lysine corn, high-lysine triticale or Ezekiel's flour, you'll find response cards with these offers included in this magazine.

The Saturday Evening Post

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AMARANTH: ANOTHER HIGH LYSINE, HIGH FIBER GRAIN

We've had fun in the test kitchens trying these curious little seeds in the blender, in the oven and in the apple strudel. We hope you'll enjoy our recipes with amaranth, because they're a tasty way to increase your fiber and lysine intake.

by Christopher Irwin

We are convinced that fiber prevents colon cancer and possibly other cancers and we believe that lysine prevents the herpes virus and possibly other viruses from multiplying. Therefore, we're excited about amaranth for two reasons . . . it's high in fiber and it's high in lysine. Once it was called the "grain of the gods" by the Aztec Indians, and they may have known more than we realize.

Meat and dairy products contain no fiber, so we are determined to find exciting ways to get our lysine from grains, because they are highest in fiber. Unfortunately, many grains don't contain enough lysine to provide a balanced protein diet. Amaranth does! High-lysine corn does! So we've mixed the high-lysine corn with some amaranth in recipes for your testing.

A tiny grain about one-fifth the size of a rice grain and the consistency of millet, amaranth can be baked into delicious breads and fruitcakes, combined as a porridge with stewed fruits for a tasty, high-fiber breakfast, put in salad dressing, made into pancakes or simply popped like popcorn. We popped these little kernels of amaranth, and you nearly need a microscope to see them pop. Amaranth pops easily without oil.

We suggest soaking the amaranth for an hour before cooking.

Here are some recipes:

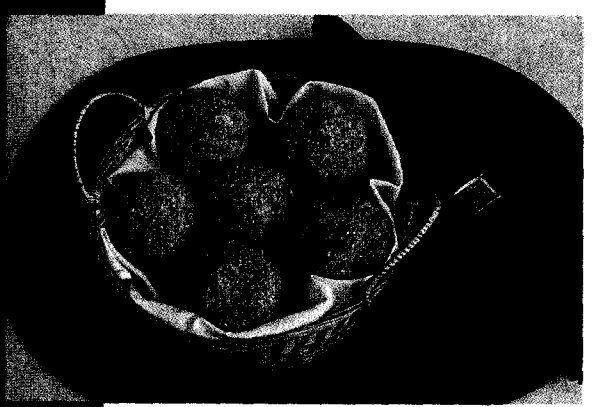
Amaranth in the field looks like tall, purplish weeds. A hardy plant, it can stand a variety of climates and soil conditions.

Amaranth Fruitcake

(Makes 1 loaf)

½ cup dates, chopped
¼ cup figs
½ cup amaranth
1 cup boiling water
2 egg whites
¼ cup honey

Amaranth cornbread (below), a tasty blend of amaranth and high-lysine corn meal, can be baked into a loaf or served as muffins. Buttermilk adds richness.



Amaranth fruitcake (left) has a delicious rich, nutty flavor. Just one-fourth cup honey provides adequate sweetness and nuts and fruits enhance the flavor. Try some on your guests and see if they can detect the exciting amaranth flavor.

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cup margarine, melted
cup pineapple tidbits
cups whole-wheat flour
teaspoons baking powder
cup walnuts, chopped
cup pecans, chopped
teaspoon vanilla extract

ɔak dates, figs and amaranth in boil-
g water. Beat eggs well, add honey
ıd margarine. Beat well. Stir in all re-
aining ingredients and mix well.
our into an oiled loaf pan. Bake at
50° F. for 1 hour and 15 minutes.

Apples Amaranth
(Serves 6)

apples (cut up), unpeeled
tablespoon honey
teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup amaranth flour (make from seeds in blender)
¼ cup water
½ cup tapioca

Cook apples in water. Drain water and dd honey, cinnamon, flour and apioca. Fold in greased baking dish. Sprinkle popped amaranth lightly on op. Bake 20 minutes at 350° F.

Amaranth Corn Bread
(Makes 1 loaf)

1 teaspoon soda
1 cup whole-wheat flour
1 egg white
¾ cup high-lysine corn meal
¼ cup amaranth
1 cup buttermilk
1 tablespoon margarine, melted

Sift the soda and flour together and mix with the other dry ingredients. Beat egg and add it to the milk and the melted margarine. Beat in the dry ingredients, pour into an oiled tin and bake in a hot oven about 25 minutes.

Whole-Wheat Bran and Amaranth Muffins
(Makes 15 muffins)

1½ cups whole-wheat flour
⅓ cup amaranth
1 cup bran
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs
1½ cups skim milk
4 tablespoons melted butter
½ cup raisins
½ cup chopped walnuts
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Preheat oven to 425° F. Pour boiling water over amaranth (enough to cover grain) and soak for 15 minutes. Then drain. Put all ingredients in mixing bowl and mix only enough to blend. Pour into well-greased muffin tins about two-thirds full. Bake for 20-25 minutes. Cool 15 minutes before removing from tins.

High-Lysine Corn Meal/Amaranth Pancakes
(Makes 16 4" pancakes)

¼ cup amaranth
1¼ cups yellow high-lysine corn meal
¼ cup whole-wheat flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon honey
2 cups buttermilk
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
1 egg white, stiffly beaten

Pour boiling water over amaranth (enough to cover grain) and soak for 15 minutes. Mix dry ingredients. Add drained amaranth. Add buttermilk, oil, honey and yolk. Blend well. Fold in egg white. Let stand 10 minutes. Bake on hot, lightly greased griddle.

Amaranth's most important advantage is its nutritional value. It is high in protein, of good quality and very digestible—unique for a grain. Rice, for example, is highly digestible as well, but it is extremely low in nutrients.

No matter how amaranth seeds are prepared, they contain 12 to 16 percent protein and are high in lysine, an essential amino acid. The ability of the protein in amaranth to meet human needs exceeds that of even soy beans and milk. Those concerned with fiber content will be happy to hear that amaranth offers three or four times more fiber than most other grains. When mixed with wheat, amaranth offers protein just as valuable as that found in meat or eggs.

In addition to its seeds, some amaranth species have edible leaves. The leaves taste like spinach but have more nutrients and are especially high in protein, iron and calcium. Fresh, young amaranth leaves can be chopped and eaten in salads or cooked in soup.

We have the Aztecs to thank for amaranth. It is perhaps their greatest legacy to modern man. When the

continued on page 110

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BALLROOM DANCING...ALIVE AND KICKING

The disco boom is dead, break dancing is dying and the waltz once again holds sway.

by Michael Allen

Social, or contact, dancing is back. And it's about time, say those who remember spending a rare Saturday night and a hard-earned dollar to "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye" in one of the big-city ballrooms. Think of those wonderful nights when Guy Lombardo would furnish the background music for us to meet a girl and have her in our arms 30 seconds later, to waltz, to fox-trot or to two-step until the midnight hour when the sad-sweet strains of "Good Night Sweetheart" would bring us back to reality.

The disco boom is dead, and few are its mourners, even among that group who wouldn't know the Waltz King from Wayne King—or Wayne King from King Henry VIII, for that matter. Break dancing, the latest attempt at a viable dance craze, is little more than a spectator sport, which will almost certainly wear itself to a frazzle by the end of the year.

And so it's back to the dance creations of yesterday, led by the most romantic of them all, the stately waltz. Introduced in London in 1816, it was scathingly criticized as "indecent." Today, some 2 million people are reveling in the indecency, having discovered what surfers, skiers, golfers and joggers have perhaps overlooked. Briefly: Ballroom dancing is a fun way to exercise, an easy way to make new friends, a way to acquire grace and poise and to relieve stress. In contrast to the solitude of hang-gliding or needlework, it's a hobby that couples can do together.

Ballroom dancing is still popular all around the world. Professional champions Lindsey Tate and Stephen Hillier of England set a lively pace for amateur ballroom-aholics to follow.

How does dancing rate with weight lifting and mountain climbing for exercise and fitness? Consider this: The dance master Arthur Murray plays a mean game of tennis at age 89. Gene Kelly, Fred Astaire and Dona O'Connor are still going strong. B Hope, who once taught dancing, dc the old soft-shoe with the same c verve at 81. And George Burns is slouch as a hoofer at 88.

Dancing requires you to move yo entire body, especially the large muscle group, your legs. "It's tr mendous," says a new convert to th most elegant of contact sports. used to do sit-ups at home. That w work. This is fun."

Another dancer summarizes th blend of mind, body and spir "Dancing is a form of a tive exercise involving social man-woman relatio ship performed in an a mosphere of happines music and laughter." 60-year-old rug cutter add "Being active keeps yo young. Cooped up at hom you fade away—dancing you blossom."

In a recent study done a East Stroudsburg State Co lege in Pennsylvania, re searchers determined tha high-intensity dancing wa equal to a half-hour jog a 5½ miles per hour, or half-hour of basketball handball or swimming. Bu increasing one's fitness leve calls for active dancing a minimum of 20 minute three times a week.

The dance floor create an ideal atmosphere fo making new friends. The *Post* article "Dancing fo Fun and Exercise" (Nov. '84) has inspired lonely readers to write for information on the ballrooms in their areas. One man says he had tried skydiving but "most satisfying in the last three months is beginner ballroom dancing." A self-described ballroom fanatic tells of the many acquaintances she has made by "getting out and dancing." Another says, "I see a lot of people in their 80s who are still dancing. It helps keep them supple and interested in people and in life." Singles' note: That interest has led more than one couple to continue dancing down the aisle to the altar.

continued on page 110

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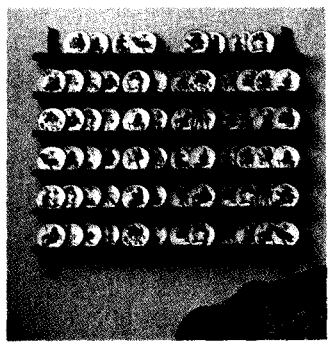

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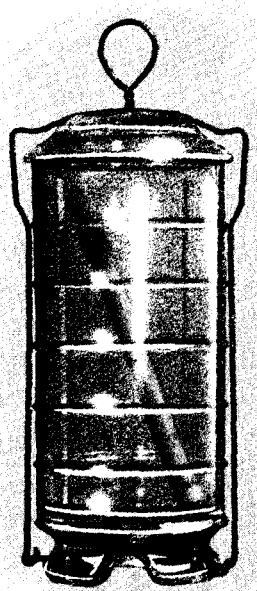
Visitors to the Benjamin Franklin Saturday Evening Post Museum will find an intriguing collection of antiques, thanks to readers who responded to our requests for donations so thousands of others could share in the historic significance the Museum offers.

One of the musical artifacts on display was donated by



George Mellios of Milliken, Michigan. His circa-1923 Euphona Inner-Player Piano and 61 original music rolls livened many an evening for the Mellios family.

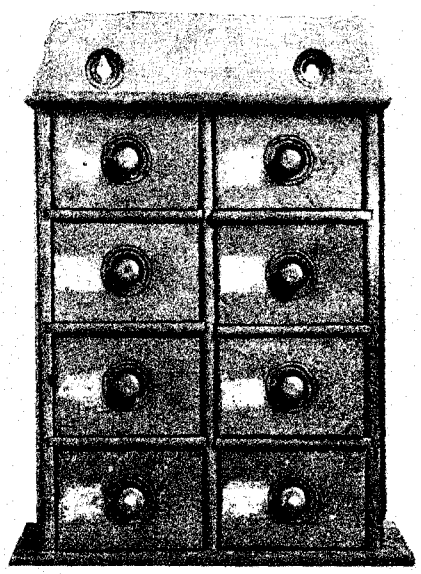
Katherine Quinn of Mountain View, California, has fond memories of the glass Mousse Maker she donated. This popular early-1900s kitchen item, used by her mother in the 1920s, allowed the chocolate dessert to chill in the refrigerator until firm enough to slice—and savor.

Delicate beauty and an

ancestral background prompted Ms. Elsie Conley of Anderson, California, to send us an early family portrait with carrying case. The photograph, a visual record of her mother-in-law's genealogy, is a daguerreotype on silver or silver-covered copper plate.

The spice rack in today's kitchen evolved from antique eight-drawer spice boxes like the one donated by Fred Raueber of Manitowoc, Wisconsin. In his grandfather's day, the spice box stored such exotic seasonings as chervil, mandrake, sweet cicely and wintergreen—essential ingredients in any gourmet kitchen.

Artifacts can be fashionable as well. The black-leather beaded purse donated by Ms.



Edith Wallace of Columbus, Indiana, was crafted in 1927 by a Peoria schoolboy, Roy Cleghorn, for his mother, Edith Van Weigent Cleghorn Smith.

Thanks to all our friends, our Museum is becoming a fine showcase. We still have room for your contribution. You may make a donation of cash or an artifact from the 1800s or early 1900s. Your name will be credited on an

attractive plaque. And you'll appreciate the tax deduction when April 15 rolls around. If you have an artifact you'd like to share, we assure you it will be music to your heirs. Send your contribution to:

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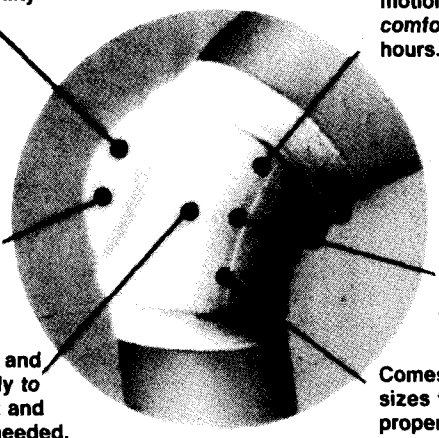
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POST SCRIPTS

Screen Pass

My football season ticket
Has never failed me yet:
Front and center, two yards from
My television set.

—A.H. Berzen

The Calls of the Wild

That children should be seen but not heard
Is an adage that strikes me as absurd;
If my kids ever were that still
I'd think for sure that they were ill.

—S.H. Dewhurst

The Crime Sublime

By deeds barbaric we are able
To put a delicacy on the table.
We roast, toast, use barbecues,
Or crush, scrape, twist and bruise,
Pound, beat, stir and whip
Peel, boil, shake and strip.
Only by behavior vicious
Can we achieve the dish delicious.

—Bobbi White

On the Wrong Foot

A fellow was sitting in the movie theater and waiting for the show to start. He was interrupted when some people wanted to be seated in his row. The man stood up so they could get through, and a very large woman stepped on his foot. The man screamed, "Why don't you look where you're walking?"

The large woman turned on him. "Why don't you," she huffed, "put your foot where it belongs?"

"Don't tempt me, lady," snapped the man. "Don't tempt me!"

—Trenda Leigh

No Rest for the Weary

After receiving congratulations on the birth of triplets, the mother explained that the doctor had said it occurs once in 167,000 times.

"Goodness!" her friend exclaimed. "How did you find time to do your housework?"

—John A. Johnston

Many Happy Returns

Two women were discussing reincarnation. "I don't know if I would rather return wealthy or beautiful," one said.

"Well," replied the other, "either way it'll be a change."

—George E. Bergman

Every Second Counts

A matronly woman filling out an employment application came to the line marked "Age." There she hesitated a long time. Finally the personnel manager leaned over. He whispered, "The longer you wait, the worse it gets."

—Henry E. Leabo

Waisting Away

Little girls may be made of sugar and spice, but it takes watercress and NutraSweet to keep them little.

—Ivern Ball

Stranger Than Fiction

"Do you have the book *Man, the Superior Sex?*" asked the customer.

"The science-fiction department is upstairs, sir," answered the saleslady.

—James Curnane

Playing Hooky

Psychiatrist: "What did you dream last night?"

Patient: "I didn't dream last night."

Psychiatrist: "Well, how can you expect me to help you if you don't do your homework?"

—B. Bader

Capitalistic Gains

If you owe someone $1,000 you're a piker.

If you owe someone $100,000 you're a businessman.

If you owe someone a million you're a tycoon.

If you owe someone a billion you're a magnate.

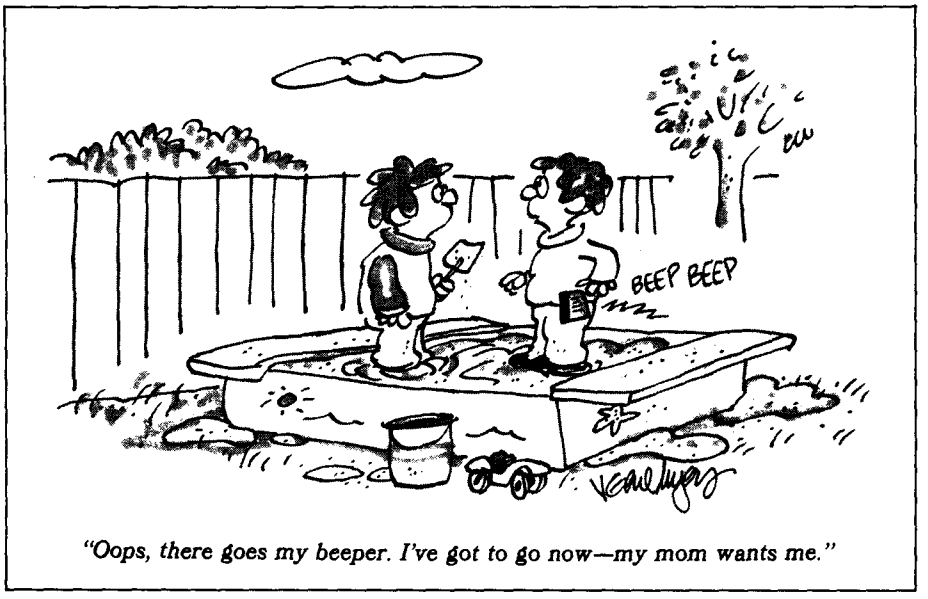
If you owe someone a hundred billion you're the government.

—Rose Sands

A Beaten Man

A recently married young lady did not abandon any of her feminist ideals when she entered the state of matrimony. She remained an outspoken advocate of women's liberation, often abrasively so. Her new husband, formerly a male chauvinist, also began to echo her sentiments.

"It seems," a friend said to him, "she's taught you some respect for



"Oops, there goes my beeper. I've got to go now—my mom wants me."

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vomen's rights."

"Absolutely," said the groom. 'And she packs a pretty good punch vith her left, too."

—Carolyn Gilbert

The Best Defense

Five-year-old Susan had been instructed that young ladies do not start fights. However, in the interest of her own safety, she had also been told that she was allowed to hit back to defend herself.

One day she was about to punch a neighbor boy. When her dad asked for an explanation of her behavior, she replied, "I'm just hitting back *first*, daddy."

—Daniel L. Morris

Singin' the Blues

On his tenth anniversary, a bandleader who had played more than 4,000 dance dates was asked, "What have you had the most requests for?"

" 'Where's the men's room?' " he replied.

—Sherwood Ellis

Cold Cut

During a session of the Massachusetts legislature, an overtalkative senator was chastised by a fellow legislator with the following story:

"I am reminded," the man's colleague said, "of a young man who was walking across Boston Common while eating a baloney sandwich. A small piece of the baloney fell to the ground and was immediately eaten by a robin. It was early in the day. The robin was so pleased with himself, because he had found food so easily and wouldn't have to spend the day hunting for worms, he began to sing with joy. A nearby cat heard the robin singing, pounced on the unsuspecting bird and ate it.

"That's the end of the story," the senator said as he looked across the room at the windbag. "Except for the moral: Never open your mouth when you are full of baloney."

—H.W. Walker

Ladle Rat Rotten Hut

Once upon a time in a carbine on the hedge of a woods lived a ladle gull named Ladle Rat Rotten Hut.

One day, Ladle Rat was taking a biscuit of goodies to her grantmutter who lived in the middle of the woods. On the way she met a strainer who asked her what she had in the biscuit.

"A luff of brat, a cake and some vestibules from my guarding," she told him.

He trite to get the biscuit away from her, but she ran to her grantmutter's. After all, it had been a lot of aardvark raising those vestibules.

When she got to grantma's, she told her about the strainer. Later, when she was going home, her grantmutter warned her never to torque to strainers, because you just can't truss them.

—Edgar Kieswetter

The Chaste Are Half the Fun

A man complained to his teen-age daughter that the modern generation lacks modesty. "When I was your age," he said, "girls still knew how to blush."

"Good heavens, dad," his daughter replied, "what on earth did you say to them?"

—Eileen P. Dirkman

Song to End Songs

Darn body oat meal stream
Wear a first mate shoe,
Ouija eyesore blue,
Dresden gingham too.
It was there anew
Thatch a loft me too.
You were 16,
Marvel itch queen,
Darn body oat meal stream!

—Dave Morrah

On-the-Job Training

Today I was assertive—
Instead of a slow burn
When a salesclerk passed me over,
I said, "Hold on! It's *my* turn."
When I went back to the office
And a male peer gave the cue,
"Want to make more coffee?"
I said, "No. Next pot's on you!"
Then home at last and tired
About 20 after six,
When the gang asked, "What's for dinner?"
I said, "Anything you fix!"

—Mary Margaret Milbrath

Aging Process

So you forgot my birthday,
Just as you thought you would.
Please don't feel bad about it,
I would too if I could.

—Hans G. Mueller

Disinterested Opinion

Teacher: "Sue, what is the difference between ignorance and apathy?"
Sue: "I don't know and I don't care."

—Nancy Witmer

Express Request

A postal employee picked up a young boy's letter to God and read a sad tale as the eight-year-old explained his father was dead and his mother was having a hard time raising the boy and his sister. He wound up asking for $500.

Touched, the worker showed the letter to others. They passed the hat to raise $300.

A few days later, a second letter arrived. The boy thanked God, but added this P.S.: "Next time can you deliver the money directly to our house? The post office deducts $200 for handling."

—Bill Kreifeldt

Yule-ogy

Why wasn't I a Scrooge this year,
To make our Christmas less merry?
Then the ghosts of Christmas past
Wouldn't bill me in January!

—Ruth M. Walsh

"He hasn't paid attention to me since he started hitting that little stone in the hole."

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VETS ON PETS

DON'T BLAME FLUFFY

Dogs and cats can spread certain diseases to humans, but by taking proper precautions, pet owners need not worry.

H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

I once had a client call me frantically in the middle of the night. A neighbor had told her that her ten-year-old Persian cat, Fluffy, would cause her unborn baby to be retarded. I tried to allay her fears. It is true that pets can transmit certain diseases to humans, but the majority of diseases that afflict our pets are not transmissible. For those that are, knowledge and adequate precaution can be our armor.

Fluffy's accuser was probably referring to toxoplasmosis, a protozoan cat parasite that can cause miscarriage or birth defects in children born to infected women. In adult humans, toxoplasmosis is usually a mild disease, clinically similar to influenza. Approximately one-half of all Americans are immune to it. Having been exposed to the parasite, they develop antibodies without showing symptoms of disease. Twenty-five to 45 percent of women of childbearing age are immune to *Toxoplasma* infection. Problems can arise in women who have had no previous exposure to the disease and who become infected before or shortly following conception. One-eighth to one-third of these women may deliver babies with birth defects.

Getting rid of Fluffy was certainly not the answer to my client's worries. Here are the recommendations I give my pregnant clients: Try to prevent cats from hunting animals or birds and do not feed them raw meat. Have your cat tested for antibodies to toxoplasmosis. (If there is a significant antibody level, the cat is immune. No antibodies means the cat could become infected.) Clean and disinfect litter boxes daily, because the parasites' eggs do not become infectious until one to five days after being passed in the feces. Pregnant women should avoid cleaning the litter box. They should also wear gloves while gardening in areas frequented by cats and should wash well after animal contact. These precautions should prevent the tragedy of infant toxoplasmosis.

Pets may inadvertently spread other diseases to humans as well. Children are the most susceptible because they are less aware of proper personal-hygiene practices.

Intestinal parasites such as roundworms and hookworms are an example. They can be passed in the feces of infected dogs and cats. Their eggs can remain viable in soil or sand for months if temperature, humidity and soil type are favorable. Although people are not the natural hosts for these parasites, problems can occur if children ingest soil contaminated with roundworm eggs. In humans the condition they cause is called visceral larval migrans or ocular larval migrans, and symptoms depend upon the mechanical damage to body organs or the eyes by migrating larvae. One recent survey of the general U.S. population revealed that only 2.8 percent had antibodies to this parasite. In Atlanta, where climatic conditions are conducive to soil contamination by the dog or cat roundworm, 37 percent of all retinal eye disease in children is diagnosed as ocular larval migrans.

A less-serious disease, cutaneous larval migrans, can be caused by the larvae of the common dog hookworm that penetrate bare human feet and cause a skin eruption.

Deworming of household pets is the most effective protection against these common parasites. Your veterinarian can determine by a laboratory exam of the feces whether your pet is infected. Enforcement of leash laws and effective measures to remove feces or to exclude pets from children's playgrounds and parks help prevent transmission of infectious larvae to children. Of course, teaching good personal-hygiene practices to children is the most important way to prevent transmission of such diseases.

Dogs and cats are not, as some people still believe, carriers of pinworms or lice. However, sarcoptic mange, which causes severe itching and hair loss in puppies, can also cause a rash in children who play with an infected animal.

Children are also susceptible to pet-transmitted ringworms, usually manifested by reddened, circular or blotchy patches on the face, arms or neck. Lesions in pets vary from the classic circular areas of hair loss with stubbled hairs, scaling and crusting to more generalized hair loss.

Personal hygiene after handling animals and prompt diagnosis and treatment of infected pets should help prevent the spread of ringworm to household members. Since ringworm is a fungus and fungal spores remain

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live in the environment for many months, pet living areas should be vacuumed and disinfected with fungicides. Bedding, brushes, etc., should be disinfected, too.

Addicts of Stephen King's horror novels are well aware of the terrifying symptoms of rabies. Like many of the other animal-transmitted diseases, rabies may be a greater potential hazard to youngsters than to adults. Children, particularly those younger than six, have the highest incidence of bite wounds.

The first line of defense against rabies is immediate treatment of the local bite or scratch wound: Flush the wound with soap and water, disinfectant and alcohol. Contact the local public-health department and your physician. Your physician will determine the treatment needed. The human death rate from rabies in the United States is now quite low, but approximately 30,000 people are treated with the human rabies vaccine each year because of exposure or possible exposure to the disease. The new human vaccine, given in five intramuscular injections, is much less painful and hazardous to people than the previous traumatic series of stomach injections.

Pet owners should remember that proper health care is in their hands. It includes regular physical examinations, fecal analyses and vaccinations.

Make sure your pet is well, and you will stay well, too. There's no need to blame Fluffy.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

We have a healthy dog, 11 years old, half poodle and the other part we do not know. My husband is retiring next January. We would love to have our dog travel with us. But when we put a leash or even a halter on him he coughs and gags. At first we thought he was putting on, but when we get close to his throat other times he coughs and gags. We have had him checked by the vet. He cannot find anything wrong.

Is there any way we could take him besides using a leash or a halter? Without pulling to make him choke we are lost on what to do. We hate to put him to sleep.

Joyce Groves
Powell, Wyoming

Dear Mrs. Groves:

This sounds like the age-old question, "Can you teach an old dog new tricks?" If your veterinarian can find no medical reason for this condition, it is probably a behavior problem.

Check out a good book about obedience training for dogs at your local library. The basic obedience commands, as well as leash training, should be taught to your dog. The alternative to this type of behavior control would be to keep the dog in a cage or a carrier during trips.

Good luck!

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

In general, I appreciated "Winterize Your Dog," Nov. '84. I would have appreciated knowing the clinical evidences of hypothermia in animals so as to be on the lookout for it.

Also, I wonder why Dr. White, in answering the inquiry from Mrs. Mascaro re fleas, did not suggest the use of Proban.

I have given it, in accordance with instructions from my vet, to both my cat and my dog. They have been relatively free from fleas—a dramatic improvement over brewer's yeast or any of the sprays.

Thank you for your attention.

Mrs. Harry O. Dunn
Mountain Home, Arkansas

Dear Mrs. Dunn:

You do indeed read our articles carefully. The use of most current flea remedies, including oral medications such as Proban, was discussed in the article on flea control in the July/August 1984 issue of the *Post*.

Hypothermia refers to low body temperature. Usually an animal will respond to low environmental temperature by curling up and shivering. Its hair will become more erect to give greater insulation. Its body usually responds by producing hormones such as epinephrine and thyroxine, while the small vessels in the skin and the superficial tissues constrict.

The young puppy or kitten has little ability to regulate its temperature and relies on the warmth of the mother, litter mates and a suitable nest.

H.E.W.

Send your questions about pets to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

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Bill Haber, Inventor

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BLACK DEATH ON THE LIVING-ROOM FLOOR

Sooner or later, in the ancient battle of the sexes, fate is bound to favor the male. However long his wife has ridiculed his blunders, she will someday pull an even more monumental boner.

by H. Allen Smith

Back yonder in the Jurassic Age when I was courting her in the hammock-lands of South Florida, she told me the story of The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily.

This remarkable incident, which demonstrates one of the special vagaries of the human race, dated back to her high-school days in a small town in middle Missouri. There was an afternoon party for girls of the sophomore class. One girl—let us call her Myrt Bagnell—achieved irrevocable immortality at that party, solely through accident. There were small plates, and in each plate a tiny lacy-edged paper doily, and on the doily a mound of strawberry ice cream. Miss Myrt Bagnell came of good stock—quality, you might say—but she was a high-strung, nervous girl, self-conscious in public yet eager to make a good impression. So she ate the ice cream, and then she ate the doily.

From that unhappy day forward she was often pointed out, especially to visitors in the town. Everyone knew the story, and she was often referred to as The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily. She was, in a sense, the town's celebrity. That's the way it goes in life—one little no-account doily, and a girl is marked for life.

I did not visit my wife's hometown until many years later. When we did finally make it, I expected to find a community of retired rubes and snuff-dipping chawbacons. Not so. It was a neat, trim, well-ordered town of neat, trim, well-ordered people. They gave a party for us at the home of a prominent businessman, and after things had started rolling, a handsome woman came up the granitoid walk and entered the house. Immediately people began congregating around me and whispering, "Here she comes. The one, you know, who ate the doily." They knew I had expressed an interest in this lady, and so I made her acquaintance and found her to be witty and intelligent and charming. I confess that I felt some compassion for her, because I knew that the misadventure of the doily would follow he unrelentingly to the grave.

Still, down through the years continued to josh my wife abou the caliber of the people who live in her hometown, with special ref erence always to The One, Yo Know, Who Ate the Doily. Then began, in a figurative sense, to ea a whole series of paper doilies.

One of the first incidents wa The Awful Night of the Ball-Peen Hammer. We were living in a small house in a commuter town snuggled up against the Hudson River. One night I was awakened by a noise below stairs, a rattling sound as if someone were trying to force open a door. I got out of bed and went to a window and noted that no wind was blowing. I thought of wakening my wife, so she could witness my heroics, but I didn't do it. I crept down the stairs in my bare feet, made a left turn into the kitchen, gentled open a closet door, groped inside and came out with a ball-peen hammer in my grip. I hefted it a couple of times, noting its nice balance. What a weapon! Armed with that hammer alone, I felt that I could have won for Custer at Little Bighorn.

Now I heard the rattle again, and I moved slowly into the living room and glanced toward the front door. There was a quarter moon. I could move about without banging into furniture, and I could detect shadowy objects outdoors. The front door was a full-length sheet of plate glass, and as I fixed my eyes on it, I detected something moving on the porch. I moved slowly across the room, hammer poised, ready for a skull-shattering blow.

As I inched closer to the door I was able to get a better idea of The Presence outside. It was a man, all right. I could only see him as a blob of ectoplasm, but he was there. He was not aware of the trap that was being set for him, because he was now creeping up close to the door. I continued moving forward. Never before or since have I displayed such magnificent courage. I shudder and chill today just thinking about it.

I now arrived within a couple of feet of the plate glass, and he was within

continued on following page

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

...a photograph of the child you are helping.

...a special sponsorship folder with the case history of the child.

...a description of the country where your child lives.

...a quarterly progress report about your child's community from the field worker.

And you will receive at least two personal letters a year from your child.

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

You can make a difference!

$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

Will you sponsor a child? Your $10 a month will help provide so much:

...emergency food, clothing and medical care.

...a chance to attend school.

...help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

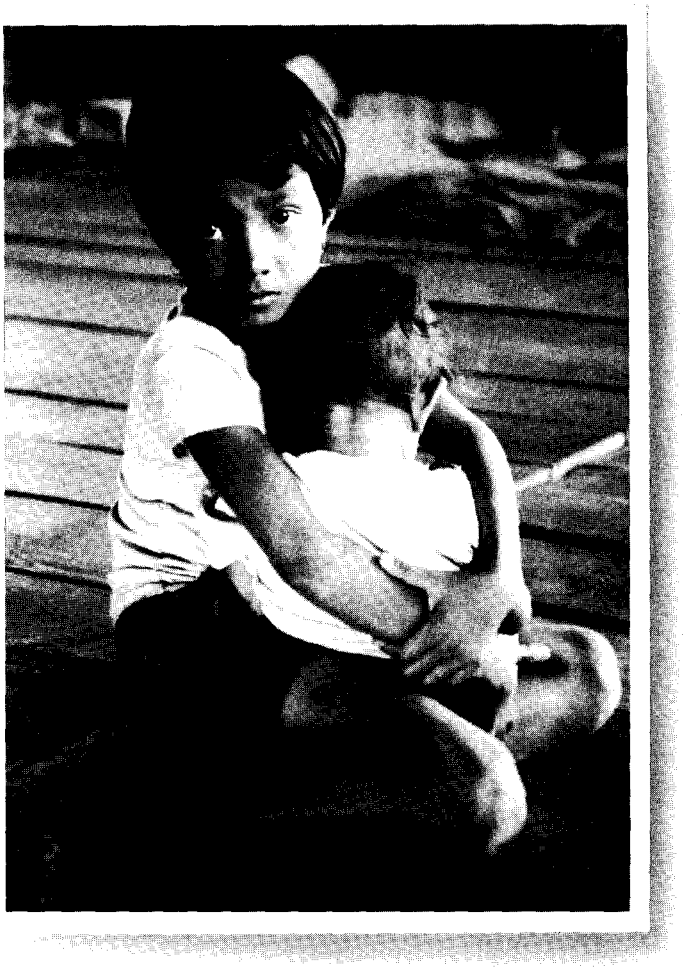
A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.
2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.
3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.



In Thailand, 7 year old Somjack comforts her little sister Kai who is suffering from severe malnutrition. These two frightened refugee children were found huddled together in a crumbling shack.

K5JO

Holy Land Christian **Mission International**
Attn: Joseph Gripkey, President
2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes. I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl

Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Thailand ☐ Costa Rica ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Africa ☐ The Holy Land

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

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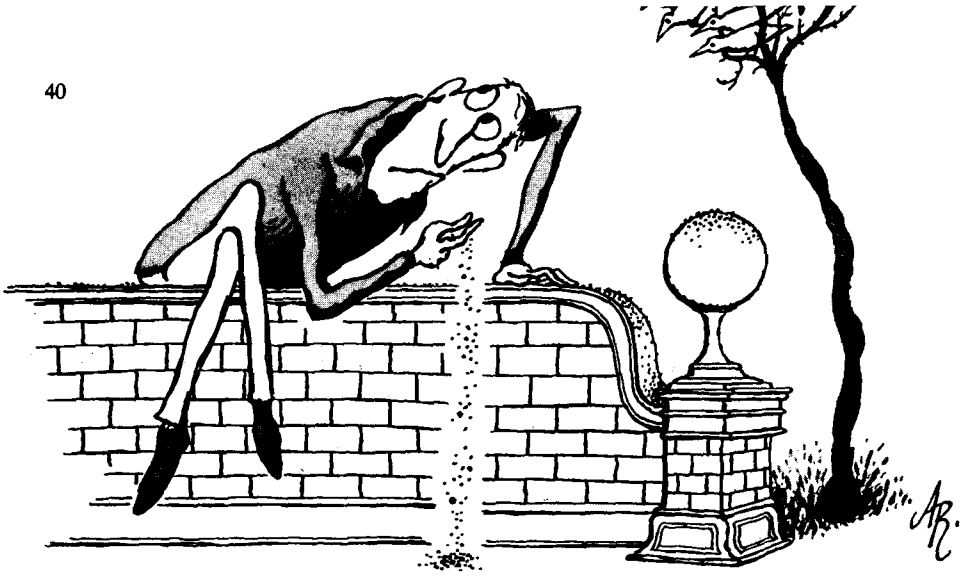


striking distance on the other side of the door. I thought I saw his hand move toward the doorknob. I began talking in a low voice, something on this order: "All right, you dirty so-and-so, you asked for it."

I poised myself on the bare balls of my feet, moved the hammer backward a couple of inches to increase the murderous arc, took a deep breath, tensed my muscles and——

Somebody grabbed my arm from behind and cried, "No! Don't. . . *Don't. . .do it!*"

I almost fainted. I let out a yowl of pure fright and turned, and in the dimness saw it was my wife. I shrieked at her and whirled around to tackle the intruder on the porch. My wife now yelled at me: "There's nobody out there! You were about to hit your own reflection in the glass!"

I couldn't believe it for a moment, couldn't believe that I had been so stupid, but then I saw that it was true. I had broken out in a cold sweat and I was trembling. I turned on the light and went to the kitchen and fixed a beverage. Not tea.

After that, whenever I maligned my wife's native town in company with the tale of The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily, she would retaliate with a detailed account of The Awful Night of the Ball-Peen Hammer.

It was a sort of game, and I didn't particularly enjoy playing it. I knew I had a job ahead of me. I had to catch *her* in one, a real good one, a classic piece of domestic blundering. But years went by, and although her mistakes were beyond numbering, they were all quite minor-league. Meanwhile I, the perfect man, embarked on a series of bumbling botcheries that could only be explained by eccentric sunspots, voodoo or a heady infusion of strontium 90. I remember especially painfully the case of The Red Rain from Outer Space.

One day I was sitting on a stone wall beside the driveway when I noticed that the top of the wall was sprinkled over with a strange, brownish, granular substance. I picked up a few of the grains and examined them, and crumbled them, and I now saw that they were spread evenly all along the top of the wall. It was obvious that they had fallen from somewhere, rained down on my premises. I thought back to Charles Fort and his theories about teleportation—rains of strange objects from outer space. The more I speculated on the phenomenon, the more I found myself thinking in Fortean, supernatural terms. I walked around to the kitchen door and spoke to my wife.

"Look at these," I said, extending my hand. She looked at them.

"Most astonishing thing," I said. "This stuff must have rained out of the sky. I've eliminated every other possibility—and I'm the guy who poked fun at old Charles Fort."

"Where did you find it?" my wife wanted to know, unimpressed.

"It's scattered all over the top of the stone wall," I told her.

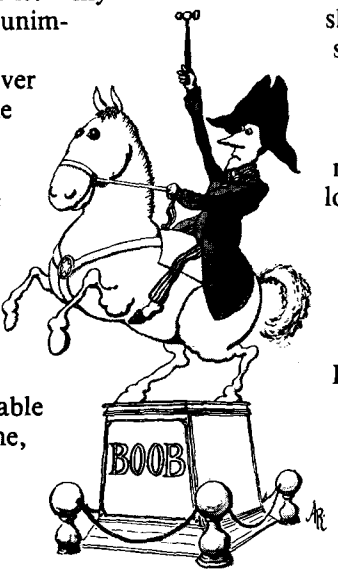
She started laughing. "You are a dope," she said. "What you've got there is nothing but stale Grape-Nuts. I sprinkled them out for the birds."

I thought I'd never be able to live that one down—me, the raucous crusader against superstition in all its forms. I still hadn't trapped her in a single misadventure that could compare, in dramatic quality, to the mounting list of my own. And then just recently I added another. We were watching a play on television. The telephone rang, and I picked it up and said, "Hello." Nothing. Nobody. A dial tone. My wife leaned back and howled with laughter. I had been, of course, a phone ringing in the TV show.

Later that same evening it happened. I recall that I went to the kitchen and got a thick slice of watermelon and brought it back to the living room. As I savored the melon's rich and juicy sweetness, I considered how things had been shaping up. I could never win. I was trying in my mind to formulate the terms of an armistice. I would never again kid her in public about the I.Q. of those people in Missouri, about The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily.

Our house is surrounded by meadow and deep forest. We are continually subject to invasion by small varmints—field mice, little black spiders, small crickets of an ebony color, occasional beetles. Whenever we spot one of these creatures parading insolently across the floor, we move fast and pounce. We swat them, or slam down a sheet of tissue on them. If they are moving fast we stomp them.

So, suddenly my wife put her book aside and stood up. She had spotted a dark invader off to her left. She moved swiftly and stomped. "Got him!" she said, and stomped hard a second time, and then a third just to make certain. Now she grabbed a piece of tissue, picked up the corpse and examined it. Her expression of triumph faded. It was a shiny, black watermelon seed that had somehow squirted away from me. I had her at last. Oh, how I had her! The armistice is now in effect. I am no longer to mention The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily. She in turn is not to tell of The Awful Night of the Ball-Peen Hammer, or of The Red Rain from Outer Space.



And finally I have solemnly agreed that I will never tell about The One, You Know, Who Stomped the Watermelon Seed to Death.

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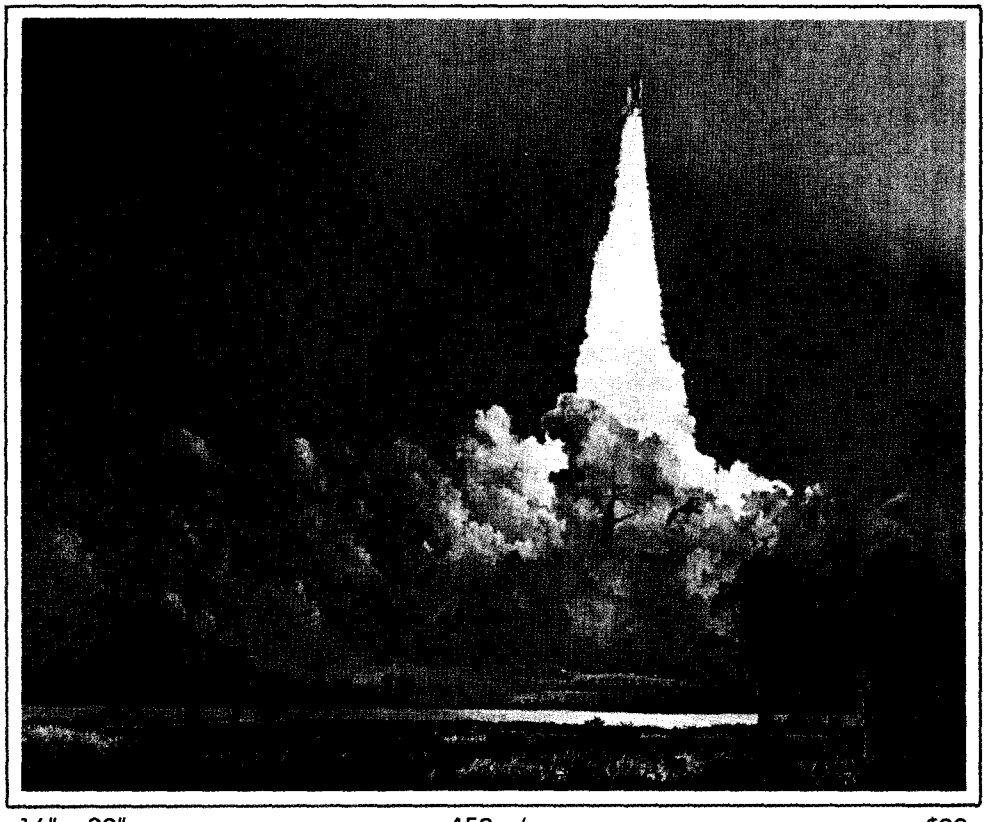

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BUNKER HUNT'S GREATEST INVESTMENT

Frequently misquoted, often misunderstood, this Texas legend supports Christianity and back-to-basics morality by giving generously at the office and setting an example at home.

by Holly G. Miller

In rumpled pin stripes and disheveled dress shirt, Nelson Bunker Hunt takes a pool-side seat among the bronzed and briefed sun worshipers of southern Arizona. He nods when someone inquires, from across a gin and tonic, if his three-piece suit feels comfortable under the desert rays.

"These are my resort clothes," he deadpans.

If the jacket looks oversized, it's because Hunt recently embarked on a trim-down-shape-up program that calls for time on a treadmill and slow jogs around his sprawling Texas ranch. Shoehorning an exercise regimen into his jammed work schedule wasn't easy. As one of America's richest men, Hunt has never placed leisure activity at the top of his priority list—at least not when the phone is ringing, a meeting has to be chaired or a decision needs to be made.

But at age 58, he's doing better. Although he expertly side-steps the question of retirement, he explains his workday is shorter now—6 a.m. to 6 p.m.—and more and more details are being delegated to his lieutenants.

"Really, I don't work as hard as I should," he insists. "There are some things I don't enjoy doing, business-wise, so I'm directing my attention to what I like to do and less to the drudgery part. In that respect, I'm probably looking for the easier life."

For Hunt, that translates into football—brother Lamar owns the Kansas City Chiefs—his classical-art collection and his thoroughbred horses. He is respected around the world as a breeder and owner of race horses and trains them in Kentucky, France, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand and Texas. Thoroughbreds in the Hunt stable have won 100 major stakes races in seven countries, and his prize filly, Dahlia, has earned more than $1.5 million in five years.

"He's very sports-minded," says his secretary, Jo Gilmore. "I'm amazed that after a grueling day at the office, rather than go home and watch television, he's ready to attend a sports event. He's so curious about everything—especially people. He's the kind of person who passes a box on a table and is compelled to open it."

The combination of investment savvy, curiosity and appreciation for fine antiques has led him to acquire enviable collections of rare painted vases and gold, silver and bronze coins that date back to early Egypt, Rome and Greece. More contemporary *objets d'art,* particularly eques-

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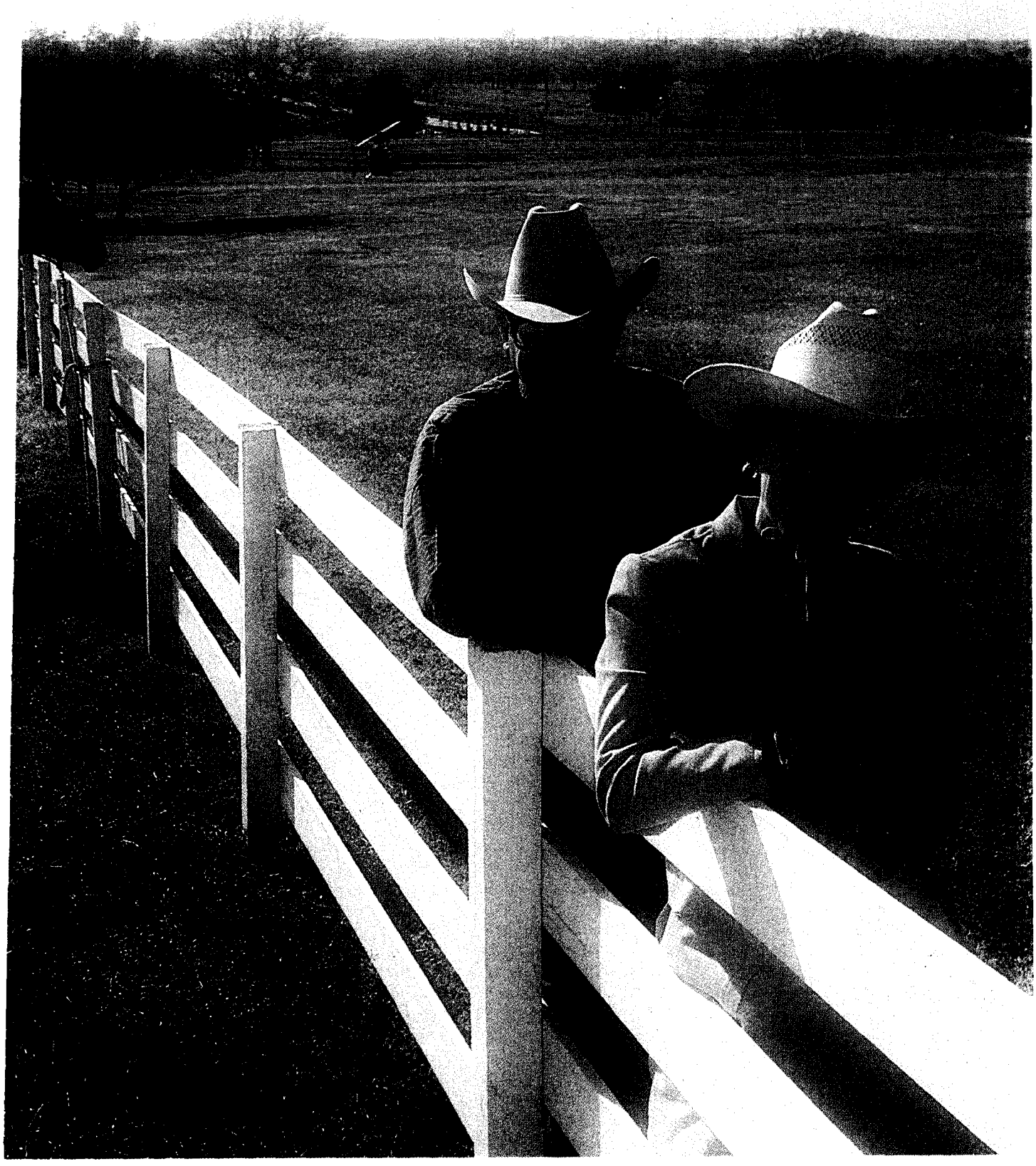

Bunker Hunt's largest investments aren't in silver or gold. With Caroline, his wife of 34 years, their money brings Christianity to college campuses and to foreign lands through a number of world-wide ministries. Wycliffe Bible Translators, Campus Crusade for Christ and Strategies to Elevate People are just a few of his major accomplishments.

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Caroline Hunt, looking far too young to be the grandmother of 12, puts a high priority on being present when the grandchildren arrive. The Hunts have 4 children.

trian sculpture and paintings, decorate his plush offices on the 24th floor of the Thanksgiving Tower.

In spite of the valuable trappings around him, Hunt describes himself as "a man of little vanity," and seems to have no idea of the influence he commands. His demeanor is the comfortable-as-an-old-shoe variety, hardly smacking of the spit-and-shine discipline he struggled with as a student at Culver Military Academy. He spent three years at the venerable Indiana institution, cringes at memories of his attempts to conform to the strict rules—yet those memories are fond enough that he was shocked when his alma mater went coed several years ago.

"I liked it," he insists. "But I wasn't a very good military person. I didn't shine my shoes too well or keep my clothes as spotless as they should be. Culver was so strict that later, when I joined the Navy, it seemed like a picnic in comparison. The staff at military school used to write to parents every few weeks to tell them how their sons were doing. I don't think my letters were all that complimentary. My mother got tired of reading about my problems."

He credits his mother with being a key influence in his life. Not only did she help mold his personality first by exposing him to (and then rescuing him from) the rigors of Culver's field artillery troop, but she instilled in him her own concern and appreciation for people. She guided his education from the disciplined Hoosier military setting to Pennsylvania's very proper Hill School, to the University of Texas, to Southern Methodist University. Along the way he mingled with a smorgasbord of people and learned, by his mother's example, to blend with every mix.

"In a way, my mother was the most democratic person I ever knew," he says of Lyda Bunker Hunt. "It didn't matter to her if a person were the king of England, a cabdriver or a waiter. She treated them all in the same polite manner. To this day I'll have people I don't even know come up to me and say they never met a lady with a finer personality and more kindly manner. I think that's remarkable because she's been gone since 1955. That's almost 30 years now."

In their mother's memory, Bunker and his six brothers and sisters donated $3.5 million to underwrite a new building for the Dallas Highland Park Presbyterian Church's expansion program.

Oil wildcatter H. L. Hunt was the richest man in America when he died in 1974. He left $2 billion to his offspring. That legacy has mushroomed, thanks in part to Bunker's business acumen. His success is reflected in his various titles: chairman, Hunt Energy Corporation, Hunt International Resources Corporation and Hunt Electronics Corporation; president/director of numerous companies in countries where Hunt interests actively pursue searches for oil, gas, coal and geothermal energy; past chairman, Texas Bible Society; past chairman, executive committee, Here's Life campaign, Campus Crusade for Christ; past president, Council for National Policy.

If business titles can be traced to his father, his zeal for good works is a result of his mother's influence. He is an outspoken Christian, a longtime member of the Presbyterian Church, who quietly investigates and then invests generously in evangelical causes. He recalls no dramatic conversion experience as a child, but claims what he learned in conventional Sunday School classes in Tyler, Texas, was always underscored at home by his mother.

"She was probably more instrumental in my Christian commitment than my father was, although in the latter 20 years of his life my father was a strong believer," says Bunker. "My mother's best friend in Tyler was a wonderful Christian lady named Mrs. Wilcox. Her sons were grown and off to college, so she used to invite me to spend time at her house. She knew the Bible better than any preacher I ever remember; she really got me interested in spiritual things."

He approaches religion almost academically, claiming the Bible is "the finest historical document" available. Although he occasionally makes reference to a Biblical passage in conversation, he downplays his knowledge by apologizing for his loose paraphrase which, more often than not, is King James verbatim. He prefers to live his faith rather than to talk about it, never smokes and rarely drinks—"I think I'm a little allergic to it," he confides—and leaves any evangelizing to the brethren with the theological degrees.

"I don't know that I'd be a very good one-on-one witnesser, although I occasionally talk to a friend," he says. "Maybe I do my witnessing through helping some organizations. That could be the easy way out, and I don't know if it's Biblical or not, but if it helps bring a few people to the Kingdom, so much the better."

His favorite causes run the gamut from the STEP Foundation (Strategies to Elevate People), which is geared to helping urban minorities, to Campus Crusade, the fundamentalist effort to strengthen Christian principles in college-age students. He's been an advocate of the Campus Crusade ministry for 20 years and has watched the organization grow from its founding on eight or ten campuses to its current presence in more than 100 countries and on every major campus in the United States. His belief in the campus ministry led him to provide $5.5 million to underwrite the film *Jesus*, released

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a 1979 and distributed by Warner Brothers.

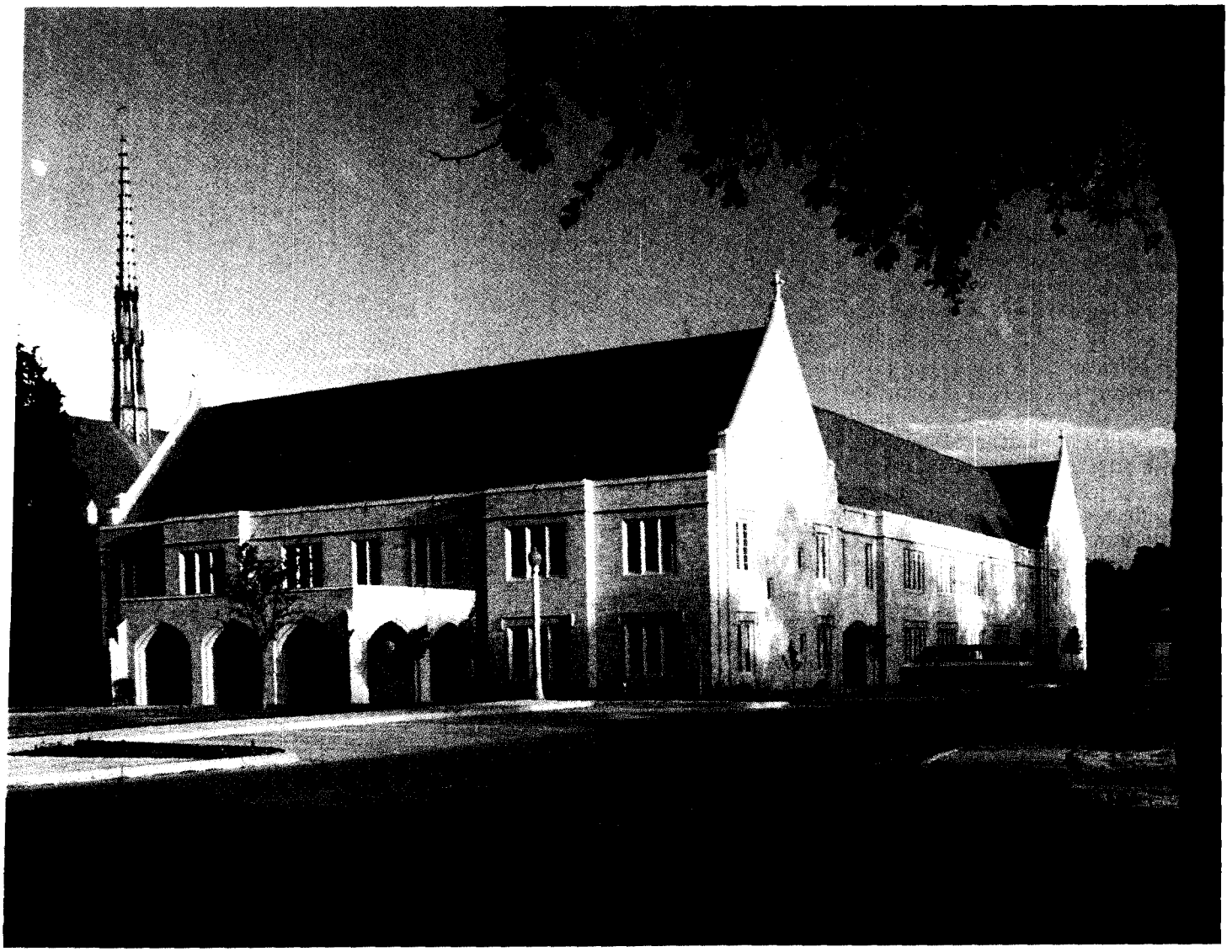
"The Campus Crusade and Here's Life people felt it would be a tremendous evangelical tool, that no comparable film could do what this movie could do," he says. "I kept hearing about it and finally decided I'd help them make it. I think now it's available in 60 or 80 languages and is being shown all over the world. I've heard of places where 5,000 see the film and afterward, 2,500 accept Christ. I'm glad it's worked out so well. If I don't do anything else, maybe that's something worthwhile that I've done."

While he prefers to maintain a low profile himself, he keeps in close contact with highly visible evangelists such as Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell. He tracks their efforts and boasts of their accomplishments.

"I'm no great church historian but the pendulum swings, and right now there's a tremendous acceptance for the gospel. Jerry Falwell told me the other day that his theological school is producing 250 graduates a year and each graduate will go out and start a church or school. Of course organizations like Pat Robertson's are doing so much good and reaching so many people on television. In this country we had gone so far toward the agnostic and atheistic side that we had to experience a revulsion. I think a lot of politicians are surprised at the depth of the religious interest and beliefs. If America survives it will be because of its return to Christian beliefs."

He hopes the trend toward religious evangelism and political conservatism will eliminate legal abortion and curb the government's welfare program. He's a vocal opponent of both and expresses disbelief at one and dismay at the other. His fondness for children colors these feelings: "How can anyone justify taking a baby's life?" he asks; and, "Sure, a lot of worthy people—children in particular—need assistance, but I think America would be better off if the churches and individuals supplied the help."

To support his beliefs he cites examples from personal experience. He recalls, as a boy growing up in Arkansas and Texas, watching as neighbors



In memory of their mother, Lyda Bunker Hunt, Bunker Hunt and his six brothers and sisters donated $3.5 million to underwrite a new building for Highland Park Presbyterian Church in Dallas. Church work was his mother's primary social life and her best friend's counseling stirred Bunker Hunt's interest in things spiritual at an early age.

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I hope the organizations will do well with my donations."

He refutes the notion that wealthy industrialists like Bunker Hunt have a social responsibility to give away a certain portion of their earnings. No one tells Bunker Hunt when, why and how much he's going to give in support of worthy charities. He makes his own decisions and is not influenced by persons advocating that he has an obligation to share his fortune.

"I suspect I've contributed as much or more than anyone around," he says. "I enjoy giving to causes I believe in, but I certainly don't give to them because I think it's my social responsibility. Of course there are liberal folks who imply such an obligation exists, but most of them won't contribute any of their own

Family-oriented Caroline Hunt puts a strong emphasis on a healthy life style. A smoker who lights up at the Hunts' ranch house is cordially asked to smoke outside.

pitched in to help a member of the community who was in financial difficulty. To underscore the need to trim welfare, he tells of owning a ranch adjacent to an Indian reservation. He claims many Indians have lost their initiative because of too many government giveaways of too much cash. Again, he advocates less federal aid and more involvement by the private sector.

Such comments, often quoted in the media, evoke a deluge of requests for donations. Hunt admits to being solicited by more good causes than he can afford, and he's devised some loose guidelines to help him pick the recipients of his contributions.

"Basically, I don't give to individual situations," he explains. "I'm very sympathetic, I hear heart-rending stories, but there's no way I can help them. So, I give to a few organizations; that's the best I can do, and

Ancient faces adorn Bunker Hunt's collection: a Syracusan decadrachm of 480 B.C. (above) and the famous Athens Decadrachm (467 B.C.).

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Show a little curiosity, and Bunker will launch with verve into a knowledgeable description of his and brother Herbert's valuable collection of rare classical coins, vases and bronzes.

money. They want the government to do it. They try to give a guilt complex to anyone who works hard to produce something that's valuable. Well, I think that's a phony situation. I'm probably overly generous to a lot of causes, but I don't think that makes me any better, and I don't think I do it because I feel any sort of obligation."

His candor borders on outspokenness and when taken out of context by media interviewers results in a less-than-accurate portrayal of the man. He is neither materialistic nor pompous. His modest wardrobe is purchased off the rack, he drives his own car and when he travels by air he specifies coach rather than first-class. Unlike many colleagues in his income bracket, he prefers to mingle with the crowd at large social gatherings rather than seal himself off with a phalanx of security guards. But if his image has suffered at the hands of magazine and newspaper biographers who attempt to "capture" him in 2,000 words or less and emphasize his vast holdings, he harbors no grudges. Even when offered the opportunity to counter the misconceptions, he shrugs and declines.

"I really don't care. I accept the media for what they are, as they are. . . which is not very favorable where I'm concerned. I don't expect a good press; in fact, I have a saying I think is accurate: The press can make a heel out of a hero or a hero out of a heel. We see this happen every day. That may be overstated or oversimplified, but journalists have the power to paint any picture they desire."

More important to him than building a positive public image is maintaining the solid personal rapport he and his wife, Caroline, enjoy with their son, 3 daughters and 12 grandchildren. Although Bunker jokingly accuses Caroline of being an "overzealous grandmother," he credits her with adding softness to his strict child-rearing philosophy. Among the results has been a mutual respect on the part of parents and children. This relationship Hunt has every intention of exploring and savoring.

"I'd say my priorities right now are to enjoy life, my children, my grandchildren, my friends, and to stay healthy," he stresses.

Interestingly, he doesn't mention acquiring more money. Or oil. Or silver. Or real estate.

"Being financially rich or financially poor can't be compared with being happy," he says. "Some of the happiest people you'll meet are some of the poorest. I've observed that most groups of wealthy people are sort of miserable. They sit around and worry about their money and the problems it causes. Me? I've never been much of a worrier."

Neither has he been one to sit around. In spite of his efforts to shorten his workday, delegate authority and schedule more leisure time with his family, he can't be expected to retire to a neutral corner of his mammoth Texas ranch now that the causes he champions are coming into vogue. He greets society's swing back to basics with what his friends in the news media might label "cautious optimism."

"I'm encouraged about the increased spiritual awareness because if we have a good spiritual atmosphere in the world, the political situation will improve too. When the people are good, we have good government. Yes, we're getting better . . . at least I hope so."

Does he expect, as a longtime proponent of conservatism, to enjoy new clout in this spiritually aware atmosphere? Will he, for instance, command the ear of the President 24 hours a day? The questions bring a slow smile and spark his quick wit: "I've never seen fit to talk to the President . . . or vice versa," he quips.

Which is the more social version of another favorite response, usually reserved for his pals, the media: No comment.

The Hunts' collection of Greek vases includes works by several noted classical vase painters, among them a kylix-krater signed by the famed Euphronius.

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THE BEGGAR ON DUBLIN BRIDGE

Dark glasses covered his eyes and there was no telling what lay behind. There was that awful itch to seize the glasses from his nose and learn the truth.

by Ray Bradbury

"A fool," I said. "That's what I am."

"Why?" asked my wife. "What for?"

I brooded by our third-floor hotel window. On the Dublin street below a man passed, his face to the lamplight. "Him," I muttered. "Two days ago——"

Two days ago as I was walking along, someone had "hissed" me from the hotel alley. "Sir, it's important! Sir!"

I turned into the shadow. This little man in the direst tones said, "I've a job in Belfast if I just had a pound for the train fare!"

I hesitated.

"A most important job!" he went on swiftly. "Pays well! I'll—I'll mail you back the loan! Just give me your name and hotel——"

He knew me for a tourist. But it was too late; his promise to pay had moved me. The pound note crackled in my hand, being worked free from several others.

The man's eye skimmed like a shadowing hawk. "If I had two pounds, I could eat on the way——"

I uncrumpled two bills.

"And three pounds would bring the wife——"

I unleafed a third.

"Ah, hell!" cried the man. "Five, just five poor pounds, would find us a hotel in that brutal city and let me get to the job, for sure!"

What a dancing fighter he was, light on his toes, weaving, tapping with his hands, flicking with his eyes, smiling with his mouth, jabbing with his tongue.

"Lord thank you, bless you, sir!"

He ran, my five pounds with him. I was half in the hotel before I realized that, for all his vows, he had not recorded my name. "Gah!" I cried then.

"Gah!" I cried now at the window. For there, passing below, was the very fellow who should have been in Belfast two nights ago.

"Oh, I know him," said my wife. "He stopped me this noon. Wanted train fare to Galway."

"Did you give it to him?"

"No," said my wife simply.

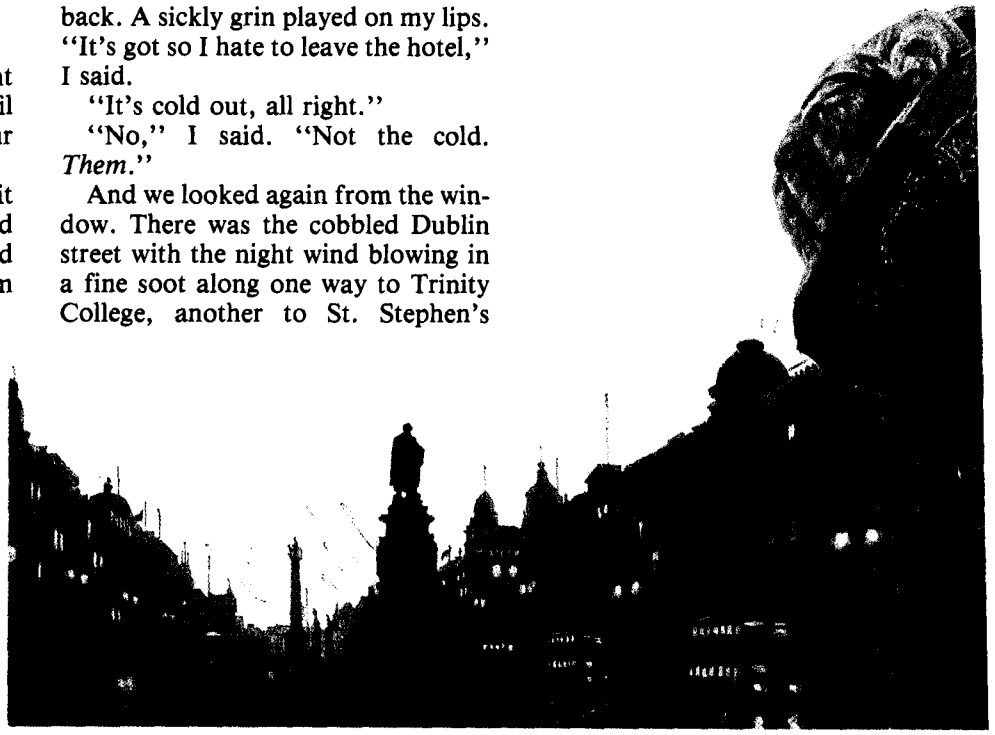
Then the worst thing happened. The demon glanced up, saw us and darned if he didn't wave!

I had to stop myself from waving back. A sickly grin played on my lips. "It's got so I hate to leave the hotel," I said.

"It's cold out, all right."

"No," I said. "Not the cold. *Them*."

And we looked again from the window. There was the cobbled Dublin street with the night wind blowing in a fine soot along one way to Trinity College, another to St. Stephen's Green. Across by the sweet shop two men stood mummified in the shadows. Farther up in a doorway was a bundle of old newspapers that would stir like a pack of mice and wish you the time of evening if you walked by. Below, by the hotel entrance, stood a feverish hothouse rose of a woman with a bundle.



"Oh, the beggars," said my wife.

"No, not just 'oh, the beggars,' " I said. "But, oh, the people in the streets, who somehow *became* beggars."

My wife peered at me. "You're not afraid of them?"

"Yes, no. Hell. It's that woman with the bundle who's worst. She's a force of nature, she is. Assaults you with her poverty. As for the others—well, it's a big chess game for me now. We've been in Dublin—what?—eight weeks? Eight weeks I've sat up here with my typewriter, and studied their off hours and on. When they take a coffee break, I take one, run for the sweet shop, the bookstore, the Olympia Theatre. If I time it right, there's no handout, no my wanting to trot them into the barbershop or the kitchen."

"Lord," said my wife, "you sound driven."

"I am. But most of all by that beggar on O'Connell Bridge!"

"Which one?"

"Which one, indeed! He's a wonder, a terror. I hate him, I love him. To see is to disbelieve him. Come on."

On the way down in the elevator my wife said, "If you held your face right, the beggars wouldn't bother you."

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"My face," I explained patiently, "is my face. It's from Apple Dumpling, Wisconsin, Sarsaparilla, Maine. KIND TO DOGS is writ on my brow for all to read. Let the street be empty—then let me step out and there's a strikers' march of freeloaders leaping out of manholes for miles around."

"If," my wife went on, "you could just learn to look over, around or through those people, stare them down." She mused, "Shall I show you how to handle them?"

"All right, show me! We're here!"

We advanced through the Royal Hibernian Hotel lobby to squint out at the sooty night. "Good Lord, come and get me," I murmured. "There they are, their heads up, their eyes on fire."

"Meet me down by the bookstore in two minutes," said my wife. "Watch."

"Wait!" I cried.

But she was out the door and down the steps. I watched, nose pressed to the glass pane. The beggars leaned toward my wife. Their eyes glowed.

My wife looked calmly at them all for a long moment. The beggars hesitated, creaking, I was sure, in their shoes. Then their mouths collapsed. Their eyes snuffed out. Their heads sank down.

With a tat-tat like a small drum, my wife's shoes went briskly away, fading.

From below in the buttery I heard music and laughter. *I'll run down*, I thought, *and slug me a quick one. Then, bravery resurgent——No,* I thought, and I swung the door wide. The effect was much as if someone had struck a great Mongolian steel gong, once.

I thought I heard a tremendous in-suck of breath. Then I heard hob-nailed shoes flinting the cobbles in sparks. The men came running. I saw hands waving; mouths opened on smiles like old pianos.

Far down the street at the book shop my wife waited, her back turned. But that third eye in the back of her head must have caught the scene: Columbus greeted by Indians; Saint Francis amid his squirrel friends with a handful of crumbs.

I was not half down the steps when the woman charged up, thrusting the unwrapped bundle at me.

"Ah, see the poor child!" she wailed.

I stared at the baby. The baby stared back. God in heaven, did or did not the shrewd thing wink at me? *I've gone mad,* I thought; *the babe's eyes are shut. She's filled it with beer to keep it warm and on display.*

My hand, my coins, blurred among them.

"Praise be!"

"The child thanks you, sir!"

"Ah, sure. There's only a few of us left!"

I broke through them and beyond, running. My wife, without turning, saw my reflection in the book-shop window and nodded.

I stood getting my breath and brooded at my own image: the summer eyes, the ebullient and defenseless mouth. "All right, say it," I sighed. "It's the way I hold my face."

"I love the way you hold your face." She took my arm. "I wish I could do it too."

I looked back as one of the beggars strolled off in the blowing dark with my shillings.

" 'There's only a few of us left,' " I said aloud. "What did he mean, saying that?"

" 'There's only a few of us left.' " My wife stared into the shadows. "Is that what he said?"

"It's something to think about. A few of *what?* Left *where?*" The street was empty now. It was starting to rain. "Well," I said at last. "Let me show you the even bigger mystery, the man who provokes me to strange wild rages, then calms me to delight. Solve him and you solve all the beggars that ever were."

"On O'Connell Bridge?" asked my

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wife.

"On O'Connell Bridge," I said.

And we walked on down in the gently misting rain.

Halfway to the bridge, as we were examining some fine Irish crystal in a window, a woman with a shawl over her head plucked at my elbow.

"Destroyed!" the woman sobbed. "My poor sister. Cancer, the doctor said; her dead in a month! And me with mouths to feed! Ah, if you had just a penny!"

I felt my wife's arm tighten to mine. I looked at the woman, split as always, one half saying: *A penny is all she asks!* The other half doubting: *Clever woman, she knows that by underasking you'll overpay!* I hated myself for the battle of halves.

I gasped. "You're——"

"I'm what, sir?"

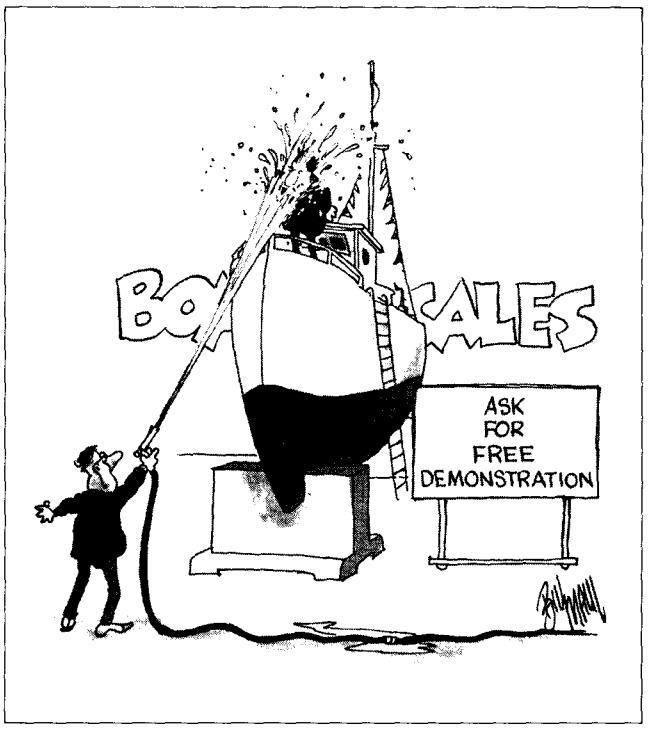
Why, I thought, *you're the woman who was just by the hotel with the baby!*

"I'm sick!" She drew back in shadow. "Sick with crying for the half-dead!"

You've stashed the baby somewhere, I thought, *and put on a green instead of a gray shawl and run the long way around to head us off here——*

My wife cut across my thoughts. "Beg pardon, but aren't you the same woman we just met at our hotel?"

The woman and I were both shocked at this rank insubordination. It wasn't done!



The woman's face crumpled. I peered close. And yes, it was a different face. I could not but admire her. She knew, sensed, had learned—that by thrusting, yelling, all fiery-lipped arrogance one moment you are one character; and by sinking, giving way, crumpling the mouth and eyes in pitiful collapse, you are another. The same woman, yes; but the same face and role? Quite obviously no.

She gave me a last blow beneath the belt. "Cancer."

I flinched. It was a brief tussle then, a kind of disengagement from one woman and an engagement with the other. The wife lost my arm, and the woman found my cash. As if she were on roller skates, she whisked around the corner and sobbed.

"Lord——" In awe I watched her go. "She's studied Stanislavsky. In one book he says that squinting one eye and twitching one lip to the side will disguise you. I wonder if she's nerve enough to be at the hotel later."

"I wonder," said my wife, "when my husband will stop admiring and start criticizing such acting as that?"

"But what if it were true? Everything she said? And she's lived with it so long, she can't cry any more, and so has to playact in order to survive? What if?"

"It can't be true," said my wife slowly. "I just won't believe it. Now, here's where we turn for O'Connell Bridge, isn't it?"

"It is."

That corner was probably empty in the falling rain for a long time after we were gone.

There stood the gray-stone bridge bearing the great O'Connell's name, and there the River Liffey rolling cold, gray waters under, and even from a block off I heard faint singing. My mind spun back to December.

"They have their self-respect," I said, walking with my wife. "I'm glad this first man here strums a guitar, the next one a fiddle. And there now—in the very center of the bridge!"

"The man we're looking for?"

"That's him. Squeezing the concertina. It's all right to look. Or I think it is."

"What do you mean, you think i is? He's blind, isn't he?"

These raw words shocked me, as if my wife had said something indecent. "That's the trouble," I said at last. "I don't know."

And we both in passing looked at the man standing there in the very middle of O'Connell Bridge.

He was a man of no great height, a bandy statue swiped from some country garden perhaps, and his clothes like the clothes of most in Ireland too often laundered by the weather, and his hair too often grayed by the smoking air, and his cheeks sooted with beard, and a nest or two of witless hair in each cupped ear, and the blushing cheeks of a man who has stood too long in the cold and drunk too much in the pub so as to stand too long in the cold again. Dark glasses covered his eyes and there was no telling what lay behind. I had begun to wonder, weeks back, if his sight prowled me along, damning my guilty speed, or if only his ears caught the passing of a harried conscience. There was that awful itch to seize in passing the glasses from his nose. But I feared the abyss I might find, into which my senses in one terrible roar might tumble. Best not to know if civet's orb or interstellar space gaped behind the smoked panes.

But even more, there was a special reason I could not let the man be.

In the rain and wind and snow for two solid months I had seen him standing with no cap or hat on his head. He was the only man in all Dublin I saw in the downpours and drizzles who stood by the hour alone with the drench mizzling his ears, threading his ash-red hair, plastering it over his skull, rivuleting his eyebrows and purling over his glasses. Down through the cracks of his cheeks, the lines about his mouth and off his chin the weather ran. His sharp chin shot the drizzle in a steady fauceting into the air, down his tweed scarf and locomotive-colored coat.

"Why doesn't he wear a hat?" I said suddenly.

"Why," said my wife, "maybe he hasn't got one."

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"He must have one," I said.

"Keep your voice down."

"He's got to have one," I said, more quietly.

"Maybe he can't afford one. Maybe he has bills to pay, someone sick."

"But to stand out for weeks, months in the rain and not so much as flinch, ignoring the rain—it's beyond understanding." I shook my head. "I can only think it's a trick. That must be it. Like the others, this is his way of getting sympathy, of making you cold and miserable as himself, so you'll give him more."

"I bet you're sorry you said that already," said my wife.

"I am. I am." For even under my cap the rain was running off my nose. "Sweet God in heaven, what's the answer?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"No." I was even more afraid of that.

Then the last thing happened, the thing that went with his standing bareheaded in the cold rain. For a moment, while we had been talking at some distance, he had been silent. Now, he gave his concertina a great mash. From the folding, unfolding, snakelike box he squeezed a series of asthmatic notes, which were no preparation for what followed.

He opened his mouth. He sang. The sweet, clear, baritone voice that rang over O'Connell Bridge, steady and sure, was beautifully shaped and controlled, not a quaver, not a flaw anywhere in it. The man just opened his mouth. He did not sing so much as let his soul free.

"Oh," said my wife, "how lovely."

"Lovely." I nodded.

We listened while he sang the full irony of "Dublin's Fair City" (where it rains 12 inches a month the winter through), followed by the white-wine clarity of "Kathleen Mavourneen, Macushlo," and all the other tired lads, lasses, lakes, hills, past glories, present miseries—but all somehow revived and moving about, young and freshly painted in the light spring and suddenly not-winter rain.

"Why," said my wife, "he could be on the stage."

"Maybe he was once."

"Oh, he's too good to be standing here."

"I've thought that—often."

My wife fumbled with her purse. I looked from her to the singing man, the rain falling on his bare head, streaming through his shellacked hair, trembling on his ear lobes. My wife had her purse open.

And then the strange perversity. Before my wife could move toward him, I took her elbow and led her down the other side of the bridge. She pulled back for a moment and gave me a look, then came along.

As we went away along the banks of the Liffey he started a new song, one we had heard often in Ireland. Glancing back I saw him, head proud, black glasses taking the pour, mouth open and the fine voice clear:

I'll be glad when you're dead in your grave, old man,
Be glad when you're dead in your grave, old man.
Be glad when you're dead,
Flowers over your head,
And then I'll marry the journeyman . . . .

It is only later, looking back, that you see that while you were doing all the other things in your life, working on an article concerning one part of Ireland in your rain-battered hotel, taking your wife to dinner, wandering in the museums, you also had an eye beyond to the street and those who served themselves, who only stood to wait.

The beggars of Dublin—who bothers to wonder on them, look, see, know, understand? Yet the outer shell of the eye sees and the inner shell of the mind records, and you, caught between, ignore the rare service these two halves of a bright sense are up to.

So I did and did not concern myself with beggars. So I did run from them or walk to meet them, by turn. So I heard but did not hear, considered but did not consider: "There's only a few of us left!"

One day I was sure the man taking his daily shower on O'Connell Bridge while he sang was *not* blind. And the next, his head to me was a cup of darkness.

One afternoon I found myself lingering before a tweed shop near O'Connell Bridge and staring in at a stack of good, thick, burly caps. I did not need another cap, yet in I went to pay out money for a fine, warm, brown-colored cap I turned round and round in my hands, in a strange trance.

"Sir," said the clerk. "That cap is a seven. I would guess your head, sir, at a seven and one half."

"This will fit me. This will fit me." I stuffed the cap in my pocket.

"Let me get you a sack, sir——"

"No!" Hot-cheeked, suddenly suspicious of what I was up to, I fled.

There was the bridge in the soft rain. All I need do now was walk over——

In the middle of the bridge, my singing man was not there. In his place stood an old man and woman cranking a great piano-box hurdy-gurdy that ratcheted and coughed, giving forth no melody but a grand and melancholy sort of iron indigestion.

I waited for the tune, if tune it was, to finish. I kneaded the new tweed cap in my sweaty fist while the hurdy-gurdy prickled, spanged and thumped.

"Be damned to ya!" the old man and woman, furious with their job, seemed to say, their eyes red-hot in

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AMERICA'S HOTTEST COLD-WEATHER SPORT

Skiing can be mountains of fun, and powder buffs ages 4 to 64 are making tracks in places you wouldn't believe.

by Hank Nuwer

"When it's more work than fun, it's time to quit. There are some days when it's tougher than others, but for me it's almost all fun!"

The sport is skiing and the speaker is the Olympic superstar Steve Mahre, but the same might be said by any one of the millions of American skiers. From Jackie O to the electronics genius William Hewlett (of Hewlett-Packard fame), from the baseball star Goose Gossage to the polemist William F. Buckley—all things considered, many celebrities would rather be skiing. The sport excludes none when it comes to weight and height; it demands only that you be in shape. The 1976-1977 World Cup giant-slalom winner, Heini Hemmi, stands 5'5"; another regular on the slopes is John Kenneth Galbraith, who is 6'8". Even the late, diminutive Truman Capote possessed excellent skills on the slopes. "I have the perfect body for skiing!" he once told an interviewer from *Ski* magazine.

Other than tennis, no solo sport offers greater opportunity to amass fame and fortune. Mahre said at last year's Winter Olympics in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia: "I'm already fixed for life." His twin brother, Phil, dramatically aided his own financial position during the Winter Olympics by earning a first in the men's slalom a split second ahead of Steve, who brought a silver medal back to America. The games also made instant celebrities of Debbie Armstrong, who won in the giant slalom, Christin Cooper, who went silver in the same event, and Bill Johnson, who won bragging rights for life by taking America's first Olympic gold medal in a downhill ski race. Past victories in Olympic and World Cup competition had made world idols of Billy Kidd, Roald Amundsen and Jean Claude Killy.

If you've been considering taking up the sport, don't let fear of failing keep you from enjoying a winter of contentment. Here's what you need to know to get started in the sport:

To begin with, the four main skiing divisions are: cross-country, downhill, jumping and slalom. Only downhill (also known as Alpine) and cross-country (or Nordic) are important for the average skier.

One can begin skiing at age four so long as lessons are limited to one hour. At no particular age does one

It takes only two ingredients to make a skiers' paradise: open slopes like those at Taos, New Mexico (right), and powder, that special fresh snow four to six inches deep that runs through your fingers like sand and hisses when you ski on it.

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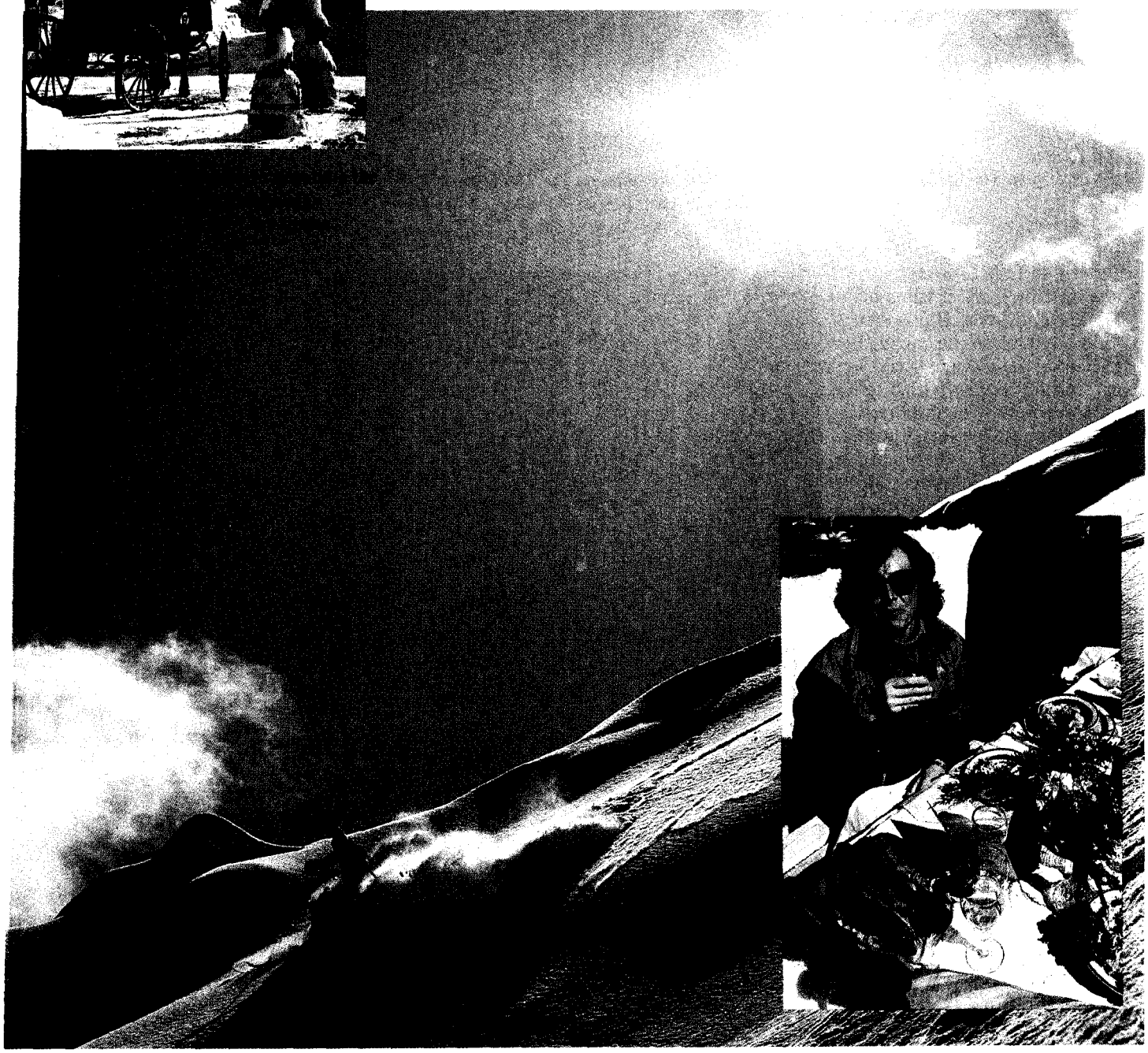
become too old to ski, although a few common-sense rules prevail. A would-be skier in his or her 40s, 50s, even 70s, can indeed aspire to ski over smoothly terraced slopes of beginner and intermediate ratings. As in any form of activity, non-athletes and those who've avoided exercise for any length of time should have a thorough medical examination—preferably by a doctor who enjoys skiing himself. The next step is to engage a private instructor or to enroll in a small class where an expert can advise you on ski selection (short skis are best for the inexperienced), snow conditions and the degree of difficulty on local Nordic or Alpine slopes.

Which is more fun—cross-country or downhill? Alpiners once charged that cross-country skiers spent as much time waxing their skis as they spent on the trail. No longer. Today's Nordic enthusiasts spend little time nursing their equipment, thanks to the invention of waxless bases and fiberglass skis. (Hence, avoid



After taking their ups and downs on the mountains around Taos, skiers take a picnic break—where else but in the snow.

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"bargains" on vintage ski touring gear.) In addition, thanks to metal-edged skis, much of the danger of steep-slope encounters has been minimized.

Nordic skiing affords communion with your surroundings: the mountain itself, local flora and fauna. You control your own speed and spend as long as you like savoring the view. It's the favorite of those whose summer love is hiking.

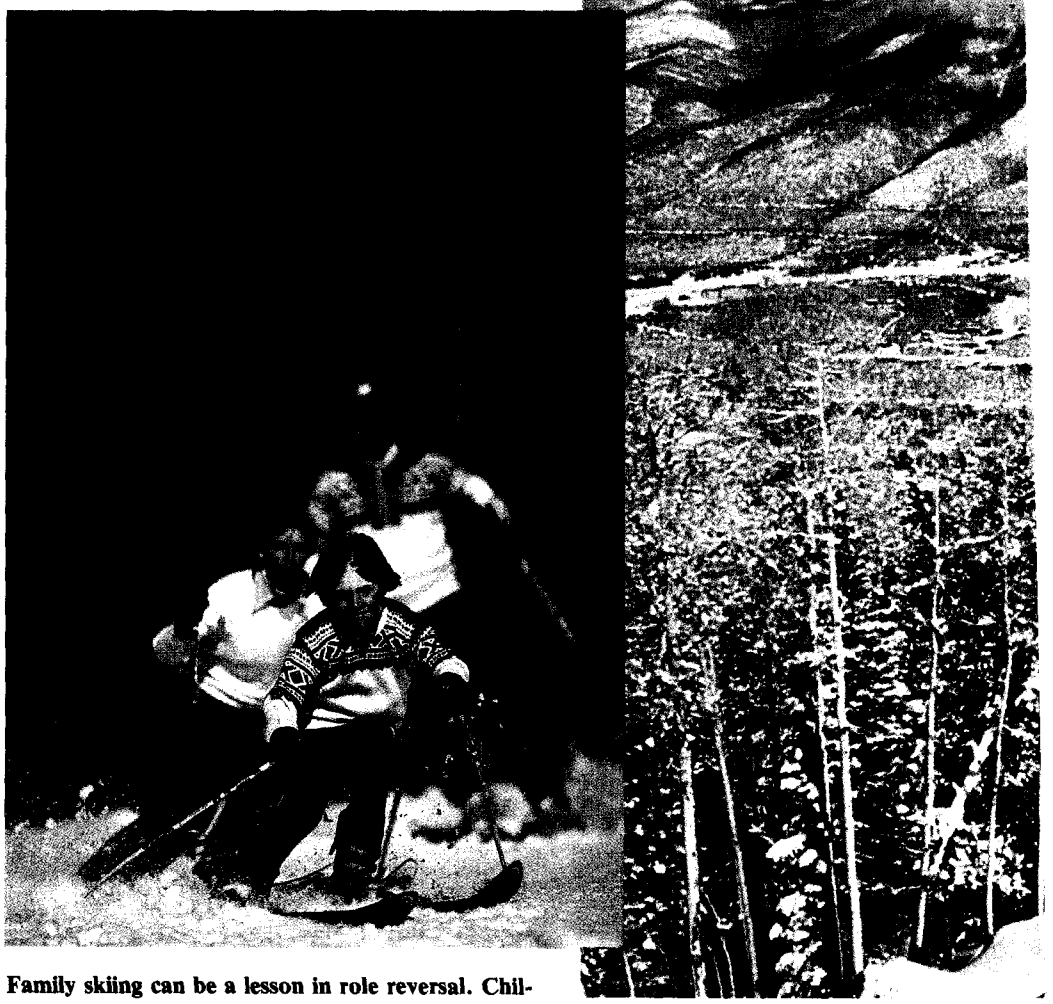
Alpine skiing, on the other foot, is a flirtation with speed and danger. There's no substitute for the sensation of your body cutting through space and the lump of ecstasy in your throat as you take a challenging bump. Nor is the sport without its scenic delights—as anyone who has gazed down from the rugged upper ridges of Bald Mountain in Idaho can testify.

Getting the jump on the "fear factor" is an important part of this sport. After that, literally, the sky is the limit.

The writer Ernest Hemingway (himself a skier) said that a fisherman falls in love "with a couple or three streams all his life and loves 'em better than anything in the world." Likewise, many skiers cherish certain slopes with lifelong devotion. The hundreds of downhill resorts and cross-country stomping grounds make it impossible to say with certitude what will please each reader. Nonetheless, at the risk of inviting hate mail from those whose own favorite assembly place is omitted, here are some resort areas listed by region that ought to make someone's "favorite" list.

Northeast: From western New York to the famed, pine-topped mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, excellent ski facilities are in reach of all major metropolitan areas. New York State boasts excellent beginner facilities at tiny Cortina Valley, a moderately priced resort on Hunter Mountain outside the town of Haines Falls. Another good place is Kissing Bridge, a half-hour drive from Buffalo near the town of Glenwood; ask about late-night specials on lift tickets in January and February.

Perhaps the finest all-around facilities in all New England are available at Bolton Valley in Vermont. Twenty-five fine trails lead from a ski village that looks quite European. Bolton is particularly recommended for family weekend excursions; children under six stay free at the Bolton Valley Lodge. A delight for Nordic skiers is Vermont's Mount Snow region. Excellent vacation packages are available through Snow Lake Lodge. A favorite of advanced and intermediat skiers is Mount Mansfield, which



Family skiing can be a lesson in role reversal. Children have a frustrating way of getting out ahead, but they're also around to help pick you up out of the snow. There's no sex discrimination on the slopes. Delicate women often outski muscular males.

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towers over Stowe, Vermont. Super skiing in New Hampshire almost always means a trip to one of many resorts in the White Mountains; for your first excursion there you won't go wrong at Black Mountain near the tiny village of Jackson. It has minimal crowds on both the downhill slopes and the cross-country trails. Mohawk Mountain near Cornwall, Connecticut, and the aptly named Pleasant Mountain near Bridgton, Maine, should also be included in this list of scenic New England ski havens.

Midwest and South: Thanks to man's ingenuity, you *can* fool Mother Nature when it comes to skiing. Midwesterners and Southerners alike now enjoy a ski season almost as long as their counterparts to the west and the northeast, thanks to artificial snowmaking. Controlled, in most instances, by computers attuned to temperature and humidity, artificial snow means you don't have to do without

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It's a long haul to the top at Aspen. What's it really like up there? [illegible] veterans, you have to ski it to believe it.

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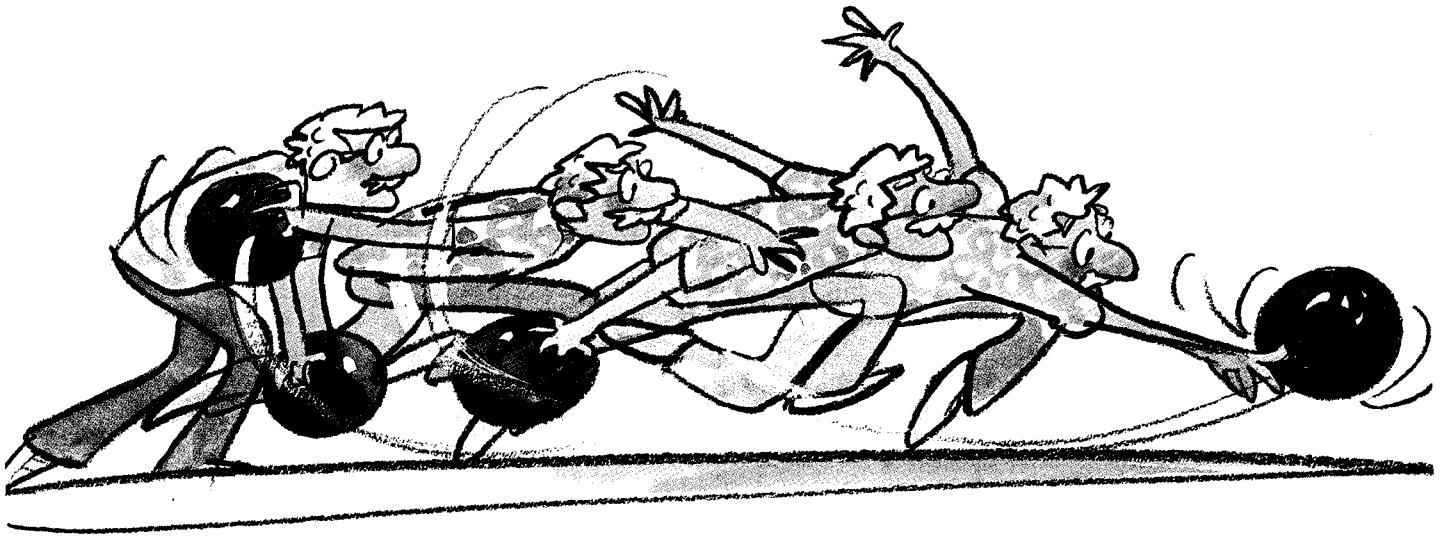

MY LIFE IN THE GUTTER

A budding bowler is not so much interested in the number of steps to the foul line as he is in how to get his thumb out of the ball.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Just why my brother-in-law John wanted to lure me into the bowling game is not clear. Perhaps he felt conspicuous being the only one in the family with one arm two inches longer than the other.

Why his arms are of different lengths is quite clear. John has been bowling for 20 years. His bowling ball weighs 15 pounds. He rolls that sucker once—or more often twice—in each stanza, ten stanzas per game, three games per night, four nights per week. That comes out to a weekly total of a ton and a half. Multiply that by 20 years and the miracle is that his right hand by this time isn't dragging on the sidewalk.

Something else. When his team is doing well, John wears his bowling shirt to church. (If his team is in the basement, he carries his shirt to the bowling alley in a paper bag and slips it on at the last minute.) Maybe he wanted to make a bowler out of me so he wouldn't be the only one there without a necktie.

Whatever the reason, his approach was about as subtle as—well, remember the fellow chosen to break the news to Mrs. Brown that her husband had been killed in a mining accident? When she answered his knock at the door, he said, "How do you do, are you the widow Brown?" In my case, John talked Lois out of the golf cart I was expecting for Christmas and into a bowling ball. My son gave me bowling shoes, one daughter donated a bag in which to carry the ball and my practical daughter risked bankruptcy by adding a can of talcum powder to the bonanza. The best I could say for the stuff—at least it didn't increase my cologne and after-shave inventory, numbering 28 bottles at last count.

"I'm going to make a bowler out of you if it kills me," said John, giving me a hearty Christmas Day slap on the back that sent me to my knees. "You can't beat it for exercise."

Well, I've never tried coming down the Matterhorn on one ski and carrying an armload of dynamite, but surely it would give the sport of bowling—if sport it is—a run for its money. And I would send John to his knees telling him so, but unfortunately we are no longer backslapping brothers-in-law.

This is how it happened:

"You'll have to try the ball a few times to see if it fits," said John on our way to the bowling alley. "All we had to go by was the impression your fingers made in the shingles that day you slid off the shed roof."

The ball didn't fit. In fact, John had no more than said that the first thing I should do was to relax—and I had no more than relaxed—than the dumb ball slipped off my hand and came down precisely on the big toe of his right foot. Thus ended the first lesson.

"The span isn't right," he moaned as I helped him hobble to the car. "We've got to exchange it."

So I drove to the bowling-ball store. While John nursed his wounded toe, I went around sticking my thumb and two fingers into various balls and bringing them to him for inspection. He finally decided that a multicolored 15-pounder was "me." And it was back to the bowling alley to see if I could keep the thing off his feet.

In retrospect, I should have enlightened him—all that trying on of balls had caused my thumb to swell. But he said this time we'd be concentrating on the trial swing. That's where I would go through the motion without delivering the ball. "To see if the pendulum of your arm is straight

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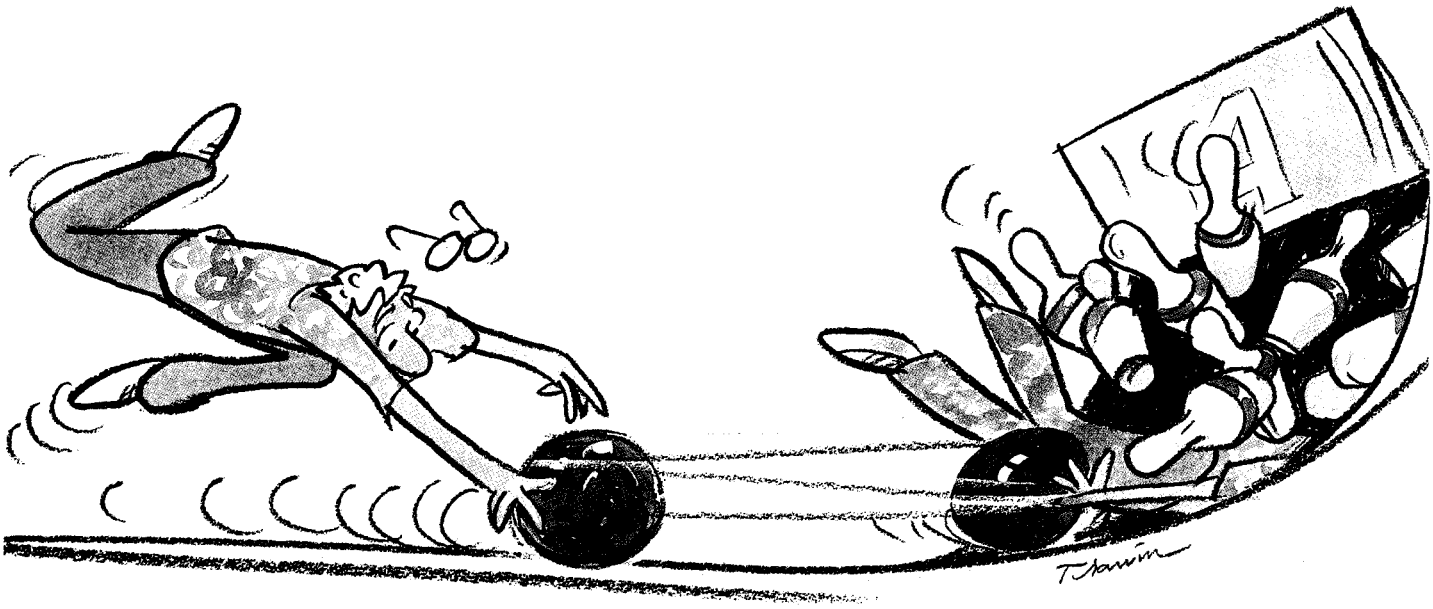

and smooth," John explained.

As soon as I had my pendulum straight and smooth, however, he began marking off five paces back from the foul line, from which point I was to begin my running start for launching the ball toward the four staggered rows of dumbbell-shaped targets waiting at the end of the slick surface between these two furrows. Walking back to where John was pointing, I took a deep breath—which was lucky, because I wouldn't be breathing again for several minutes—and took off for the foul line.

The last thing I remember was John yelling, "Release it! Release the damn thing!"

Easy for him to say. He wasn't the one galloping down those shiny boards with his thumb stuck in the hole of a 15-pound ball. Or who ended up, for that matter, with his head in the right-hand furrow when his feet could no longer maintain the pace.

My next recollection was of wet paper towels being draped across my brow, someone asking if I knew what day it was and John dribbling 10W-30 motor oil around the rim of the hole, still occupied by my thumb. When they finally got me up—well, John should have known enough to keep his feet out of the way. The ball landed this time on his left foot, and he was still limping on his right foot. I couldn't help noticing, on our way out to the car, how much his gait now resembled that of Groucho Marx.

But give John credit. When he says "if it kills him," he means if it kills him. So back to the bowling-ball store, this time to have my span measured for a custom-drilled job. I tried to tell him that it would be a waste of anthracite, or whatever those things are made of—but since I would be paying the bill, money was no object.

By the time a ball had been drilled to accommodate my swollen thumb and two fingers, the swelling had gone down, John was walking pretty good and Lois had made me a bowling shirt. Because I hadn't yet been invited to join a team, she had simply stitched the letters "STODDARD," cut from my pajama top, across the back. I would have preferred that the back be left blank. Not that I minded so much the sacrifice of my pajama top (I never dress formal for bed), but she used one of John's shirts for a pattern, and the right sleeve was two inches longer than the left. And in light of what happened, I would have just as soon remained anonymous.

Lesson No. 3, we'll call it. This is where the instructor, or bowlee, stands behind the bowler to see that his "shoulders are square with the foul line." This is also where the ball gets away from the bowler on the backswing and catches the bowlee, according to one witness, "right in the breadbasket." All I know is, I heard John suddenly coin a word, something like "yeessch!" and I looked around to find him on his hands and knees, from which position he slowly rolled over on his back and stared up at me.

While waiting for him to catch his breath, I got the ball away twice without mishap. But even this failed to cheer him. Both balls having dropped into the furrow before reaching the targets might have been a factor.

"You should have an opening, or at least a hump, about halfway down to give the ball a second chance," I said to the manager. His reply was something about the hand at release being between three and five o'clock and my hand having been at a quarter past six.

Anyway, that's as far as I had progressed up to the night of the local tournament that closed the season. It was John's idea, certainly not mine, that I go and "see how it's done." He couldn't know, of course, that the fifth member of his team would be going home with stomach cramps in the ninth inning and the alternate would be on vacation and guess who would be filling in. Otherwise, he wouldn't have showed up himself.

Considering the tension, along with my having to keep pulling up my sleeve to uncover my hand, it's no wonder my first ball got away from me on step two and hopped into the furrow before reaching the playing surface. Inspired by my teammates' cries of "It only takes one!" "Get 'em next time, baby!" and stuff like that, however, my next roll didn't hit the furrow for, oh, I'd say a good 20 feet. Still, I thought I detected a slight cooling of enthusiasm.

By the time the contest wound down to my final two rolls, the situation, I was told, was this: My opponent, one aisle over, had come up with what they

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MOMMY, IF YOU DIE CAN I GO WITH YOU?

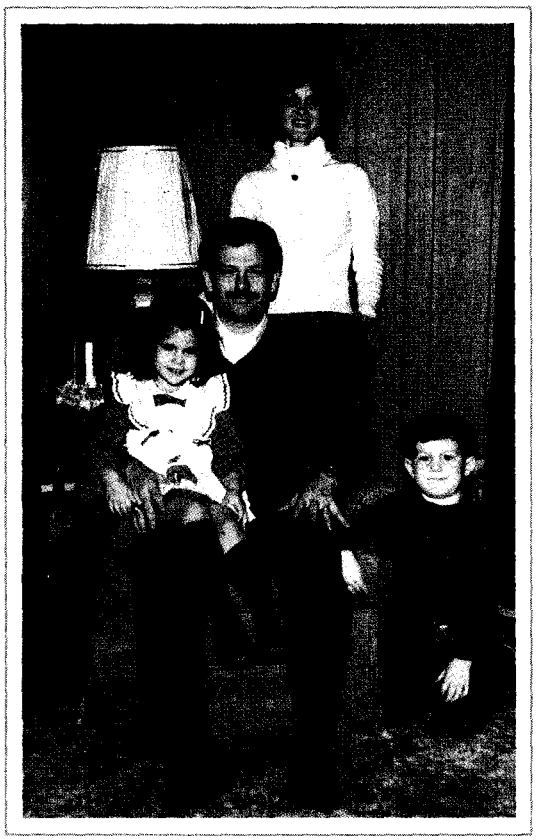
Charlotte Harkness, a young mother of two, has become a neighborhood heroine for refusing to surrender in her battle against liver disease.

by Marjie G. Giffin

The holiday season of 1979 was less than merry for Steve and Charlotte Harkness. On Thanksgiving, Charlotte nursed an extremely sore neck gland that had failed to return to normal size after her late-summer bout with the "mumps." She attributed her stiffness, fatigue and discomfort to the demands of mothering a lively pair of two-year-olds—her natural son, Keith, and her adopted daughter, Jill.

The week before Christmas, all personal concerns were dropped completely. A late-night phone call brought the news that Steve's brother-in-law had been killed in a coal-mining accident in southern Indiana. By dawn, the two Harkness toddlers had been shuttled off to the homes of friends, and Steve and Charlotte were speeding toward Oakland City.

On Christmas Day, Charlotte, back home with the two children, felt certain she was "coming down" with the flu. Steve was still helping his relatives adjust, so Charlotte, hoping to ward off the virus, went to bed early. She awakened during the night, however, and was so faint that she could barely wobble from the bed to the bathroom and back.



Charlotte and Steve Harkness and their two-year-olds, Keith and Jill, are just one of thousands of U.S. families living with liver disease. Charlotte was diagnosed 4½ years ago with primary biliary cirrhosis.

When Charlotte Harkness reopened her eyes early on the morning of December 26, she knew that something was terribly wrong, but she could not have guessed that the events of the next few hours would so dramatically alter her life. Charlotte was experiencing the first symptoms of an insidious liver ailment called primary biliary cirrhosis, and her often-to-be-called-upon courage was getting its first big test.

"I was so weak that I couldn't sit up," Charlotte recalls, "and the nausea was incapacitating. Luckily, the phone was within reach, so I frantically called a friend to come pick up the kids." Charlotte had settled back in bed for less than ten minutes when she got the scare of a lifetime. "There's no delicate way to describe what happened," she says. "I began, literally, to *heave* blood all over the sheets—huge, dark puddles of blood."

Fortunately, Charlotte was able to call her family doctor. He told her to call an ambulance immediately. Fearful that she wouldn't be able to get to the door to let in an ambulance crew, she instead dialed a neighbor who had a house key. "After that," she recalls, "all I remember is being carried in a blanket to my neighbors' van. The next thing I knew, I was in a hospital trauma room. Hours later, I remember opening my eyes in intensive care and seeing Steve standing over me."

Charlotte Harkness' nightmarish holiday was over, but her ordeal as a victim of liver disease was just beginning. At only 31, she was one of the youngest women ever diagnosed with the disease known in medical circles simply as PBC.

"Looking back," Charlotte says today, "I sometimes wonder if I could go through it all again. Yet I know there must be hundreds of people just like me—many with diseases with different names—who need to know that they can continue to enjoy life despite necessary medications and treatments. They need to know that life needn't come to a halt just because of an unexpected diagnosis."

For Charlotte, the eventual diagnosis actually came as a relief. "From that bleak December of 1979 until the following June, we endured so much," she explains. "All of the uncertainty was almost more scary than the ultimate knowledge that I had PBC."

One night a week after being dismissed from the hospital, for instance, Charlotte woke up, pained by the same enlarged neck gland that had plagued her the previous autumn. "In the wee hours of that particular night, I finally cried," Charlotte confesses, "but still more out of frustration than fear."

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Early the next morning, the gastroenterologist monitoring Charlotte's liver condition arranged for her to see an ENT specialist; the following day, Charlotte was in surgery as doctors looked for a cancer called Hodgkin's disease.

"I felt such relief when the tests came back negative," Charlotte says, "but my life was still in shambles. Here I was, in and out of the hospital, with a husband and two little kids at home, and no one seemingly able to tell me what was wrong. Meanwhile, my third miscarriage and a neighbor's fatal accident only added to our misery."

Finally, in June 1980 Charlotte got some long awaited answers. "My gastroenterologist called Steve and me in together and told us that he was almost certain that I had PBC. Once we had bombarded him with questions about the nature of the disease, we knew the news wasn't good," she admits, "but he did tell us to consider a new drug being studied at Mayo Clinic that might slow the progression of the illness."

"I did let the depression get to me for a while," says Charlotte. "Now, I just take one day at a time and try not to let the future swallow me up."

After careful thought, Charlotte decided the drug-study program at Mayo meant she could play a role in her struggle for survival. In August 1981, therefore, Charlotte Harkness made her first trip to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. She underwent four days of rigorous examinations and learned a great deal about primary biliary cirrhosis.

A chronic disease most frequently afflicting postmenopausal women, PBC gradually destroys certain bile ducts within the liver. The symptoms are varied and often late to appear; severe itching (pruritis) and fatigue are among the most common. "Eventually," Charlotte explains, "the scarring affects the liver itself and leads to cirrhosis, a condition that prevents the liver from functioning normally and inhibits blood flow. Too often, people think of cirrhosis as an alcoholic's disease, but many liver disorders can lead to this serious deterioration."

Charlotte was diagnosed at Mayo as entering the third stage of the four-stage disease. She became a participant in a federally funded drug-study program of D-penicillamine, a medication used to reduce the body's level of copper. (PBC patients can't adequately metabolize copper.) Charlotte was also placed on a disciplined, low-copper diet, which denied her such common delicacies as chocolate, tea, syrup, nuts, beans, shellfish, mushrooms and coconut.

In April 1982, Charlotte returned to Mayo for her first six-month checkup. Doctors assured her she was holding her own. By her November visit, however, her difficulties were again multiplying. Since summer, she had experienced occasional upper-gastrointestinal bleeding, two major gall-bladder attacks and daily nausea and cramping. At Mayo, doctors theorized that the enlarged liver had caused the gall bladder to become disengaged, a theory that explained why they couldn't locate it even with ultrasound.

Since travel was out of the question, a Mayo surgeon removed Charlotte's gall bladder. Shriveled and knotted with stones, it was the obvious culprit in her most recent discomfort. Her primary disease had also progressed, however— Charlotte was teetering between the third and fourth stages of PBC.

The following month, Charlotte's local gastroenterologist decided to schedule her for plasmapheresis, a plasma-exchange process that separates red blood cells and plasma, filters out the green, bile-infected plasma of the liver patient and replaces it with clear, normal plasma. The pheresis procedure takes about two hours and costs approximately $1,000 per treatment. It relieved Charlotte's chronic itching but caused her additional concern about "a new and unwelcome feeling of dependency on a machine."

In November 1983, Charlotte again returned to Mayo, her skin blistered from a reaction to the D-penicillamine and her itching more persistent than ever because she had weaned herself from the pheresis machine. Doctors told her that her routine liver biopsy was no longer necessary now that she was an advanced PBC patient. Because of her side effects, she was also retired from the D-penicillamine study program.

Bouts with mild internal bleeding marred Charlotte's spring season, and by late summer 1984, she was openly worried about the general state of her health. Her liver-function scores had been climbing for several months and the stubborn seepage problem had kept her hemoglobin count low. As she feared, her visit to Mayo in August was not a pleasant one.

"My doctor confirmed that I'm now in the fourth stage of PBC," Charlotte explains, "and he admitted that he was 'alarmed' by my rate of progression. For the first time, the need for an eventual liver transplant was seriously discussed—and as an indication of the gravity of things, when my life expectancy without a transplant was predicted, my husband literally darted from the room."

Charlotte can certainly relate to Steve's need for escape. "When I first saw a PBC patient in end stage, *I* wanted to run," she declares. "Maybe I'm just vain, but I remember thinking, *No way am* I *ever going to look like that.*"

Right now at least, she doesn't. Her skin does not appear jaundiced, and her eyes show only traces of yellow. Charlotte's life is presently so good, in fact, that the diminutive blonde hates to consider the uncertainties of a transplant. "I worry," she confesses, "that if I wait too long, my health will decline enough to

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Liver Transplants

Liver transplantation somehow lacks the drama associated with heart transplantation but is a no less heroic feat. Since Dr. Thomas Starzl's first liver transplant, more than 1,000 have been performed world-wide. In the United States and Canada at least 11 centers have performed five or more liver transplants. The majority of the liver transplants have been performed by Dr. Starzl and his colleagues, first at the University of Colorado and now at the University of Pittsburgh.

Survival rates among liver-transplant recipients have steadily improved, due to the development of improved techniques and to use of the drug cyclosporin, which opposes the body's rejection of grafted tissue. Unfortunately, this drug damages kidneys, but the benefits far outweigh the untoward effects.

Liver failure appears to be on the rise. Several factors can be identified as causes of extensive liver damage. Alcoholism has long been known as a cause of cirrhosis (the replacement of functional liver tissue by scar tissue). Less commonly known is the cirrhosis of the liver caused by infectious hepatitis and toxic chemicals.

Before liver transplantation the future was indeed black for those developing liver failure. They were condemned to a slow death marked by jaundice, itching, swelling of the legs, mental confusion and often a massive accumulation of fluid in the abdominal cavity.

Tips To Prevent Liver Disease

—Drink alcohol only in moderation and avoid mixing alcohol with either prescription or over-the-counter drugs.

—Avoid deviant sexual relations, such as homosexual encounters.

—Avoid body fluids of known hepatitis carriers.

—Avoid contact with someone who has an active case of viral hepatitis.

—Don't take medicines unnecessarily and consult your doctor before mixing any medicines.

—Avoid megadoses of vitamin A and vitamin D without medical supervision.

—Always wash hands before leaving a bathroom. Maintain a clean bathroom and kitchen.

—Don't share toothbrushes, razor blades or other personal items that could be contaminated by body fluids.

—Consult your doctor if you detect the following symptoms of liver disease: jaundice; unusually dark urine; gray, yellow or light-colored stools; nausea, vomiting, loss of appetite; vomiting of blood; black, bloody stools; abdominal swelling; prolonged generalized itching; severe fatigue and loss of sex drive.

Charlotte's lifestyle is presently so good (she loves playing golf and going on amusement-park rides) that she hates to consider the uncertainties of a transplant—yet she worries about the possible consequences of waiting too long.

harm the transplant's chances. Yet who wants to dwell on the risks of a liver transplant when a halfway-normal lifestyle is still possible?"

For PBC patients, depression, understandably, is also a problem. "Psychologically," muses Charlotte, "what really hurts is knowing that your condition is only going to get worse. Yet I try not to dwell on how or why I got PBC."

Slight enough to pass as a Churchill Downs jockey, Charlotte more than compensates for her small stature with her gritty determination to take all her problems in stride. "Maybe I've never really accepted my disease," Charlotte contends, "but I have been realistic enough to reckon with it. Otherwise, I couldn't function normally and continue to do the things I enjoy—working on house projects with Steve, going to movies with my children, reading, doing needlework, playing golf and visiting amusement parks—I love rides!"

Charlotte's priority is motherhood. She has been especially quick to reassure the children. "Keith, for example," Charlotte explains, "is very suspicious about any trips I make to the doctor or the hospital. He remembers my earlier hospitalizations, and he associates any absence with those prolonged stays away." Charlotte now includes them in her medical routine. Both Keith and Jill have accompanied their mother to the lab, and Keith has "sat in" on an office appointment. Last August, the entire Harkness family made the trek to Mayo.

"Children that age are like sponges," Charlotte observes. "You can talk all you want in whispers, communicate in postkindergarten code—and then they still reveal some amazing awareness that they've soaked up." She sighs. "I think I finally realized that we were all sharing the same wavelength when Keith looked up at me one day and solemnly asked, 'Mommy, if you die, can I go with you?' "

Charlotte says that Keith has since found great reassurance in witnessing firsthand that the doctors do nothing to hurt his mother.

Steve, however, is still reticent about Charlotte's illness. "He won't admit that he doesn't accept my sickness," Charlotte notes, "but I can sense his difficulty." Charlotte adds: "Friends sometimes wonder how he can appear so indifferent to my symp-

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:oms, but I personally think that he refuses to give the disease any credibility. Maybe his insistence on normalcy is even to my advantage. If he coddled or pitied me, I'd probably tend to wallow more in my own self-pity."

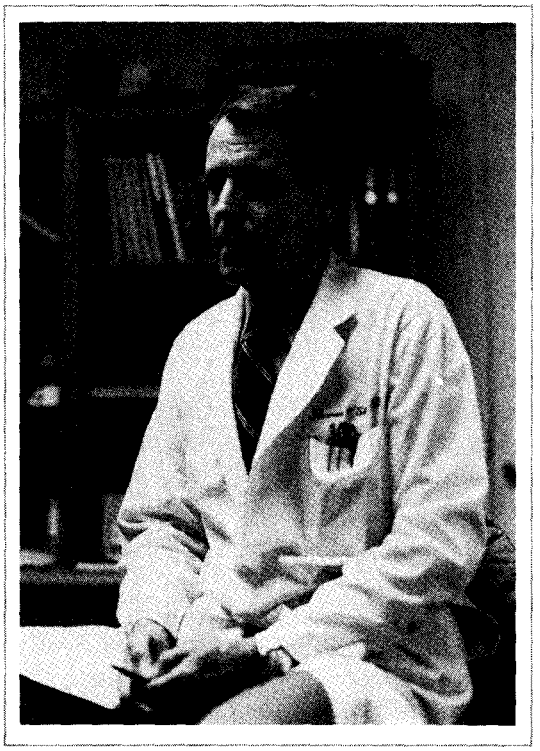
Yet Charlotte does admit to some loneliness. "Steve doesn't have PBC, so I can't expect him to relate to all of my feelings," she explains. "When my closest fellow liver patient died more than a year ago, I really felt an agonizing void. As the president of Indiana's chapter of the American Liver Foundation, Anne Mullendore had worked tirelessly on behalf of local liver patients and, despite her own illness, provided a sturdy shoulder. When you told Anne you were *tired*, she knew exactly what *tired* meant.

"One of the worst aspects of the more uncommon diseases is the lack of an available support network," Charlotte continues, "the lack of ready access to other victims, other people who can personally identify with your doubts and fears." Yet Charlotte quickly credits the American Liver Foundation in Cedar Grove, New Jersey, for its help to victims of unusual liver diseases.

"The foundation goes all-out," she explains, "to provide educational literature, leads about doctors and treatment centers or just a sympathetic ear when needed." Charlotte adds: "I gratefully acknowledge Thelma Thiel, the executive director of the foundation and the mother of a son lost to liver disease, for keeping me on my toes with regard to my own illness. A great believer in preparedness, Thelma has been urging me for two years to go to Pittsburgh to get my transplant evaluation. 'Do it while you're healthy,' she insists."

"Pittsburgh," or the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, is the premier American facility for liver transplants and the home address of the world-renowned liver-transplant surgeon Dr. Thomas E. Starzl—"The best," says Charlotte Harkness. Yet the distance is great, and the faces there unfamiliar. Charlotte hopes a transplant program at Mayo will be in place by the time she needs it.

"Steve, I think, believes that the transplant is still way down the road somewhere," says Charlotte. "I believed that it was at least five years away, but after my August visit to Mayo, I've had to revise my calculations. Right now, I'm waiting to begin antirejection therapy with a controversial drug called Cyclosporin, which some doctors think may also slow the progression of the disease.



Dr. Thomas Starzl gave new hope to liver patients by performing the world's first liver transplant in 1963. Since then 568 patients (in North America) have received transplants. More than half are still alive.

"The liver is the largest organ in the body," notes Charlotte, "and it performs a thousand vital functions. Its transplantation is more complicated than that of a heart or of a kidney—and here I sit, wondering if I can handle it." She pauses, adding: "I really don't dread the pain so much. I frankly worry more about the effects of the drugs that have to be taken *after* the transplant."

She also worries about the costs: "It's truly outrageous. How many American families have $200,000 or more stashed away for a liver transplant? And how many American families have an insurance policy that will cover it? Right now, most victims are left dangling. The medical community has fought to prove that liver transplants are therapeutic, but the insurance lobbies insist that they are still experimental."

Charlotte manages a wry grin: "If I were a sad-faced 7-year-old, hearts would go out to me. I can't expect the same reaction for a 36-year-old housewife. Yet somehow I know that people will do what they can."

Neighbors, awed by her fortitude, don't hesitate to call her courageous. "She seldom complains," observes one. "Despite everything, she keeps coping," says another.

But Charlotte is fearful. "I have my apprehensions," she admits. "After all, I know more or less what is ahead of me—PBC's progression, both systemically and cosmetically. I know that I'll need the best of both my faith and my will.

"Meanwhile," Charlotte reflects, "I think of the possible good I can do if I help educate other people about a disease like PBC. Unfortunately, most victims don't even realize they have it until it's fairly well advanced. The other day, for instance, I was transfixed by a cashier's yellow, almost orange yellow hands. I wondered if a liver problem was at work in that woman."

Her spirit indicates she's not ever likely to surrender easily. "If I'm feeling low and Steve's away, I'll fix dinner by candlelight for myself and the kids," she relates. "I try not to miss any opportunity for special moments." Charlotte also keeps a journal and enters very personal comments to her children. "If my life is interrupted, I want my thoughts and feelings to survive me. I want to have my say."

A heroine in her own neighborhood, Charlotte Harkness has been nonetheless just another unknown fighter. Those who cheer her wonder how she motivates herself for each new round.

Her response is simple: "I remind myself that depression can do nothing to enhance my life. I'm like anyone else; I still think, sometimes, that it's all a big mistake—you know, someone's blood-test results mixed up with mine. But when I'm being honest with myself, I know that I can waste time on self-pity—or I can enjoy my family in the best way I know how.

"Because of my priorities, I can rest easy. No matter what happens, no one will ever replace me, and my family will always be certain of how much they were loved."

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GETTING OLDER, GROWING YOUNGER

The world's foremost authority on romance explains how it's possible to "live young" at any age.

by Barbara Cartland

Strangely enough, it was the rebellious Christina, Queen of Sweden who abdicated and shocked all Europe, who said: "To live and to die beautifully is the Science of Sciences."

Everybody has to grow old; that is inevitable, but with modern Science and modern thinking there are people who, despite their age, appear to become younger year by year.

The most discerning man in New York, with a very critical eye, telephoned me two days ago and said he had just seen Lillian Gish and Claudette Colbert and they both looked "fabulous."

No older person will ever forget how entrancing Lillian Gish looked in the film *Birth of a Nation*. Her sensitivity, her sweetness and fragility were like a light in the darkness.

And now at 87, she's still beautiful.

Claudette Colbert, a few years ago, told the secret of her eternal, spiritual fascination. When a columnist asked her: "What keeps you looking and feeling so young?" She answered: "Not worrying about looking and feeling so young!"

She is now 76 and she also explained why her marriage to an ear, nose and throat specialist lasted for 32 years.

"A wife," she said, "should not bore her husband with her petty ills. He never knew what picture I was in from one year to the next."

Last year I was on Katie Boyle's "This Is Your Life" television show. Among her other friends I found Evelyn Laye, whom I had not seen for ages. At 83 she looked wonderful and was still acting. How beautiful she was and how brilliantly she sang in *Bitter Sweet*, both in New York, where she stopped the show night after night, and later in England.

Today she still has that charisma which is ageless.

When in 1978 I sang *An Album of Love Songs* with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, I said to my producer Norman Newell: "All I want is to be able to hear myself when travelling in a very fast car!"

The only two singers I can hear at more than 70 miles an hour are Frank Sinatra and Perry Como. Their elocution is marvellous and so is their appearance. At 66 Frank Sinatra has a benign look and his blue eyes still twinkle beguilingly. While at 71—the seventh son of a seventh son—Perry Como's records are both romantic and relaxing.

I have said in my Will that his rendering of *I Believe* is to be played at my funeral.

Looking over the world one can find many people whom "age has not withered." When I first visited Jaipur and its Pink Palaces in 1958, the Maharajah and his wife, Ayesha, acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman in the world, were like two people out of a fairy tale.

Today the Rajmata, at 64, still has a loveliness which is as haunting and irresistible as the East. Hers is certainly not just a "pretty face." She was the first Maharanee to be elected as a Member of Parliament and she travelled thousands of miles electioneering over sun-baked India in a Landrover. She beat her opponent by 750,000 votes.

She now helps her son, the present Maharajah, to run the Palaces at least one of which has become an hotel and to bring the age-old customs of Jaipur up to date.

In the summer I entertained Queen Farida of Egypt. She has established herself as an artist, and at 62 she has the same beauty and fascinating smile which at 16 made the then slim and handsome 18-year-old King Farouk fall madly in love with her. She told me: "Ours was a passionate love marriage!" I was so annoyed that I had not put them in my book, *Romantic Royal Marriages*.

Queen Farida bore three daughters before the marriage was dissolved because King Farouk wanted a son. He still loved her so much, however, that he decreed that she was always to be called "Queen of Egypt."

"I love like an Englishman, think like a Frenchman, and write like a Russian," says Peter Ustinov. At 62 his looks, like his wit, have improved with age! It is intriguing to learn that his father was a chef, and his mother a midwife of the Tzars.

What I am leading up to is: What keeps all these people looking young and feeling young?

I remember when I was six thinking that my grandmother was very old. She certainly looked it. Although she was a very handsome woman she wore in the daytime a purple velvet dress trailing on the floor, with a collar of real lace.

I now realize that she was 52 at the time, which today we all of us definitely consider young!

This makes me certain, from my own experience, that age begins in the brain.

When I was a County Councillor for Hertford-

When she's not writing romantic novels, 82-years-young Barbara Cartland travels the world and preaches her sermon of "living young, looking young and being beautiful both inside and out."

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:hire for nine years, I started, in 1955, naking a great deal of fuss about Council Homes. At that particular :ime, all over England, old people were more or less neglected. They went into Homes which in many cases were converted workhouses, and they just sat and waited to die. There was practically no occupational therapy, no visitors, and of course, very little television to encourage their brain to remain active. Their only occupation was to fight fiercely for their favourite chair, holding it against all comers.

It was then I realized that age was in the mind, and if one "thought" old, one became old.

What it really comes down to is keeping your brain active, and taking an intelligent interest in new ideas, new projects and new activities. That is the first stage towards keeping young and repelling the senility of which we all, if we are honest, are afraid.

Earl Mountbatten of Burma used to say to me over and over again: "I don't want to live so long that I become useless."

What I think was at the back of his mind was the haunting horror that he might one day become like that great and famous man Sir Winston Churchill in the last years of his life.

I knew Sir Winston first in 1922 when his brain was like a chamois jumping from rock to rock and whenever he was at a party he activated everybody else. In fact, as I have said of so many different leaders, when he came into a room, the tempo rose.

All his life, until the last few years, he had the marvellous facility of making people around him feel more alive as they responded to his magnetism.

I am completely convinced that the only reason in the end why he became a poor, fumbling old man not realizing what was happening around him was that his doctor—as he acknowledged later in his biography—gave Sir Winston a sleeping pill every night.

When I was in Leningrad in 1978 I went to talk to some scientists, as I always do when I visit other countries, and I asked: "What are you working on?"

"The brain," they replied.

"So am I!" I said.

They were very excited because they had women of 90 who were doing a full day's work—and I am sure a full day's work in Russia *is* a full day's work!

At the time they were recommending Vitamin B_{15} combined with Ginseng, which they told me was fantastic. I was so impressed I persuaded the scientists in England to make up the same formula when I returned home.

I am quite certain that in Russia the women who were being treated did not receive and could not buy the millions of tranquillizers, sedatives and sleeping pills which are more or less forced upon the public in Western countries, including, to a certain extent, America.

Last year we, the tax-payers of Britain, spent 40,000,000 pounds of the money that went to the National Health Service on diazepam (under the brand-name Valium) alone. With this figure we could have bought four jet fighters for our safety and freedom.

I answer 10,000 letters a year from all over the world, and a very great number of them beg me to tell them how to "get off" (as they put it) diazepam, chlordiazepoxide and nitrazepam (marketed in the U.K. as

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WHO WILL GET YOUR BICYCLE?

Besides money, your last will may disperse anything from that case of wine you've been hoarding to stipulations about your son's smoking or your wife's remarriage.

by John A. Ritter

Illustrated by Frank Cotham

Lester died last week. Cancer took him at 68.

I went to the funeral because he was a friend and a special client. "Special" because he taught me more about writing wills than I ever learned in law school.

Lester called my office six months ago, insisting on an immediate appointment. "Sure, come right over," I said. "What's the problem?" Lester was a personal friend who had never consulted me about his legal affairs.

"I can't tell you now, but it's an emergency. I'll be there right away," he said, and he hung up.

I was neither a criminal attorney accustomed to desperate calls from jailed clients nor a divorce lawyer used to sobbing visits after marital disputes. Mine was a suburban civil practice whose bread and butter was real-estate closings, wills and corporations. Still, every client thinks his case is an emergency.

Lester—dressed as always in Bermuda shorts and a polo shirt, his standard bicycling garb—walked into my office. "John, I just received some bad news," he began. "My doctor called and asked me to come down and talk to him about the chest X-ray I had last week. There's a spot on my left lung, and you know what that means." He stopped and handed me a rough draft of a will. "I need your help."

I nodded understandingly and looked at what he had handed me. Lester's draft was short: "I leave all my property one-half to my wife and one-half to my children." The second sentence was the clincher. "I give and bequeath to my son Lawrence my Raleigh International bicycle and one-half of my bicycle equipment; to my son Raymond I give and bequeath my Raleigh Super Course bicycle and one-half of my bicycle equipment." Attached were two typed pages of stocks and bonds he owned.

Here was a man with a two-page list of stocks and bonds worth a half million dollars, and he devoted more space in his will to his bicycle than his money. It was Elvis leaving his guitar, Billy Graham his Bible and Henry Ford his first Model T.

I never saw Lester alive again, but I loved him for letting me prepare that will. Before then, I had looked upon wills simply as a mechanical means of passing on wealth—a routine workman's task calling for minimum thought from the lawyer. Lester caused me to see that a will is an expression of values—materialistic and other—a person has gained during his life and wants to pass on to the living. Part of a lawyer's job is to express these personal values in the will. Lester valued not only money but the health and enjoyment he received from bicycle riding. He wanted his sons to remember him by having his bicycles, and he also wanted them to keep the same values he lived by—regular exercise and good health. This was the personal touch in his will, and it taught me to include a personal dimension in every will I draft.

With my new philosophy of writing wills came a new check list of items to cover with my clients. The standard ones were still there: 1) Whom do you want to receive your property? 2) Who should be named guardian of your children if they are minors when you die? 3) Whom do you want to be your executor? 4) Any charities you want to leave money to? 5) Will you have enough property for estate-tax problems—an estate of more than $175,000 for a single person, $425,000 if married. Added were questions like: 1) Do you have any items of personal value or meaning you want to leave to a special person? 2) Do you have any special messages or advice to give to someone?

The last questions cause clients to think about the opportunity to use their wills for more than a means of parceling out money. One of my favorite examples is a young advertising executive, anxious to be sure his children were properly cared for if he and his wife died prematurely. Young couples do not like to think about wills because it means focusing on the unpleasant and unfamiliar subject of death. However, losing a friend in a car accident made them realize they must consider such a possibility. We spent many hours discussing which relative should serve as guardian of the children. I advised someone geographically close so the children's school and friendships wouldn't be disrupted, or a person with children close in age to theirs. After outlining a lengthy will with guardianship and insurance-trust provisions, I asked about items of personal significance to include.

"My wine," the husband shouted. The opening bequest in his will is a classic: "I give and bequeath my case of 1961 Chateau Mouton-Rothschild Magnum to my brother."

I learned quickly that many clients will try to use a will to rule from the grave. After going through my check list with one man and exploring his options for using a will to influence people after his death, he put in the following clause: "$100,000 to my wife provided she does not remarry." Another client insisted on this one: "I bequeath $25,000 to my grandson on his 21st birthday upon the condition that he never smoke marijuana or drink alcohol before that day and that he swear to my executor that he shall never do so afterward."

I confess to some misgiving over such dead-hand control. However, these examples do not shock my conscience as much as a bequest of "$100,000 to my daughter provided she marry a white man of the Cath-

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"I hope you'll bear with me, ladies and gentlemen, but it would appear that there are some last-minute changes in the will!"

olic faith." (This clause was the subject of a lawsuit 15 years ago by the daughter who took a husband of another faith. She lost then but would win today, in my opinion, because of the law's greater emphasis on religious freedom.) I recommend using a will to influence rather than to control, though the line between the two is difficult to draw.

Many clients want to talk about avoiding probate. This term means leaving property in other ways than a will. These probate-avoiding devices consist of joint ownership, trusts and insurance. Each one is popular and advisable, even with a will. Discussing all of them with a client makes the lawyer an estate planner rather than a mere will writer.

Joint Ownership

The most common form of joint ownership is a joint bank account or joint ownership of real estate, with the words "as joint tenants with right of survivorship" after the names of the two co-owners. In the case of a bank account, money is available immediately to the other upon the death of one co-owner without having to go through probate. This arrangement averts delay in using the money and eliminates the fees of executors and attorneys charged when the account is probated through a will. The same result occurs with joint ownership of real estate.

Trusts

The most common form of a trust is a bank savings account held by one person "in trust for" a second. The first person acquires the total right to use the money up to the point of death, and upon his death it becomes the property of the second person. Probate and its delays and fees are bypassed.

The wealthy have used trusts for all types of property for centuries. The reasons are simple—a trust allows control and use until death, makes property available to beneficiaries the instant after death and causes no publicity, because trusts do not become part of the public record like wills. In the past 20 years, trusts have become increasingly popular with the middle class for the same reason the rich have always liked them—the avoidance of the fees, delays and publicity of probate.

Notwithstanding the popularity of trusts, the will is still the basic document of estate planning in my practice for several reasons.

One is that it can be changed, amended or revoked at any time. Another is that the fee is normally small—$50 to $500 as opposed to a minimum of $1,000 for a trust. And finally, because even the high priest of the antiprobate movement, Norman Dacey, recommends a will to cover things you cannot put into a trust or other probate-avoiding device. For instance, guardianships for minor children can only be placed in a will; money for death in a car or an airplane accident can only be received by an estate (the items the will governs); and only the will can direct whether estate taxes are to be paid completely out of the "probate estate"—that passing under the will or to be shared by the recipients of the "nonprobate estate" (the recipients being those receiving joint property, trust property and life-insurance proceeds.)

I prefer the will mainly, however, because of what Lester taught me—that a will can do more than simply pass on wealth to the next generation. Properly thought out, it can put a personal dimension into estate plans. A will, in other words, can be a means of making a final, special statement to special people—a way to leave something that can mean more than money.

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MATCHING WITS WITH WHALES

A trio of the world's most lovable "killers," named Shamu, Namu and Kandu, keep trainers on their toes at Sea World in Orlando.

by Allen Simon

Performing killer-whales are making a big splash these days all around the country, but none so spectacular as at Orlando, Florida. There, thousands of visitors flock to Sea World's Shamu Stadium four times a day, seven days a week, to get an exciting look at the latest leaps forward in trained-whale behavior.

This is definitely the place to avoid a ringside seat, however. The whales have a novel approach to audience participation that comes as a sobering awakening to the people in the first four rows. Hardened veterans of this daily deluge sometimes bring umbrellas that they open at the critical moment. Then they gloat while their soggy neighbors retreat to higher ground.

Whether the whales enjoy this mischief is a question not even the experts can answer, but judging from other examples of whale behavior, it's clear that a gene for jocularity runs in the killer-whale family.

Whales may have a penchant for practical joking, but they are also serious performers. What they can do in league with their human partners leaves audiences' hearts fluttering somewhere in the vicinity of their tonsils.

For openers, Shamu, the slick star of the extravaganza, bounds through a curtain of water, takes a series of Nijinsky-like leaps across the 160-foot pool and then streaks 6 fathoms down to gain momentum for his magnum opus—a full, midair flip done with such panache it makes a Mary Lou Retton routine look like a splash in the bucket.

Then, with the audience firmly under his spell, Shamu emerges victorious on the concrete stage for a well-earned bow. The show is barely off the ground, and this whale has already spawned a whole new wave of prospective buyers for Sea World's Shamu souvenirs.

Next, enter Namu and Kandu, Shamu's leviathan pals, and three rather diminutive (in comparison) humans, and the "really big shoo" begins.

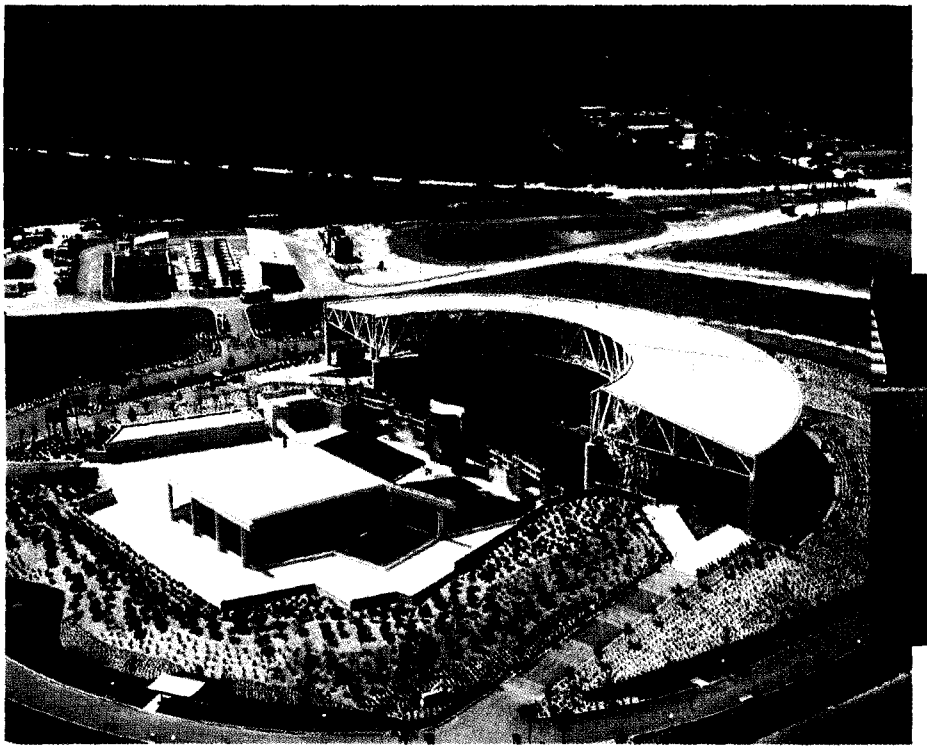
It's difficult to tell who is actually in control here, because the trainers ride the whales like surfboards, balance on the whales' noses and take a wild whaleback roller-coaster ride from 6 feet in the air to 35 feet under—but the whales, with a seemingly perfect sense of timing, dive from far ends of the pool and emerge in unison to fire their human counterparts like Polaris missiles high into the air. Both trainers and whales are still smiling by the end of the show, but by all appearances, the humans have had the whales' share of the wear.

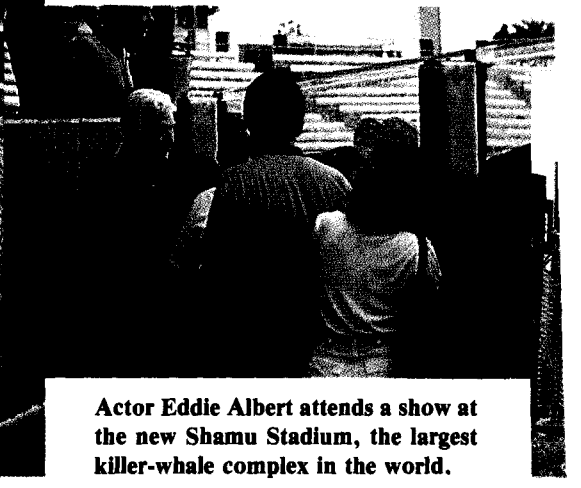
It all looks like fun, but what to the spectators is one of the greatest shows on earth is to the participants simply another in an unending marathon of training sessions.

Thad Lacinak can tell you about that, if you can catch him when he's not immersed in his job. Lacinak's office apparel is a yellow-and-blue wet suit. His closest friends are whales. Other than that, he seems like a normal person.

"Sure, people watch the show and say, 'Wow, I'd like to do that,' but that's the glamorous part of the job," he says.

The bad part? "Well, for starters, people don't realize you are in 54° F. water [about the temperature of well-chilled iced tea]. The animals like the water at that temperature, but it's ter-





Actor Eddie Albert attends a show at the new Shamu Stadium, the largest killer-whale complex in the world.

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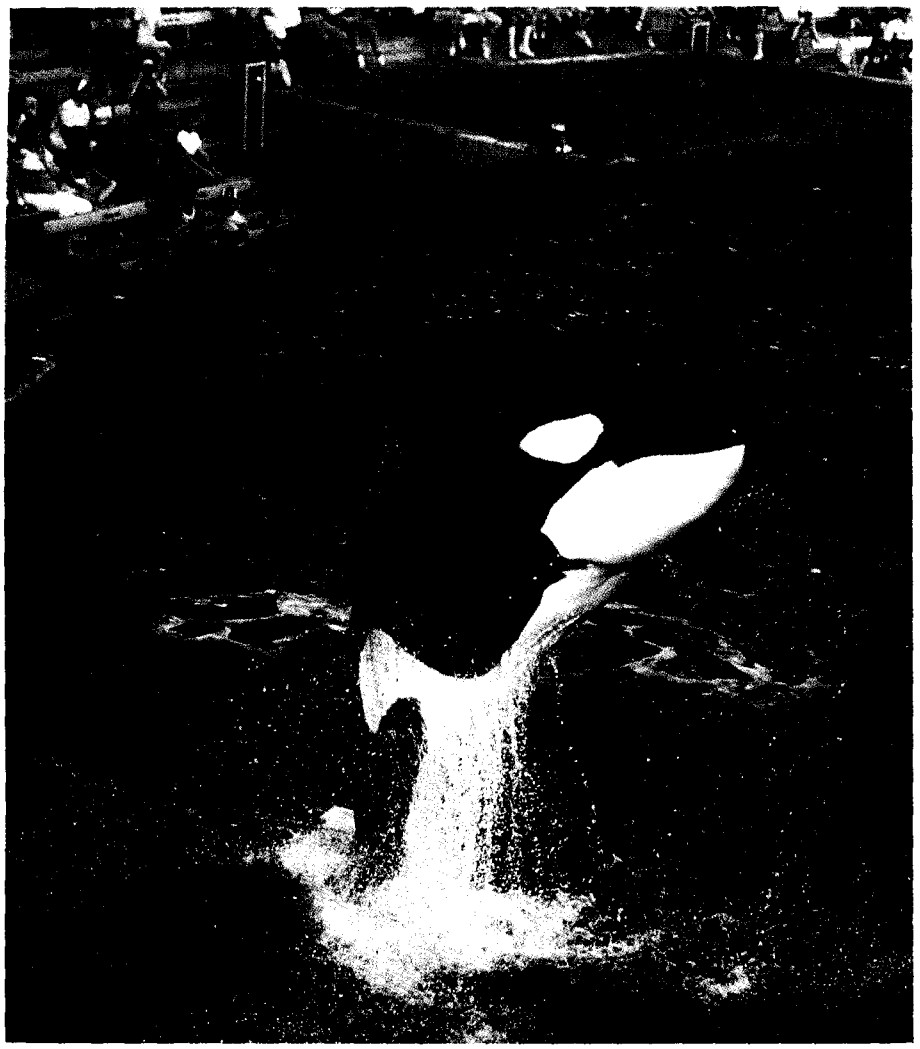
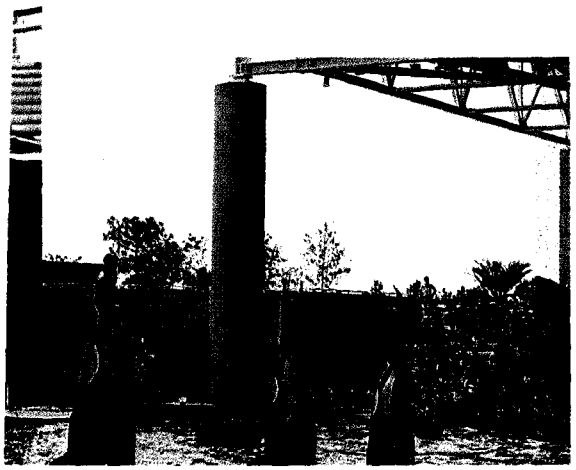


Fueled by a 200-pound-a-day eating habit, a killer whale mixes business with pleasure in a flying leap at Sea World's Shamu Stadium. Whales here no longer have to perform for their dinners. They'll do almost anything for a simple, friendly scratch behind the ears.

rible for humans." And there's another aspect of the job that makes some people turn up their noses. "You smell like fish all your life," he says. "From the day you start here you smell fishy all the time." Lacinak has smelled like a fish for almost 11 years.



Trainers Conrad Litz, Liz Morris and Thad Lacinak get a lift from their three whale friends.

"But the real problem with this job is it's not only taxing physically, it's very mind taxing, too," he comments. "These animals will play games with you. You have to be on your toes all the time."

Killer whales are particularly tough on new trainers, whom they love to confuse by using the old "wrong behavior" routine, i.e., the newcomer signals for a jump. The whales know what he wants but do a roll instead, just to see how the frustrated greenhorn will react.

And the whales are slave drivers to their regular trainers. Although the Sea World staff would be content just to train for a particular show and then make a fairly long run of it, their three-whale actors' union refuses to oblige.

"If we do the same thing more than two or three times in a row, they catch on quick," says Lacinak. "They will anticipate our next signal and then do something completely different. So, we're changing all the time. The whales love that. They love to learn new things."

How to get a three-ton, growing whale to do what you want is something of an art, and the lessons learned by whale trainers would not be lost on the parents of some small children.

Dave Butcher, Sea World's corporate director of training, helped develop the whale-training method used today, and he admits to having used the same tactics to get his little daughter to go to bed. The technical term is Random Interrupted Reinforcement, RIR for short, but the basic operating principle is simple enough: it's the old political game of "I'll scratch your back if you'll scratch mine." And actual back scratching plays a big part in it. "Whales love tactilization," says Lacinak. "They rub rocks. They rub each other. They rub the sides of the pool. But what they like most is fingernails. They love us to scratch them because it feels so good. You can just see it on their faces."

Sea World has long since abandoned the old fish-in-the-hand mode of training, although its trainers still dole out appetizers throughout the performance. The whales cooperate because they know they'll get something they like in return, and they never know exactly what. That's the fun of it. Perhaps the trainer will simply jump in the water with them. Maybe he'll toss them a new toy, let them play with it for a day and then take it away for a week so they won't tire of it.

"We don't punish our animals in any way," says Butcher. "If they don't do something, they just get ignored." For a fun-loving killer whale, that's punishment enough. Sometimes, he says, the whales actually do refuse to perform during a show, and that's when a trainer has to break out the old soft-shoe.

Whales only work for people they know well. That's why it takes three

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A Chance to Win

Trying is trying, dear God.
Let me soar in the face of the wind
Up, up like the lark
Let me pose and sing to the cold storm
With wings that endure.
Let the silver rain wash the dust from my arms—
Let me soar, let me sing
Let the storm, like me, carefree and swift.
Let it profit and drive me.

Joyce Holaday—Baddour Resident

WORKING WONDERS AT BADDOUR

A wealth of creativity flows from this community of men and women who were once labeled minimally intelligent and low in potential.

by Carol Holt

In Senatobia, Mississippi, directly south of Memphis, Tennessee, 41-year-old Joyce composes poetry with energy and delight. David Trivett, a recognized pianist, scurries to the chapel to practice and compose. And far north of the center in York, Maine, Tom, a recent graduate of Baddour, hurries off to his full-time job in a nursing home.

David, Phyllis and Tom share a bond—they are retarded. They also share a common victory—all were once judged incompetent or at best minimally productive. But they were offered a chance to win, and winning they are.

The Baddour Center campus of rolling lawns and gardens and neat Colonial houses is school, home and work site for approximately 100 members of an extraordinary family.

The founding of the center reads like an old-time folk story. In the early 1900s, Paul Baddour, a tall, dark, zestful man of Lebanese descent with a flair for merchandising, established a chain of hometown variety stores and called them simply "Fred's Discount Store." Today they spread throughout the South and maintain much of the comfort of the country store. Wanting to leave a meaningful legacy to honor God and serve man, Baddour designated $300,000 in his will for a worthy work to be chosen by his heirs.

Upon his father's death, Paul Baddour, Jr., decided to build a haven for moderately retarded adults. With the support of the entire family and many friends, the endowment was increased to more than $1 million. The Baddour family also donated 100 acres of rolling countryside in Senatobia for the site of the Baddour Center. Today the campus is home, school and work site for approximately 100 people, from 19 states, who live and work together as a large, extraordinary family.

Few medical experts, educators or parents of the retarded believed possible the wealth of creativity flowing from a community of men and women once labeled minimal in intelligence and low in potential. *Webster's* describes retardation as "limitations in ability." True, these limitations exist in all the residents but at Baddour do not dictate their lives. When these people find a closed door, they go through a window.

Visitors at Baddour find a community of rolling lawns and gardens, neat colonial homes and a bustling small industrial community. Their greenhouse, one of the largest in the Memphis area, produces flowers by the bushel marketed throughout Tennessee and Mississippi. Their T-shirt factory creates fine-quality, superbly colored shirts. The chapel, set in the midst of the center, is alive with the sound of Baddour's traveling troubadours, "The Miracles." The atmosphere, undeniably enthusiastic, hopeful and energized, is akin to that of the old-time college campus.

The Miracles are no ordinary glee club. They sing out of gratitude to God for their opportunity to be someone special. Sybil Roberts, their director, puts them through their paces and demands concentration and quality. And quality they give! Tramping to Robert Schuller's in California, back to the "700 Club" in Virginia, wherever people will hear their message—they sing. On buses, in schools, churches—they give their all in an outpouring of song that defies description.

Last fall, just before going on the air at the Christian Broadcasting Network's "700 Club" in Virginia Beach, Virginia, one of The Miracles, a gentle lady with Down's syndrome, led the group in a prayer that told it all: "Thank you, God, for making me *just* the way I am." After their performance the TV audience jammed the one-line telephone at the center's switchboard with hundreds of calls, and the post office was inundated with letters of congratulations.

The people behind Baddour are unusual. Dr. Joe Earp, the director, an intense, caring professional, governs the community with an expertise intertwined with constant hope. He emphasizes the feeling of community and the value of work and worship and is fully aware that these special people have families with special needs.

"The parents and family of the retarded often fear giving their family members to any institution. Their feelings of guilt over their inability to care for their own inhibit the most caring from investigating alternatives," says Earp. Surprisingly, the parents themselves have become the

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trongest supporters of the center.

Baddour has created an environment in which the residents gain a happy consciousness of who they are. Their self-government—a minidemocracy with mayors and a council—the daily work assignments, the curriculum and worship are the building blocks of a new experience. Residents become members of a community that recognizes them as persons—encouraging their strengths and supporting them in their weaknesses. They have achieved individual maturity.

The mail brings daily tidings from families—heartrending letters, filled with deep concern for the family members, reflecting the difficulty of separation and filled with gratitude for the alternative to isolated home care.

One mother wrote to Dr. Earp: "My cuddled and hovered-over child has become a responsible adult." Another confided: "With my second daughter, we thought that she had received all possible medical help, psychological testing and personal care. She and I studied hard together, and she was a happy, well-adjusted child at home, but we came to a point when my husband and I realized that she would have to have care beyond what we were able to offer. . . . When she accepted and I moved her in, I drove from there with tears in my eyes. I have never been disappointed! *My special daughter* has a full life."

The townspeople of Senatobia have opened their homes and their businesses to the residents in an expression of care for their neighbors. Ray Starr, a builder in town, became aware of one retarded boy's plight after the deaths of the boy's parents. Starr had persuaded Ricky to work alongside him on construction jobs. But Starr wanted him to have more. He took him for testing and believed that Ricky could be brought back into society with special support. Says Starr, "The entire congregation of our church prayed before we took Ricky to the center for his first evalu-

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Dr. Joe Earp, executive director (above left), and Paul Baddour, chairman of the board (above right), emphasize community feeling and the value of work and worship. Martha Waterson and Viola Graham (right), in the Baddour greenhouse, take pride in producing flowers for market.

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HAND UPON THE WATERS

The town thought Lonnie Grinnup's death was an accident, but two men knew otherwise—one man couldn't tell the truth; the other wouldn't.

by William Faulkner

The two men followed the path where it ran between the river and the dense wall of cypress and cane and gum and brier. One of them carried a gunny sack which had been washed and looked as if it had been ironed too. The other was a youth, less than 20, by his face. The river was low, at mid-July level.

"He ought to been catching fish in this water," the youth said.

"If he happened to feel like fishing," the one with the sack said. "Him and Joe run that line when Lonnie feels like it, not when the fish are biting."

"They'll be on the line, anyway," the youth said. "I don't reckon Lonnie cares who takes them off for him."

Presently the ground rose to a cleared point almost like a headland. Upon it sat a conical hut with a pointed roof, built partly of mildewed canvas and odd-shaped boards and partly of oil tins hammered out flat. A rusted stovepipe projected crazily above it, there was a meager woodpile and an ax, and a bunch of cane poles leaned against it. Then they saw, on the earth before the open door, a dozen or so short lengths of cord just cut from a spool near by, and a rusted can half full of heavy fishhooks, some of which had already been bent onto the cords. But there was nobody there.

"The boat's gone," the man with the sack said. "So he ain't gone to the store." Then he discovered that the youth had gone on, and he drew in his breath and was just about to shout when suddenly a man rushed out of the undergrowth and stopped, facing him and making an urgent whimpering sound—a man not large, but with tremendous arms and shoulders; an adult, yet with something childlike about him, about the way he moved, barefoot, in battered overalls and with the urgent eyes of the deaf and dumb.

"Hi, Joe," the man with the sack said, raising his voice as people will with those who they know cannot understand them. "Where's Lonnie?" He held up the sack. "Got some fish?"

But the other only stared at him, making that rapid whimpering. Then he turned and scuttled on up the path where the youth had disappeared, who, at that moment, shouted: "Just look at this line!"

The older one followed. The youth was leaning eagerly out over the water beside a tree from which a light cotton rope slanted tautly downward into the water. The deaf-and-dumb man stood just behind him, still whimpering and lifting his feet rapidly in turn, though before the older man reached him he turned and scuttled back past him, toward the hut. At this stage of the river the line should have been clear of the water, stretching from bank to bank, between the two trees, with only the hooks on the dependent cords submerged. But now it slanted into the water from either end, with a heavy downstream sag, and even the older man could feel movement on it. "It's big as a man!" the youth cried.

"Yonder's his boat," the older man said. The youth saw it, too—across the stream and below them, floated into a willow clump inside a point. "Cross and get it, and we'll see how big this fish is."

The youth stepped out of his shoes and overalls and removed his shirt and waded out and began to swim, holding straight across to let the current carry him down to the skiff, and got the skiff and paddled back, standing erect in it and staring eagerly upstream toward the heavy sag of the line, near the center of which the water, from time to time, roiled heavily with submerged movement. He brought the skiff in below the older man, who, at that moment, discovered the deaf-and-dumb man just behind him again, still making the rapid and urgent sound and trying to enter the skiff.

"Get back!" the older man said, pushing the other back with his arm. "Get back, Joe!"

"Hurry up!" the youth said, staring eagerly toward the submerged line, where, as he watched, something rolled sluggishly to the surface, then sank again. "There's something on there, or there ain't a hog in Georgia. It's big as a man too!"

The older one stepped into the skiff. He still held the rope, and he drew the skiff, hand over hand, along the line itself.

Suddenly, from the bank of the river behind them, the deaf-and-dumb man began to make an actual sound. It was quite loud.

II

"Inquest?" Stevens said.

"Lonnie Grinnup." The coroner was an old country doctor. "Two fellows found him drowned on his own trotline this morning."

"No!" Stevens said. "Poor damned feeb. I'll come out." As

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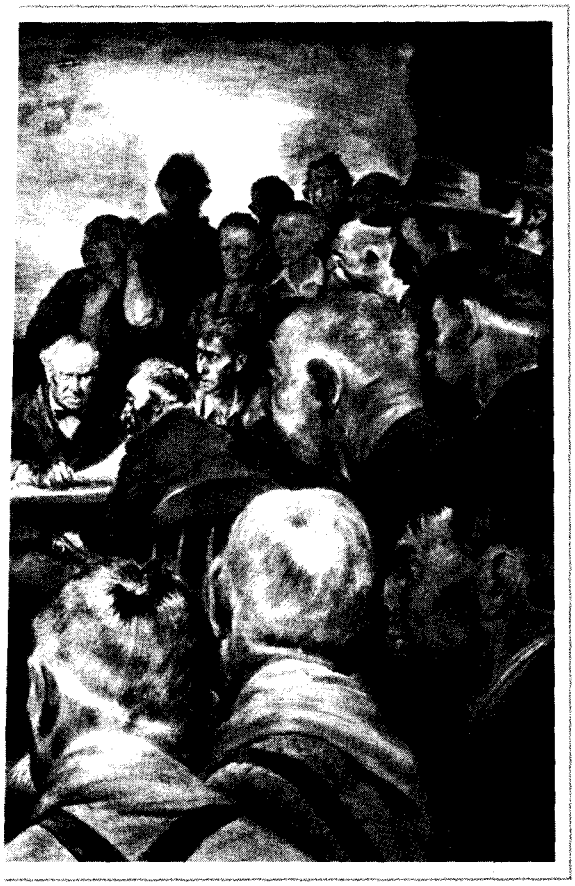

They made way for Stevens to enter. The coroner and two witnesses sat at a table and three chairs. He crossed to the low platform, raised the quilt corner, looked at the face and lowered the quilt.

county attorney he had no business there, even if it had not been an accident. He knew it. He was going to look at the dead man's face for a sentimental reason. What was now Yoknapatawpha County had been founded not by one pioneer but by three simultaneous ones. They came together on horseback, through the Cumberland Gap from the Carolinas, when Jefferson was still a Chickasaw Agency post, and bought land in the Indian patent and established families and flourished and vanished, so that now, a hundred years afterward, there was in all the county they helped to found but one representative of the three names.

This was Stevens, because the last of the Holston family had died before the end of the last century, and the Louis Grenier, whose dead face Stevens was driving eight miles in the heat of a July afternoon to look at, had never even known he was Louis Grenier. He could not even spell the Lonnie Grinnup he called himself—an orphan, too, like Stevens, a man a little under medium size and somewhere in his middle 30s, whom the whole county knew—the face which was almost delicate when you looked at it again, equable, constant, always cheerful, with an invariable fuzz of soft golden beard which had never known a razor, and light-colored peaceful eyes—"touched," they said, but whatever it was, had touched him lightly, taking not very much away that need be missed—living, year in and year out, in the hovel he had built himself of an old tent and a few mismatched boards and flattened oil tins, with the deaf-and-dumb orphan he had taken into his hut ten years ago and clothed and fed and raised, and who had not even grown mentally as far as he himself had.

Actually his hut and trotline and fish trap were in almost the exact center of the thousand and more acres his ancestors had once owned. But he never knew it.

Stevens believed he would not have cared, would have declined to accept the idea that any one man could or should own that much of the earth which belongs to all, to every man for his use and pleasure—in his own case, that 30 or 40 square feet where his hut sat and the span of river across which his trotline stretched, where anyone was welcome at any time, whether he was there or not, to use his gear and eat his food as long as there was food.

And at times he would wedge his door shut against prowling animals and with his deaf-and-dumb companion he would appear without warning or invitation at houses or cabins 10 and 15 miles away, where he would remain for weeks, pleasant, equable, demanding nothing and without servility, sleeping wherever it was convenient for his hosts to have him sleep—in the hay of lofts, or in beds in family or company rooms, while the deaf-and-dumb youth lay on the porch or the ground just outside, where he could hear him who was brother and father both, breathing. It was one sound out of all the voiceless earth. He was infallibly aware of it.

It was early afternoon. The distances were blue with heat. Then, across the long flat where the highway began to parallel the river bottom, Stevens saw the store. By ordinary it would have been deserted, but now he could already see clotted about it the topless and battered cars, the saddled horses and mules and the wagons, the riders and drivers of which he knew by name. Better still, they knew him, voting for him year after year and calling him by his given name even though they did not quite understand him, just as they did not understand the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain. He drew in beside the coroner's car.

Apparently it was not to be in the store, but in the grist mill beside it, before the open door of which the clean Saturday overalls and shirts and the bared heads and the sunburned necks striped with the white razor lines of Saturday neck shaves were densest and quietest. They made way for him to enter. There was a table and three chairs where the coroner and two witnesses sat.

Stevens noticed a man of about 40 holding a clean gunny sack, folded and refolded until it resembled a book, and a youth whose face wore an expression of weary yet indomitable amazement. The body lay under a quilt on the low platform to which the silent mill was bolted. He crossed to it and raised the corner of the quilt and looked at the face and lowered the quilt and turned, already on his way back to town, and then he did not go back to town. He moved over among the men who stood along the wall, their hats in their hands, and listened to the two witnesses—it was the youth telling it in his amazed, spent, incredulous voice—finish describing the finding of the body. He watched the coroner sign the certificate and return the pen to his pocket, and he knew he was not going back to town.

"I reckon that's all," the coroner said. He glanced toward the door. "All right, Ike," he said. "You can take him now."

Stevens moved aside with the others and watched the four men cross toward the quilt. "You going to take him, Ike?" he said.

The eldest of the four glanced back at him for a moment. "Yes. He had

continued on page 98

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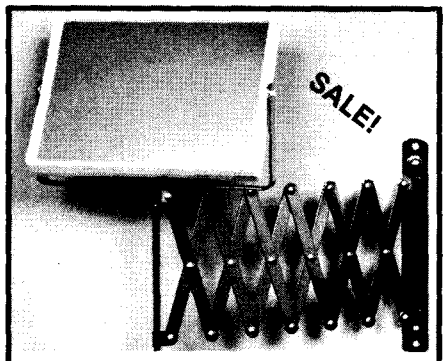

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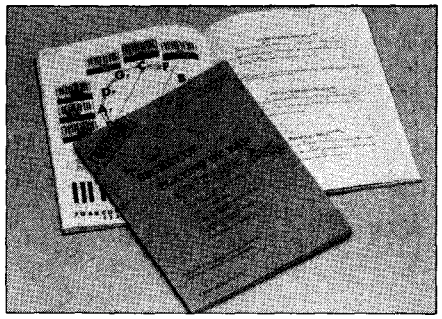

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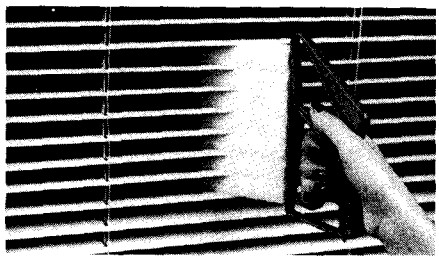

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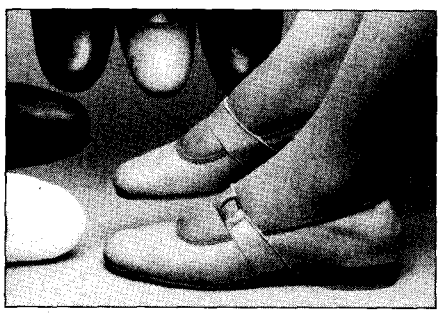

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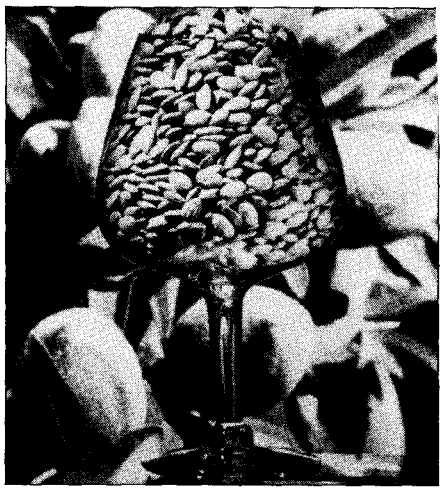

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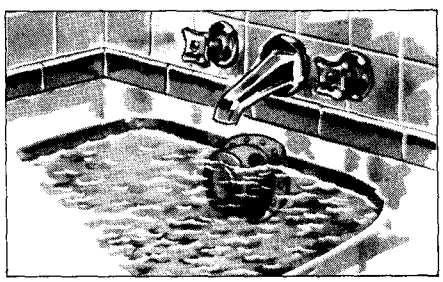

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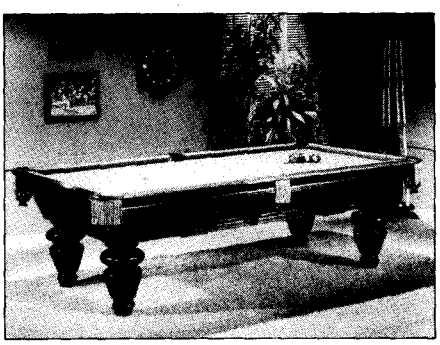

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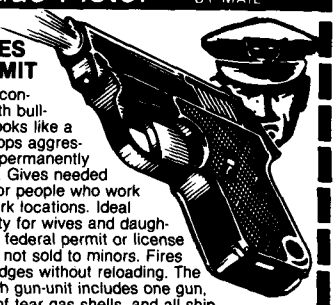

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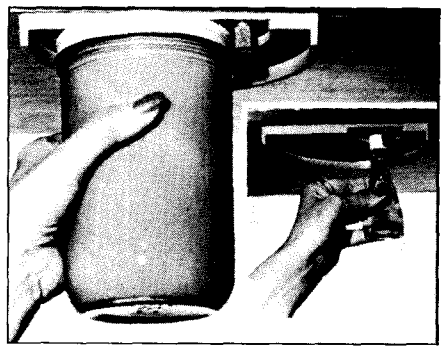

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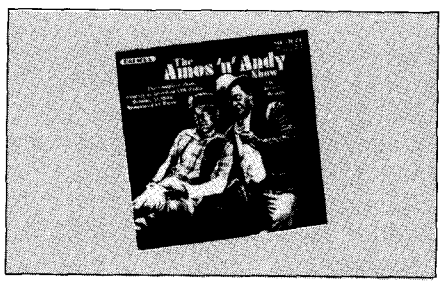

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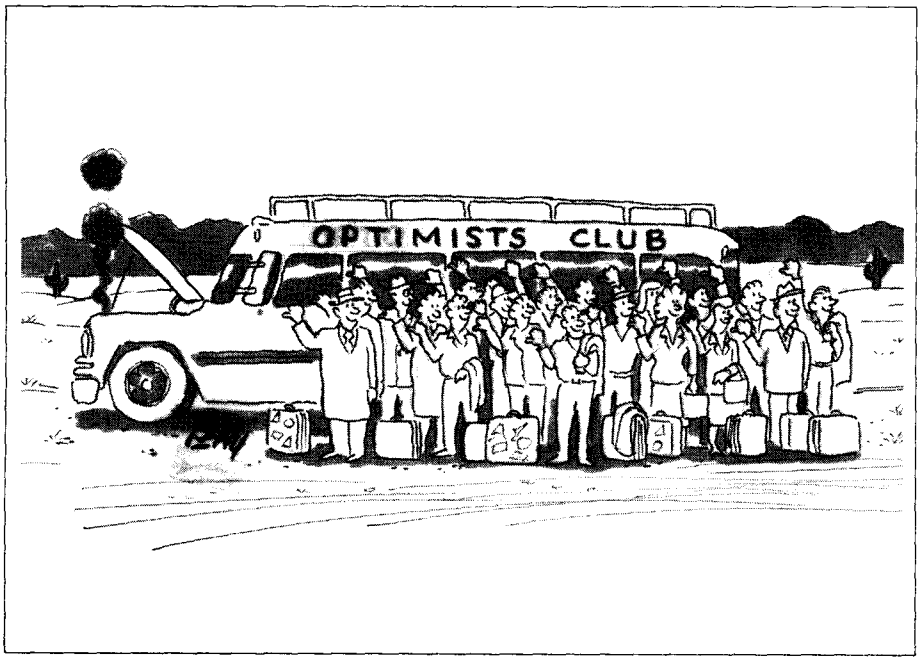

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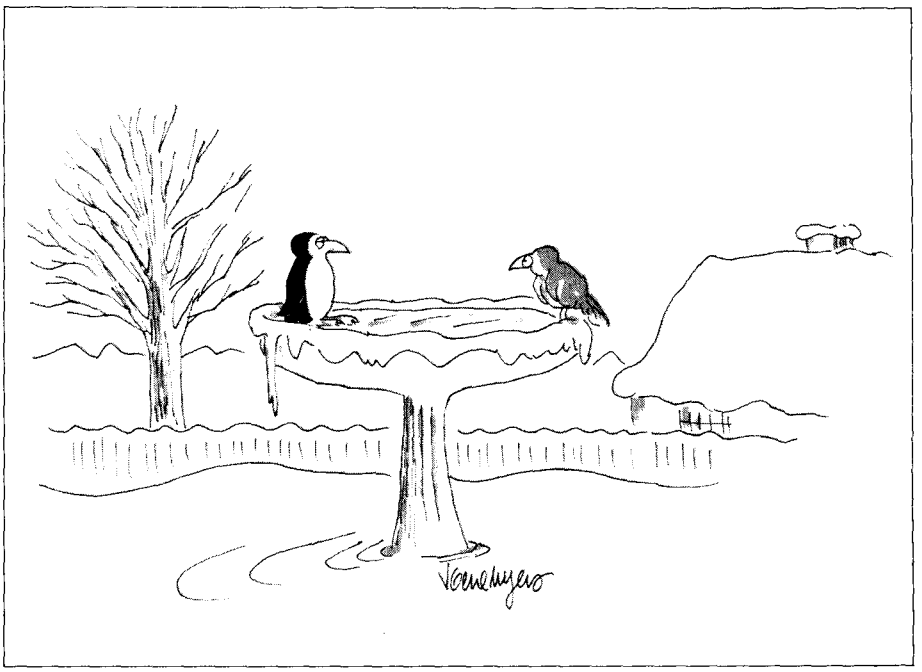

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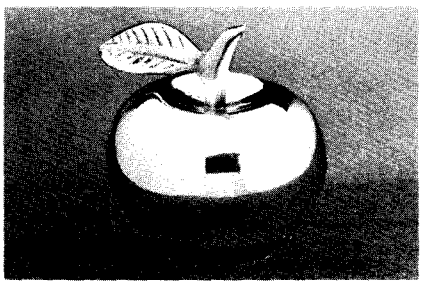

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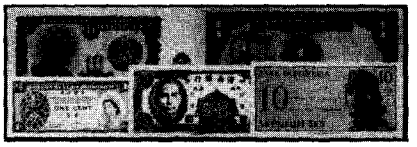

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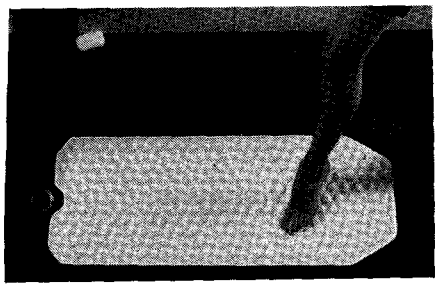

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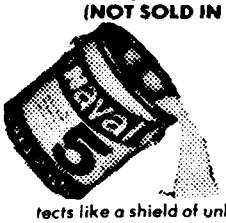

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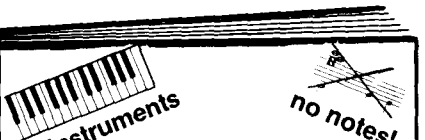

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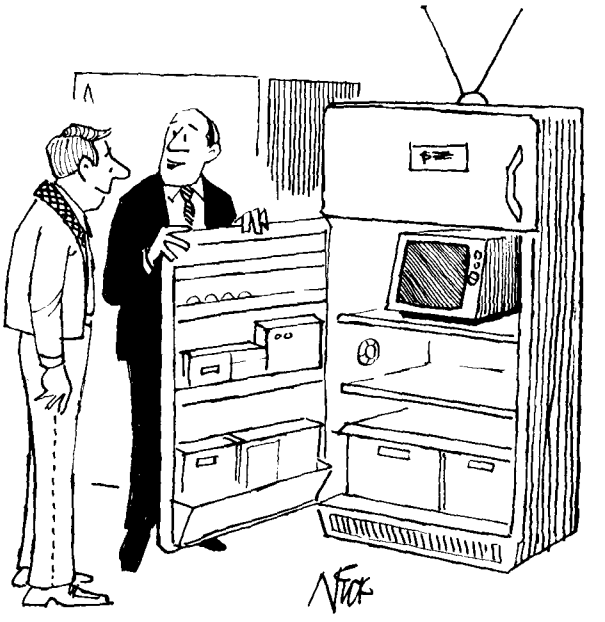

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Beggar on Dublin Bridge

continued from page 51

the rain. "Pay us! Listen! But we'll give you no tune! Make up your own!" their mute lips said.

And standing there on the spot where the beggar always sang without his cap, I thought: *Why don't they take one-fifth of the money they make each month and have the thing tuned! If I were cranking the box, I'd want a tune, at least for myself! . . . If you were cranking the box,* I answered. *But you're not. And it's obvious they hate the begging job—who'd blame them?—and want no part of giving back a familiar song as recompense.*

How different from my capless friend. My *friend*?

I blinked with surprise, then stepped forward. "Beg pardon. The man who played the concertina——"

The woman stopped cranking and glared at me.

"The man with no cap in the rain——"

"Ah, him!" snapped the woman.

"He's not here today?"

"Do you see him?" cried the woman.

She started cranking the infernal device. I put a penny in the tin cup. She peered at me as if I'd spit in the cup. I put in another penny. She stopped.

"Do you know where he is?"

"Sick in bed. The damn cold! We heard him go off, coughing."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"No!"

"Do you know his name?"

"Now who would know that?"

I stood there, feeling directionless, thinking of the man somewhere off in the town, alone. I looked at the new cap foolishly.

The two old people were watching me uneasily. I put a last shilling in the cup. "He'll be all right," I said, not to them, but to someone—me, I hoped.

The woman heaved the crank. The bucketing machine let loose a fall of glass and junk in its hideous interior.

"The tune," I said numbly. "What is it?"

"You're deaf!" snapped the woman. "It's the national anthem! Do you mind removing your cap?"

I showed her the new cap in my hand.

She glared up. "Your cap, man, *your* cap!"

"Oh!" Flushing, I seized the old cap from my head.

Now I had a cap in each hand. The woman cranked. The "music" played. The rain hit my brow, my eyelids, my mouth. On the far side of the bridge I stopped for the hard, the slow decision: Which cap to try on my drenched skull?

During the next week I passed the bridge often, but there was always just the old couple there with their pandemonium device, or no one there at all.

On the last day of our visit my wife started to pack the new tweed cap away in the suitcase.

"Thanks, no." I took it from her. "Let's keep it out—on the mantel, please. There."

That night the hotel manager brought a farewell bottle to our room. The talk was long and good, the hour grew late, there was a fire on the hearth, big and lively, and brandy in the glasses, and silence for a moment in the room perhaps because suddenly we found silence falling in great soft flakes past our windows.

The manager, glass in hand, watched the continual lace, then looked down at the midnight street and at last said, under his breath: "There's only a few of us left."

I glanced at my wife, and she at me.

The manager caught us. "Do you know him, then? Has he said it to you?"

"Yes. But what does the phrase mean?"

The manager watched all those figures down there standing in the shadows and sipped his drink. "Once I thought he meant he fought in the Troubles, and there's just a few of the IRA left. But no. Or maybe he means that in a richer world the begging population is melting away. But no to that also. So, maybe, perhaps, he means there aren't many 'human beings' left who look, see what they look at and understand well enough for one to ask and one to give. Everyone busy, running here, jumping there, there's no time to study one another."

He half turned from the window. "So you know There's Only a Few of Us Left, do you?"

My wife and I nodded.

"Then do you know the woman with the baby?"

"Yes," I said.

"And the one with the cancer?"

"Yes," said my wife.

"And the man who needs train fare to Cork?"

"Belfast," said I.

"Galway," said my wife.

The manager smiled sadly and turned back to the window.

"What about the old couple with the piano that plays no tune?"

"Has it ever?" I asked.

"Not since I was a boy." The manager's face was shadowed now. "Do you know the beggar on O'Connell Bridge?"

"Which one?" I said.

But I knew which one, for I was looking at the cap on the mantel.

"Did you see the paper today?" asked the manager.

"No."

"There's just the item, bottom half of page five, *Irish Times*. It seems he just got tired. And he threw his concertina over into the River Liffey. And he jumped after it."

He was back then yesterday! I thought. *And I didn't pass by!*

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"The poor beggar." The manager laughed with a hollow exhalation. "What a funny, horrid way to die. That silly concertina—I hate them, don't you? Wheezing on its way down, like a sick cat, and the man falling after. I laughed and I'm ashamed of laughing. Well. They didn't find the body."

"Oh, Lord!" I cried, getting up. "Oh, damn!"

The manager, surprised at my concern, watched me carefully now. "You couldn't help it."

"I could! I never gave him a penny, not one, ever! Did you?"

"Come to think of it, no."

"But you're worse than I am!" I protested. "I've seen you around town, shoveling out pennies hand over fist. Why, why not to him?"

"I guess I thought he was overdoing it."

"Yes!" I was at the window now too and staring down through the falling snow. "I thought his bare head was a trick to make me feel sorry. After a while you think everything's a trick! I used to pass there winter nights with the rain thick and him there singing, and he made me feel so cold I hated his guts. I wonder how many other people felt cold and hated him because he did that to them? So, instead of getting money, he got nothing in his cup. I lumped him with the rest. But maybe he was one of the legitimate ones, the new poor just starting out this winter—not a beggar ever before; so you hock your clothes to feed a stomach and wind up a man in the rain without a hat."

The snow was falling fast now, erasing the lamps and the statues in the shadows of the lamps below.

"How do you tell the difference between them?" I asked. "How can you judge which is honest, which isn't?"

"The fact is," said the manager quietly, "you can't. There's no difference between them. Some have been at it longer than others and have gone shrewd, forgotten how it all started a long time ago. On a Saturday they had food. On a Sunday they didn't. On a Monday they asked for credit. On a Tuesday they borrowed their first match. Thursday a cigarette. And a few Fridays later they found themselves, God knows how, in front of a place called the Royal Hibernian Hotel. They couldn't tell you what happened or why. One thing's sure, though: they're hanging to the cliff by their fingernails. Poor fellow, someone must've stomped on that man's hands on O'Connell Bridge and he just gave up the ghost and went over.

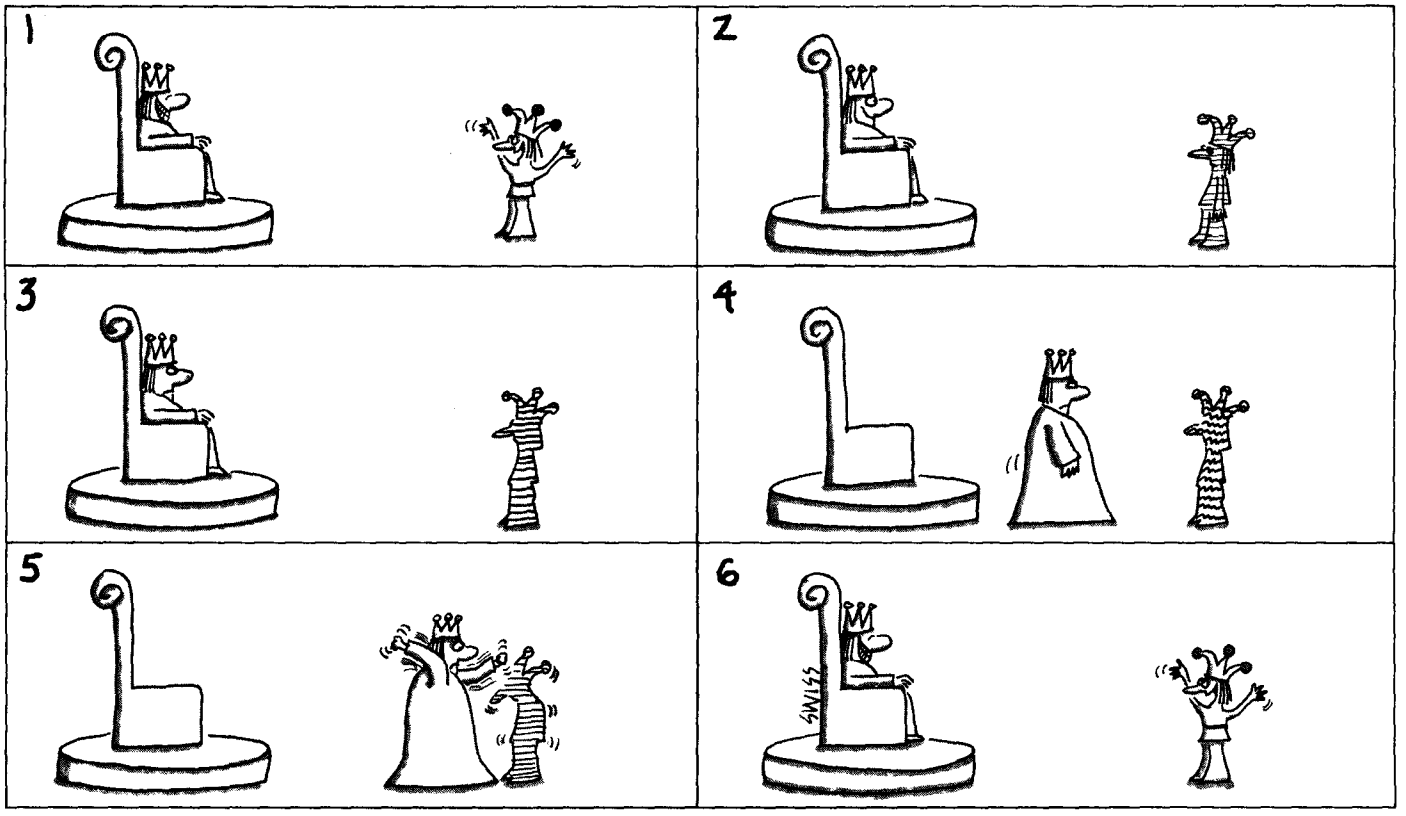
"So what does it prove? You cannot stare them down or look away from them. You cannot run and hide from them. You can only give to them all. If you start drawing lines, some one gets hurt. I'm sorry now I didn't give that blind singer a shilling each time I passed. Well, well. Let us console ourselves and hope it wasn't money but something at home or in his past that did him in. There's no way to find out. The paper lists no name."

Snow fell silently across our sight. Below, the dark shapes waited. It was hard to tell whether snow was making sheep of the wolves or sheep of the sheep and gently mantling their shoulders, their hats and shawls.

A moment later, going down in the elevator, I found the new tweed cap in my hand. Coatless, in my shirt sleeves, I stepped out into the night. I gave the cap to the first man who came. What money I had in my pockets was soon gone.

Then left alone, shivering, I happened to glance up. I stood, I froze, blinking up through the drift, the drift, the silent drift of blinding snow. I saw the high hotel windows, the lights, the shadows.

What's it like up there? I thought. *Are fires lit? Is it warm as breath? Who are all those people? Are they drinking? Are they happy? Do they even know I'm here?*



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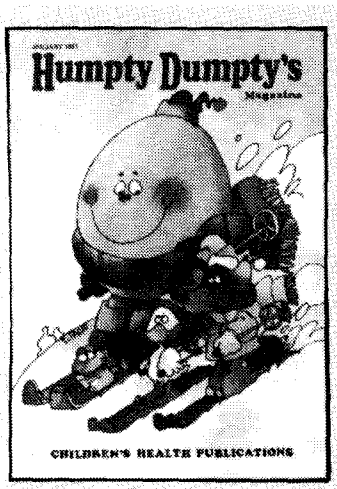

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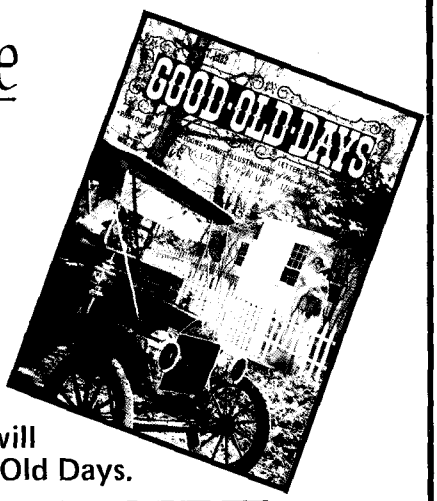

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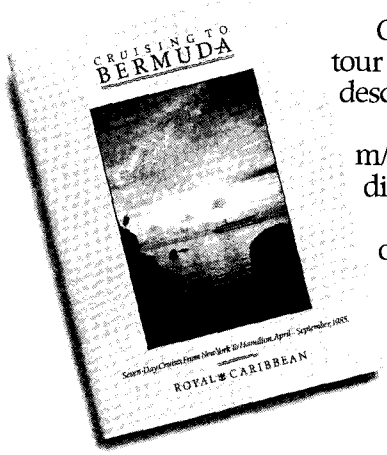

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FOOD

SEAFOOD DISHES WITH AN ORIENTAL SLANT

The next time you serve seafood, make a swing to the East with some unique Chinese-style dishes.

by Randal Fleet

If you are a seafood lover, but the catch you've been offering your family comes back with only a few nibbles, it's time to try a new slant. Go Oriental. Delicious salmon, snow crab, Alaskan king crab, cod, sole and halibut served Chinese style with tangy dips may be just the refreshing change of pace needed to get your family hooked on one of the most healthful sources of animal protein available.

Most of the following recipes come compliments of Evans/Pacific Kitchens, whose vested interest is to interest more Americans in eating seafood from Alaska. But seafood from anywhere will do, and of course, the fresher it is the better.

It's possible that a native Chinese wouldn't recognize these dishes since they are all westernized versions, but he'd probably like them if he tried them, and you will too. Remember, in China they consider fish lips and eyes to be delicacies. There are drawbacks to being too authentic.

Snow Crab-Cod Hot Pot
(Makes 6 servings)

1 pound Alaska snow crab clusters king crab in the shell, thawed if necessary
1 pound Alaska cod, thawed if necessary
2 cups each mushrooms, halved, and spinach leaves
1 cup celery, diagonally sliced
Water
2 cans (14 oz. each) chicken broth
½ cup dry white wine
1 California-Arizona lemon, unpeeled, cut in cartwheels
Lemon-Soy Dipping Sauce (below)
Creamy Orange Dipping Sauce (below)

Rinse crab under cool water. Cut crab into serving-sized pieces; score backs of leg sections. (Use large, heavy knife or slit with kitchen shears.) Cut cod into bite-sized pieces. Arrange crab, cod and vegetables on platter. Add water to chicken broth to equal 4 cups. Add wine and lemon cartwheel slices to broth; bring to boil. Transfer boiling mixture to chafing dish or large fondue or hot pot; maintain mixture at a simmer. Cook seafood and vegetables in stock until desired degree of doneness is reached. Serve with dipping sauces (below).

Lemon-Soy Dipping Sauce
(Makes about ⅓ cup)

Combine ¼ cup low-salt soy sauce, grated peel and juice of ½ fresh lemon and ⅛ teaspoon bottled hot-pepper sauce; mix well.

Citrus-Dressing Orientale
(Makes about ½ cup dressing)

Combine ¼ cup safflower oil, juice of 1 fresh lemon, 1 tablespoon chopped green onion, grated peel of ½ fresh lemon, ¼ teaspoon hot dry mustard; mix well.

Salmon-Grapefruit Salad
(Makes 6 servings)

1 ounce uncooked rice sticks (maifun)
Safflower cooking oil
1 can (15½ oz.) salmon
1 quart salad greens, torn
1 California-Arizona grapefruit, peeled, cut in half-cartwheels
Citrus Dressing Orientale (below)

Break rice sticks into 3- or 4-inch lengths. Heat safflower oil to 375° F. fry rice sticks until white and fluffy Turn once to fry pieces evenly. (Entire process takes less than 30 seconds.) Drain on paper towels. Drain salmon; break into chunks. In shal

Seafood lovers will welcome the Oriental experience of Orange-Baked Salmon Steaks, Halibut Sauté and Snow Crab-Cod Clusters, dipped in Lemon-Soy Sauce.

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low salad bowl, arrange salad greens, fried rice sticks, grapefruit half-cartwheel slices and salmon. Serve with Citrus-Dressing Orientale (opposite); toss just before serving.

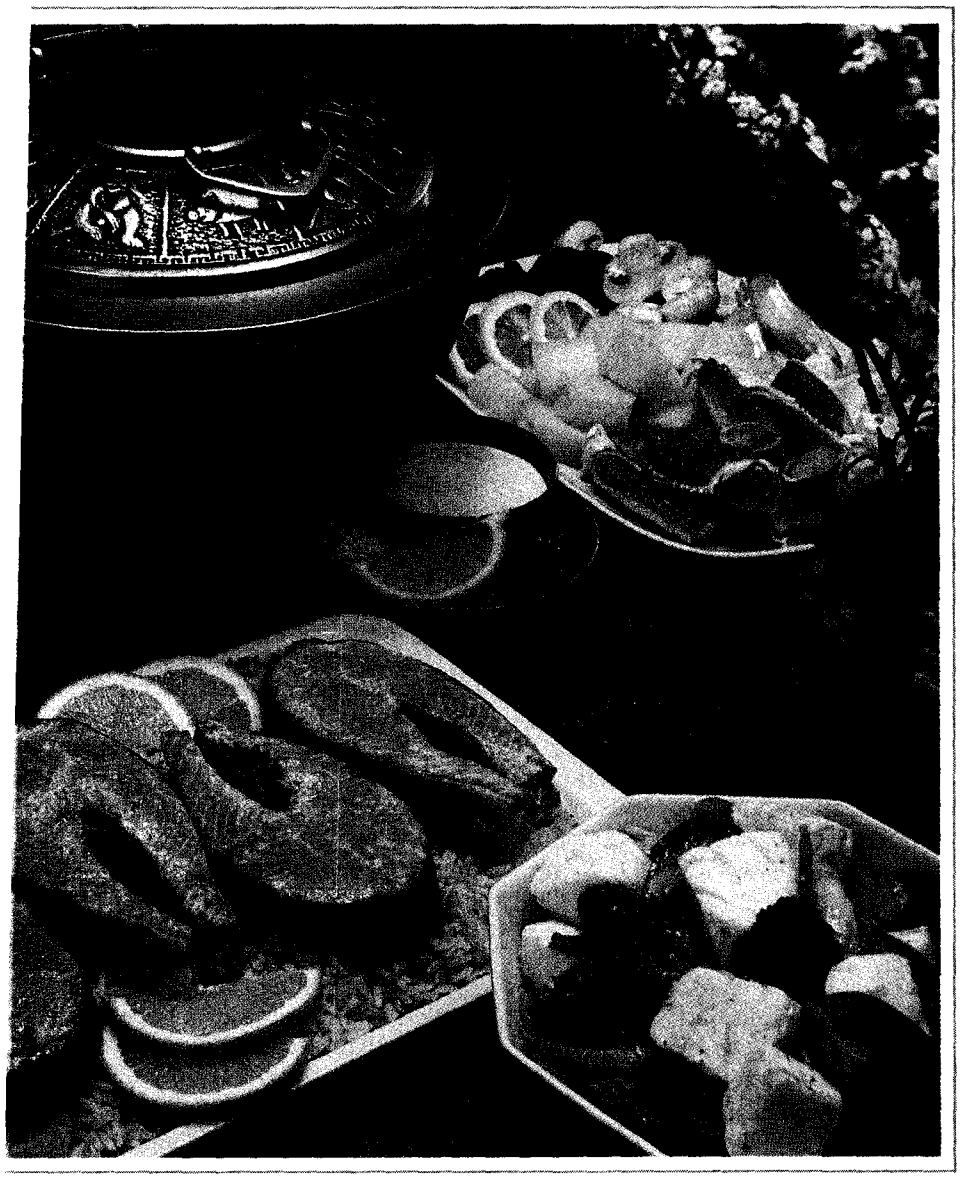
Orange-Baked Salmon Steaks
(Makes 4 servings)

3 tablespoons low-salt margarine, melted
Grated peel and juice of ½ fresh orange
Dash pepper
4 (6-8 oz.) fresh/frozen Alaska salmon steaks, thawed if necessary
Orange half-cartwheel slices

Combine margarine, orange peel and juice, then pepper. Brush both sides of salmon steaks with margarine mixture. Bake at 450° F. Allow 10 minutes per inch of thickness measured at its thickest part, or until salmon easily flakes when tested with a fork at thickest part. Serve with Sesame Orange Rice (next column). Garnish with unpeeled orange half-cartwheel slices, if desired.

Oriental Halibut Sauté
(Makes 4 servings)

1 pound Alaska halibut, thawed if necessary and cut into 1-inch cubes
Pepper
3 tablespoons oil, divided
1 cup each *thinly sliced carrots, sliced green pepper, diagonally sliced green onions and broccoli florets*
¼ cup water
2 teaspoons cornstarch
Grated peel and juice of ½ fresh lemon
¼ teaspoon ginger root, grated



Season halibut with pepper. Sauté halibut in 2 tablespoons oil until barely cooked; remove halibut from skillet. Sauté vegetables in remaining oil until crisp-tender. Return halibut to skillet. Combine water, cornstarch, lemon peel, juice and ginger. Add to fish mixture. Cook and stir until thickened. Garnish with additional grated lemon peel, if desired.

Sesame Orange Rice
(Makes 4 to 6 servings)

2 tablespoons sesame seeds
2 tablespoons safflower oil, divided
1 cup raw regular rice
1 medium onion, chopped
2 cups hot water
*2 chicken bouillon cubes**
Grated peel of ½ fresh orange
1 California-Arizona orange, peeled, cut in bite-sized pieces
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped

Sauté sesame seeds in 1 tablespoon oil. Remove from pan; drain on paper towel. Sauté rice and onion in remaining oil 2 or 3 minutes or until rice is golden. Add hot water and bouillon cubes. Bring to boil; reduce and simmer, covered, 20 minutes or until rice is cooked. Gently stir in orange peel and pieces, toasted sesame seeds and parsley.
*Two teaspoons chicken bouillon granules may be substituted.

Fresh Sole à la Herbs
(Makes 3-4 servings)

1 pound fresh sole fillets
¼ cup margarine, melted
Juice of 1 small lemon
½ cup Kretschmer Regular Wheat Germ®
¼ cup fresh parsley, chopped
¼ teaspoon marjoram leaves, crushed
¼ teaspoon thyme leaves, crushed

Rinse fillets and pat dry with paper towels. Combine melted butter and lemon juice. Dip fillets in lemon butter. Place on foil-lined broiler pan. Broil 6-8 inches from heat for 7 minutes or until fish easily flakes with a fork. Combine wheat germ, parsley and herbs with remaining lemon butter. Sprinkle mixture evenly over fillets. Return to oven and broil for 1-2 minutes longer or until lightly browned. Serve immediately.

Piquant Dipping Sauce
(Makes ½ cup)

¼ cup honey

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¼ cup salt-free catsup
1 tablespoon vinegar
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
3-4 drops red-hot pepper sauce

In a small bowl, combine honey, no-salt-added catsup, vinegar, dry mustard and red-hot pepper sauce.

String Bean and Water Chestnut Stir-Fry
(Makes 4 servings)

2 tablespoons safflower cooking oil
1 pound string beans, trimmed
½ teaspoon fresh ginger, minced
1 tablespoon sherry
¼ cup cold water
1 teaspoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon Mrs. Dash® salt-free 14 herbs-and-spices blend
12 water chestnuts, quartered

Heat oil in a medium skillet until hot. Stir-fry string beans and ginger for 3 minutes. Add sherry; cover and cook 1 minute. Meanwhile, in a small bowl, blend water, cornstarch and Mrs. Dash® herbs-and-spices blend. Pour half of the cornstarch mixture over string beans. Toss until thickened. Remove to serving dish. Add water chestnuts and remaining cornstarch mixture to skillet. Toss until thickened. Arrange decoratively around string beans.

Shrimp Cantonese with Rice
(Makes 6 servings)

3 cups cooked rice
12 ounces deveined raw shrimp, peeled, sliced in half lengthwise
2 tablespoons low-salt margarine
2 cups celery, diagonally sliced
2 cups onions, sliced
1 quart (8 oz.) fresh spinach leaves
1 package frozen mixed Chinese vegetables
½ teaspoon ground black pepper
¼ cup low-salt soy sauce
1¼ cups chicken broth
2 tablespoons cornstarch

While rice is cooking, cook shrimp in margarine. Use a large skillet for one minute or until shrimp turn pink. Add celery and onions, cook, stirring, one minute. Add spinach and Chinese vegetables, which have been rinsed and drained. Cover and cook 1 minute. Blend pepper, soy sauce, chicken broth and cornstarch. Stir into shrimp-vegetable mixture. Cook, stirring, until sauce is clear and thickened (about 2 minutes). Serve over bed of fluffy rice.

Getting Older

continued from page 63

Valium, Librium, Mogadon) and a whole range of drugs. These, they tell me, seem to be making them feel more apathetic, more depressed and more nervous than when they first started taking them.

This is the terrifying effect of sedatives, and many are also accumulative and addictive.

I must add one thing: I have never known a doctor tell any patient that all these drugs ruin and inhibit one's sex life.

I get pathetic letters from women saying they have been very happy with their husbands and although they were getting older they were always able to make love continually and satisfactorily, until suddenly it has stopped.

I find the alteration invariably comes from the fact that one of them has been given a tranquillizer of some sort by the doctor.

All tranquillizers and sedatives kill sex!

This, I believe, is something that should be publicized so that everybody is aware of it.

While I am talking of things that affect the brain, I must mention that Aspirin, which is so freely publicized on the television, can be just as dangerous as any tranquillizer. One of our famous Statesmen had a bleeding ulcer which came from taking too much Aspirin. Overdosage can also cause a loss of hearing, and undoubtedly encourages kidney stones.

Also women often say to me: "I can't think what is happening! My hair is getting so thin, and I have a bald patch on the top!" Sure enough, they are taking Aspirin, which in my opinion seriously affects the amount of Vitamin B and Vitamin C in the system.

Actually, taken in large quantities during pregnancy, Aspirin can produce a deformed child, and yet very few people are told that!

In just the same way, we have only recently learned that smoking can affect not only the person who smokes, and give them lung cancer, but also the people with whom they come in contact—their wives, their husbands, their children and even those who share an office with them.

This information is now reaching the general public, and women who smoke while they are pregnant have seen on television the terrible dangers to the baby's growth, health, and even life. They should be aware that 2,000 newborn babies died in Britain last year because, among other things, their mothers smoked during pregnancy.

All these dangers are something that our brain has to understand and absorb.

There is in fact so much for the average person to remember in their efforts to keep young and healthy in a world that has been polluted by chemicals, that it is quite difficult to realize the dangers we all of us run every day.

Thank goodness Preventive Medicine has suddenly come to the fore. When Prince Charles praised it in a speech the other day I was so thrilled because to me it has been a personal fight. At last people are beginning to realize the difference Preventive Medicine can make to the ordinary person who wants to keep well.

None of us really wants to live to be over a hundred, but we do want to "live young," and that is possible if, to start with, we "think" right.

Scientists have been telling us for years that we use only ten per cent of our brain, and it is possible to make one's brain improve and enlarge every year that one lives. For the brain to be active, the body must be active too, and this is where the old-fashioned idea that "Granny likes to sit by the fire knitting," or that "old people need peace and quiet," is a lot of nonsense.

What old people need are interests, and it is fatal to let them think they are out-of-date, unwanted and an encumbrance.

In Italy and other European countries the family is a unit. It has always interested me when I travel through France to see that on Sunday, in every restaurant, even the most expensive kind, you will see the family having their weekly outing. There are father, mother and children of all ages, *and* the grandmother and grandfather are there too! But it is not only on Sundays that they are an inseparable part of the family. They live and work together, and they are united by love.

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one thing in common: the Life Force that can never die.

There is no such thing as death! How can there be? It is only the shedding of a worn out "suit of clothes" which we call a body, and the life within us goes on to find another one.

I believe in reincarnation for the simple reason that it is the only thing that can possibly justify the continuing existence of life, and that in nature nothing is lost.

The most wonderful and the most valuable thing we possess is the body. It is only through the body that we learn and advance both spiritually and mentally.

The body is the most intricate, the most fantastic and the most ingenious machine ever created. And yet how badly we treat it! It is extraordinary to me how little care people take of their bodies.

I do not mean going up in an unsafe aeroplane, fighting in wars, or drinking before driving a car, but in ordinary everyday life people treat their bodies far worse than they would treat any vehicle they owned.

And yet, knowing its value, knowing how much it means to each one of us personally, we take no trouble to learn about the workings of the body and its needs, but just take for granted that it is there!

The body is, of course, activated by the brain: the most important part of us.

And so we get back to what I have been saying:—that the brain is the first thing we must consider, study and understand if we wish to keep young.

We should not say someone is "young in heart," but "young in mind," for that is what counts. ✱

In England it is the opposite. Granny and Grandpa are pushed to one side, and it is not only the old men and women who sit in Council homes who are seldom visited or not at all. It is the same throughout our society.

If a son inherits an ancestral mansion, his widowed mother is consigned to the Dower House, or today more often to a small cottage, and is more or less forgotten.

It is so difficult to alter traditions and therefore all I can say to those who have grown older is: "Think about yourself and make a life of your own by finding a niche where you are wanted and will be appreciated."

When I look around at the enormous number of people I know all over the world, I find it is not those who are rich who are happy, it is those who are *working*.

The busiest people have always been those who seem to radiate a joy of life, which the French call *joie de vivre* and which is something which is not confined to the young but to those who have developed their brain.

Joie de vivre comes from the brain, and of course, the heart. It is a capacity for enjoying everything, big or small, around you; it is an appreciation of beauty and, I think too, a gratitude for being alive.

So few of us, when we thank God for the big or small mercies that have been accorded us, remember to thank for Life itself—and what could be a more wonderful gift?

When some people look up at the stars and think that each one may have other planets like our own, it makes them feel small and insignificant. But I think actually that if there are billions and billions of other people living in an enormous hemisphere, then it is a privilege and a delight to think that I am one of them, and we share

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ou need high fiber to prevent colon cancer and a ıyriad of other problems that afflict us when we don't dd fiber back to our highly refined foods. For many ears your Society has led the field in research and work n disseminating information about how necessary it is to at fiber. As you know, the National Cancer Institute ıas recently announced that eating fiber is good cancer ɔrevention.

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Our new high-lysine grain this month is amaranth, a delightful seed-grain that is a fun and tasty way to increase your fiber and lysine. It was revered by the Aztecs many years ago, and for good reason. They referred to it as the "grain of the gods." It makes a good, crunchy texture in the kitchen. We've tried popping it, eating it as cereal, breading our fish with it and mixing it in all our high-lysine corn recipes. It makes flour in the blender. Turn to page 26 for recipes.

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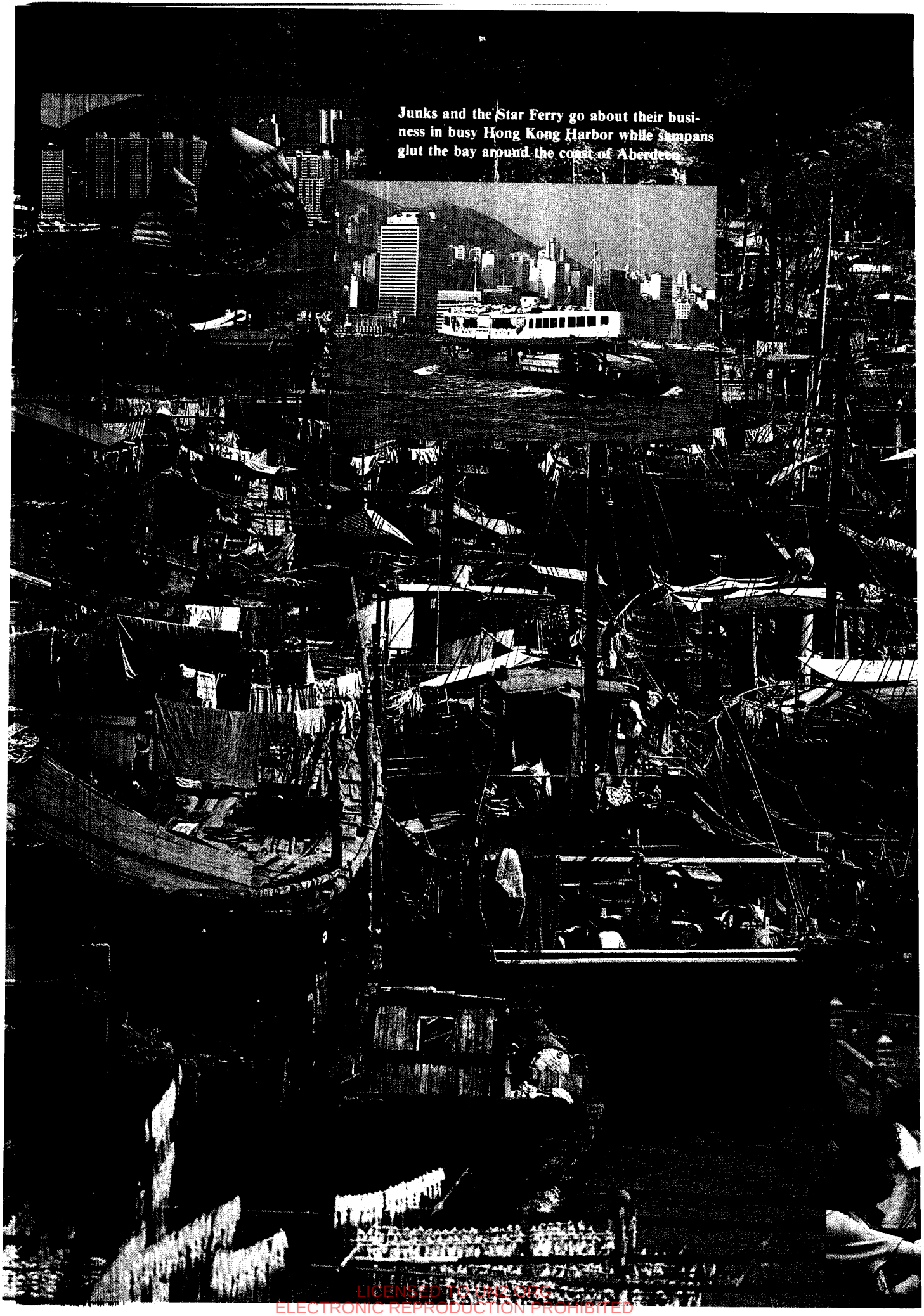

Junks and the Star Ferry go about their business in busy Hong Kong Harbor while sampans glut the bay around the coast of Aberdeen.

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Highlights of Hong Kong

The lease may be running out on this vibrant city where East meets West, but tourists are rushing in for the world's greatest bargains.

by Ted Kreiter

In Chinese mythology, every hill contains a dragon. If that is so, the biggest dragon in Hong Kong resides at Victoria Peak. Victoria is the tallest in a serpentine range of hills that holds Hong Kong firmly at bay. With nowhere else to go, the most frenetic city on earth has grown straight up, until its crushing mass threatens to capsize the whole island and slide into the harbor. The city has also leaped over the harbor and spread its obsession for neon and concrete across the hills of the Kowloon Peninsula.

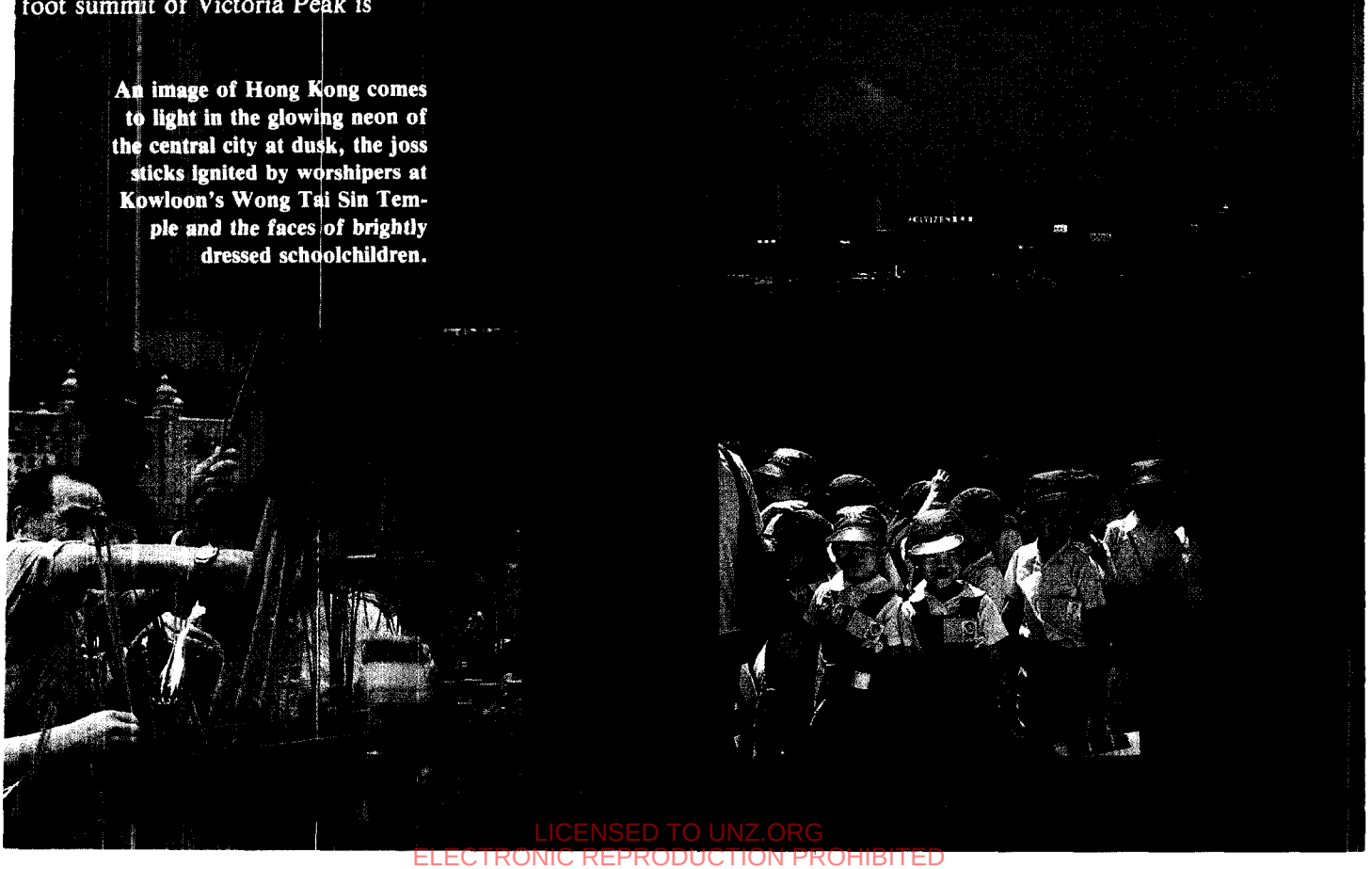
By day, the view from the 1,300-foot summit of Victoria Peak is like a steamy vision. People come here not just for the view, but also to escape the oppressive heat under which the city simmers for half the year. They come up on the Peak tram. This Sino-British version of The Little Engine That Could was installed in 1888 and has been giving anxious passengers a precarious lift ever since. On the way up, it sets a record for the steepest passenger ascent in the world.

The Peak tower echoes the theme that runs rampant in the city below—shops, shops and more shops. Only here, due to the altitude perhaps, the prices seem a little steeper.

Hong Kong is the bargain basement of the world, and news of the imminent Chinese takeover in 1997 seems to have spurred a new shopping boom. People from abroad are rushing over to cash in on what could be the greatest going-out-of-business sale ever. The Japanese, the Americans and the Australians are leading the pack. The average American spends $5,000 H.K. (about $700 U.S.) here during a three-day stay—but he is not Hong Kong's biggest spender. That honor goes to the Australians. It's not that they have more money; they simply refuse to bargain, and that's bad news for your billfold in a city where a little horse trading can mean a 10 to a 50 percent discount.

Almost every new gadget in the world makes its debut in Hong Kong, and some ignite insatiable desire among tourists until they are finally bought and bagged. The siren to one recent group was a small, computerized typewriter called the Typestar 5. One whiff that this little gem was available at unheard-of prices and the whole herd was off and running.

An image of Hong Kong comes to light in the glowing neon of the central city at dusk, the joss sticks ignited by worshipers at Kowloon's Wong Tai Sin Temple and the faces of brightly dressed schoolchildren.



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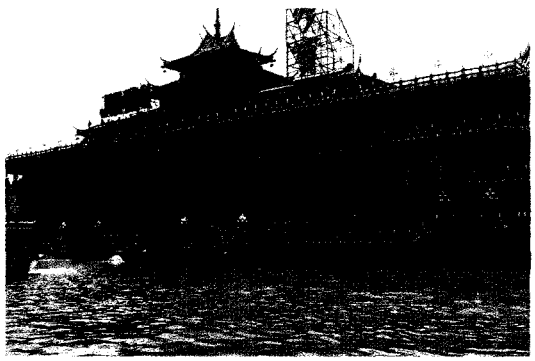
First stop—a little electronics shop in Kowloon's New World Center. "We're temporarily out," said the Chinese proprietors, "but we can get more." While some sweated it out hoping that Hong Kong's supply-on-demand ethic would prevail (their plane was scheduled to depart in two days), the others marched off through the sweltering heat of the jam-packed streets in search of an even better bargain. When the dust finally cleared, the score stood four proud new owners to zero, all with their noses buried in instruction manuals during the long flight home. The average price —$130 each. In the States, the same machines sell for $190 to more than $400, case not included. Eat your heart out—I did. I didn't get one.

Both Kowloon and Hong Kong are bursting with bargains, so the first trick new Hong Kong shoppers must learn is how to negotiate the harbor. One option is to take the no-frills tunnel that runs straight underneath the harbor and costs about $10 H.K. extra in cab fare. Another, more popular, is the Star Ferry, a quasiromantic but practical flotilla of green double-decker boats made famous by Suzie Wong. One simply inserts 70¢ H.K. into the turnstile and follows the mob. The ferries depart every 15 minutes and disgorge passengers in quantum bursts at docks in Hong Kong Central and at Tsimshatsui, Kowloon's shopping paradise on the opposite side.

All this harbor-leaping can cause confusion, and a major problem is remembering just what side you are on when it's time to return to the hotel.

Another chronic phenomenon among tourists is chopsticks cramp —a painful, but fortunately temporary paralysis of the thumb caused by an overzealous attempt to eat as the Chinese do. It never fails to strike when you are at your hungriest, such as when seated for lunch at Aberdeen's jumbo floating restaurant, one of Hong Kong's fleet of rococo dining palaces—so large they can float meals for 2,000 customers at a haul. That's 4,000 competing chopsticks, and because the food is served family style, wielding them becomes a highly precarious feat, accompanied by much reaching, grabbing and gnashing of teeth. The best strategy is to take the offensive and ignore the looks you get when the parcel you've just laid claim to suddenly flies into your neighbor's almond soup.



It's only a short sampan ride to the gigantic floating restaurants of Aberdeen, where thousands at a time pursue Hong Kong's most lively pastime—eating.

Aberdeen lies on the quieter side of Hong Kong island. Most of its residents live right on the water—20,000 of Hong Kong's 70,000 boat people live, eat, sleep and watch television here on sampans that come in three basic sizes: small, medium and large.

Life on the sampans seems a world away from the luxury hotels at Tsimshatsui, but both worlds have one thing in common—the struggle for Lebensraum. With tourist travel at high tide, hotels can invest millions here and get their money back within three years. The result has been an expensive game of high-rise one-upmanship. For example, the venerable Peninsula Hotel, built in 1928, once the pinnacle of perfection c Kowloon Peninsula, has bee leapfrogged by a modern hotel (a different breed. Lacking a sui able building site, the Regei pressed right onto the harbor an made its own, thus capturing fc its guests the panoramic view c Hong Kong Central in all it splendor. A respected trave guide recently gave the Peninsul a perfect rating of 5 stars an then stretched the limits to giv the Regent 5½.

Every day the Regent dispatch es a fleet of charcoal Daimlers t the airport to retrieve fresl batches of guests who've had to bool as far as half a year in advance. Ser vice is so quick here that a touch o the wrong switch by your bed brings a service genie tapping on your doo before you can cancel the mistake.

The Regent shares its precious beachhead with the huge spheroid-shaped Space Museum that appears to have dropped in uninvited from someplace with no architectural taste. The hotel has one other strange bedfellow, too, which remains graciously invisible. It's a dragon. The dragon doesn't live at the hotel, but it does pass through to take its bath in the harbor—or so say Hong Kong's geomancers. The geomancers are like lobbyists for Chinese dragons and other spirits, and they know what can get them riled. Building a hotel here

Macau was named for the goddess A-Ma, whose temple (left) is a popular attraction.

Getting to Know the Territories:

Hong Kong is more than a city. Officially, it is a British territory composed of the Kowloon Peninsula, the New Territories and 235 islands, for a total area slightly smaller than that of Los Angeles.

Nearly 5½ million people live in Hong Kong. Every year more than 3 million of them take the jet foil or hydrofoil over to the tiny neighboring territory of Macau (or Macao), 40 miles to the west. They go primarily to gamble and secondarily to sample the Macanese cuisine, a marvelous melange of spicy and subtle colonial tastes.

Macau was given to the Portuguese in 1557 in return for ridding the area of pirates. It has had a long and glorious history and although the glory has substantially faded, much of the past is preserved in ancient churches and temples.

Macau now exists primarily as a gambling paradise, but the Portuguese government is polishing up the place. Such new enticements as the largest fitness complex in the Orient, under development by the Macau Hyatt Regency, may soon draw tourists for longer stays.

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night have been bad fung shui, as they call it. Fortunately, dragons, like everyone else in Hong Kong, are willing to bargain. Thus, the hotel installed huge floor-to-ceiling plate-glass windows that allow the dragons to pass through readily.

"Smart" contractors in Hong Kong always seek the advice of Chinese geomancers, who seem to know all the right moves for attracting the good spirits and avoiding the bad.

After thousands of years, pantheism is still in vogue here, and as one guidebook puts it, the pervading religion is superstition. In the last auction of lucky license plates, for example, the number "6" (for longevity) went for $336,000 H.K.

Hong Kong's greatest fortunes are based on luck and the biggest traders in Hong Kong futures are fortunetellers. They're everywhere, but seem to be concentrated most heavily near temples such as Kowloon's Wong Tai Sin. Although Wong Tai Sin temple was built in 1973, it looks ancient. It is completely surrounded by modern high-rise apartments themselves camouflaged by thousands of washings hanging out to dry. (Every day seems to be washday in Hong Kong.) Before climbing the steps to the temple, visitors must run a gauntlet of hawkers' stalls, resplendent in yellows, golds and reds of joss sticks, prayer papers and offerings of apples, oranges, barbecued chickens and wine and oil in gold-foiled bottles.

Near the temple steps, a lively group of worshipers creates a hullabaloo around a long table, lighting joss sticks and tossing colorful prayer papers into flaming containers. Others kneel at the altar amid mouth-watering spreads of offerings.

Forget the fortune cookies—they don't have them in Hong Kong. You learn your fortune here by the stick method. The procedure: Take one wooden cup called a chim. Get down on your knees. Shake well. Note the number of the first stick to fall out. Take that number to a fellow down the walk and buy the corresponding pink slip for 50¢ H.K. Then head for fortunetellers' alley to the stall with a placard that reads: Buddhist Laity of Mr. Omi, Physiognomist. For $5 H.K. Mr. Omi, who looks like an aging professor of physics, will decipher the slip. For considerably more (if

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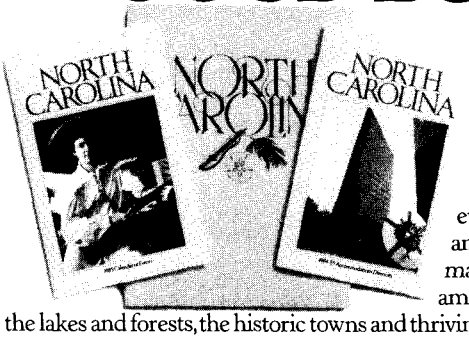
ESCAPE WITH SOME GOOD BOOKS.



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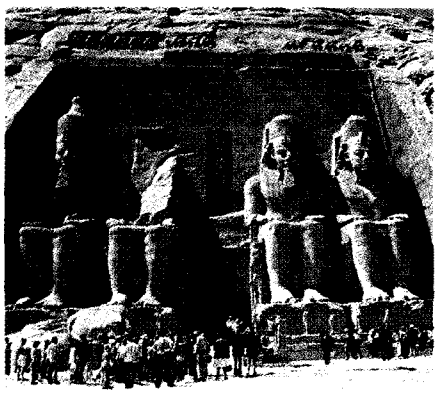
Where in the World?

Believe it or not, you'd have the easiest time visiting the spot without any people in it.



A

☐ *Uganda*
☐ *Sudan*
☐ *Egypt*

If you see quadruple just looking at this Abu Simbel fellow, remember that Abu's not so simple; as a matter of fact, he went to pieces from 1964 to 1966. Evidently waiting 3,000 years for the Nile to cover you is nerve-racking. Nobody'd ever suspected Abu was such a cutup.

B

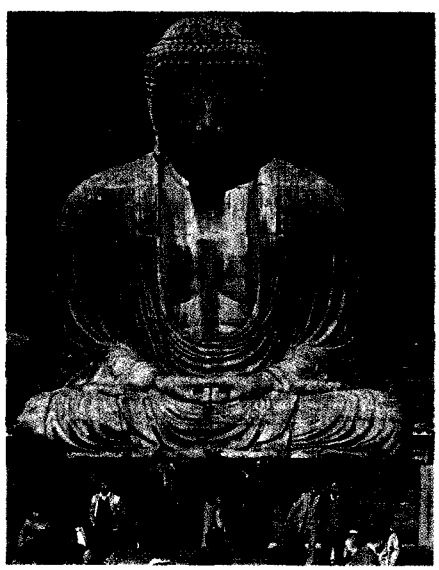
☐ *Colorado*
☐ *Kansas*
☐ *New Mexico*

Charles de Gaulle was quoted as saying: "Old age is a shipwreck." A shipwreck it isn't, but Ship Rock is certainly old. This one-time volcano managed to save its neck through many centuries of erosion and left naturalists and shutterbugs with this column of basalt to admire.

C

☐ *China*
☐ *Japan*
☐ *Austria*

"Good fences make good neighbors." Well, this structure may be history's most thorough attempt to solve the problem of illegal immigration. Whether this 1,500-mile-long behemoth was a success is debatable, but it has achieved distinction as the only man-made structure visible from space with the naked eye.



D

☐ *Indonesia*
☐ *Korea*
☐ *Japan*

This bronze sculpture is a national treasure in its country. The 49-foot alloy of copper and pewter, cast in 1252, is variously called *Amida* and *Daibutsu*; Westerners refer to it as the Great Buddha. For almost 500 of its years it has sat in the open air.

(Answers on page 105)

you've got 45 minutes to spare), he' perform a full palm and facial. Thi can be very enlightening. I learned for example, that I will marry at 28 Unfortunately—or perhaps not—I'n 37 and still a bachelor. If a fortun looks really bad, Omi may sentenc you to return to the temple to burn a few joss sticks—so hope for a gooc one.

Obviously, Taoist temples are nc place to find peace of mind. Points o relaxation in Hong Kong are as rar as a hair on a Buddhist monk's head

The closest thing might be to take dinner à la Chinese on a sampan in the Causeway Bay Typhoon Harbor. Sampan dining is the Hong Kong equivalent of the backyard barbecue. For best results, take a taxi to the harbor and duck down while a Chinese bargains for your boat. Climb aboard and take a very, very deep breath and hold it as long as you can while you slip past the opening to the Hong Kong sewer. Farther out, hook up with Hon Kee's restaurant boat. Hon Kee is the most famous of Hong Kong's water-top restaurateurs. Working before a row of gigantic woks that seems to be fired by army-surplus flamethrowers, he directs his meals with the inspiration of a symphony conductor. The woks sizzle and steam and give off a pungent smell of sesame, oyster sauce and garlic that soon revives your nose from the hazing it received earlier. Heaping platters of crab, shrimp, mussels, clams, succulent Chinese chives and broccoli arrive at the table carried by young girls, "boathops" who later present the tab. Give a yell, and a grocery sampan stops by to deliver beer.

After the meal has run its last course and the paper-covered table is heaped with refuse and shells, you'll cast off and tie up to an entertainment sampan where a stone-faced, three-woman orchestra, armed with flutes, bells, drums and unfamiliar stringed instruments, knocks off barely intelligible renditions of Western tunes you select yourself from a song menu.

As the sampan gently rocks, your thumb slowly regains its feeling. Your jet lag is abated. You fall into a reverie. The lights of the towering buildings onshore suddenly seem protective, even friendly. You've fallen in love with a city. Hong Kong, for the moment at least, is a great, glowing neon dream come true.

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My Life In The Gutter

ontinued from page 57

escribed as "an impossible split." I ould win all the marbles by knocking own just one of those dumbbell-haped targets. Now, when it comes o pressure, there's nothing quite like aving four fellows bombarding you vith advice at the same time, your rother-in-law running around look-ng for the ball with the biggest humb hole and then standing well ack while cautioning you to move as ar right as possible and to keep your eft hand under the ball until you let er fly. All of which I did—only to vatch the ball fly into the hole where alls are supposed to return.

I should have gone home while they were getting it out. But you can't be-ieve how fast word gets around when someone throws a ball down the exit hole. So I had a pretty good audience waiting to witness my second deliv-ery. And I am not one to disappoint a pretty good audience.

This time I went by the book. Re-laxed, squared my shoulders with the foul line, got in all five steps, brought my pendulum through nice and straight and turned the ball loose at, I'd say about half-past four, give or take five minutes. How in the world it ever jumped two furrows into the other aisle and made my opponent's impossible split, I don't know. But then, I'm not a bowler.

Naturally, I braced myself for a backful of congratulatory slaps, only to have both teams gather into a big knot and begin waving their arms and shouting until I could hear them clear out in the parking lot.

I still don't know how the thing was settled, except that John no longer wears his bowling shirt to church. Nor has he mentioned bowl-ing to me since. Which is just as well. I've been wearing my bowling shoes to keep from slipping off the shed roof and they're a mess. I keep the bowling-ball bag, fitted with pajama bottoms for which there is no top and with half my inventory of after-shave and cologne, in the trunk of the car in case of an emergency. As for my custom-drilled ball, Lois has it resting on the ledge of our enclosed front porch with vines now creeping out of the holes.

I just hope it doesn't roll off and land on her foot. I guess that really smarts.

Baddour

continued from page 69

ation. After his initial session, Ricky told the director that all he wanted was a chance, and Dr. Earp said, 'You've got it.' And he took it and ran!"

In many ways the Baddour people shine in comparison to the "normal person." They see goals and go straight toward them. Tina had al-ways dreamed of being a model. She persevered, studied daily and today models in numerous fashion shows. Jack was told he could never compete in sports. Today, after hours of spe-cial practice, he plays football, basketball and softball. Joy wanted to serve the sick but thought that she had little to give. She now volunteers and sings with "The Miracles." Joyce is a fine poet. It is difficult to read Joyce Holaday's penmanship, but once it's deciphered, her sensitivity is astounding. Once understood, the re-tarded are unique, sensitive people who are capable of extraordinary achievement.

The vocationally trained rise early in the morning, work until noon and often go on into the afternoon to complete their tasks. The profit from the sale of the items produced is di-rected back into the center's opera-tions. Production in a normal com-munity is only 18 percent above the production figures at Baddour. The production efficiency of the center's residents is twice that of retarded workers at other shelter workshops doing similar work.

"Our residents have the same needs as normal people," says Al Cannon, their friend and chaplain. "They are different in some ways. They do not fake smiles when they dislike you, and they don't hold grudges."

A growing number of residence homes throughout the country are at-tempting to solve the problems of re-tardation. Some are small cottage homes, others enormous institutions. All experience the ongoing challenge of unlocking the gift within.

Buddy is 51, one of the old-timers. He was the first mayor of Baddour's community government. Sitting at a table and gazing out over the green of the Mississippi hills, he confides, "I love the residents and I hope to stay at the center always. Then I hope to live with God."

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You may remember your grandmother having to sleep sitting up. Your father always having to sleep with several pillows under his head. Now, you may notice that your ankles have become swollen. What should you do?

If you watch LIFECARE DIGEST then you probably know to see your doctor for a re-evaluation of medication you're receiving. What you may have is a weakened heart.

There's the one key element that people leave out of their diets that can combat weight gain. It too was discussed on LIFECARE DIGEST. And how about the recent segment on ways to avoid serious back problems?

Each Thursday, LIFECARE DIGEST is featured on CBN's THE 700 CLUB with host Pat Robertson. **The Saturday Evening Post** editor Cory SerVaas, M.D., brings you the latest, in-depth health information and most recent medical breakthroughs. To enhance your health, and possibly save your life, or that of a loved one.

Join us each week and learn to monitor your body's warning signals. And better care for your family's health, by preventing problems before they occur.

Watch THE 700 CLUB's LIFECARE DIGEST, because you care about your life.

January 3
Liver Transplant

Johnny wasn't supposed to know, but he did. Somehow he found out. How is not important.

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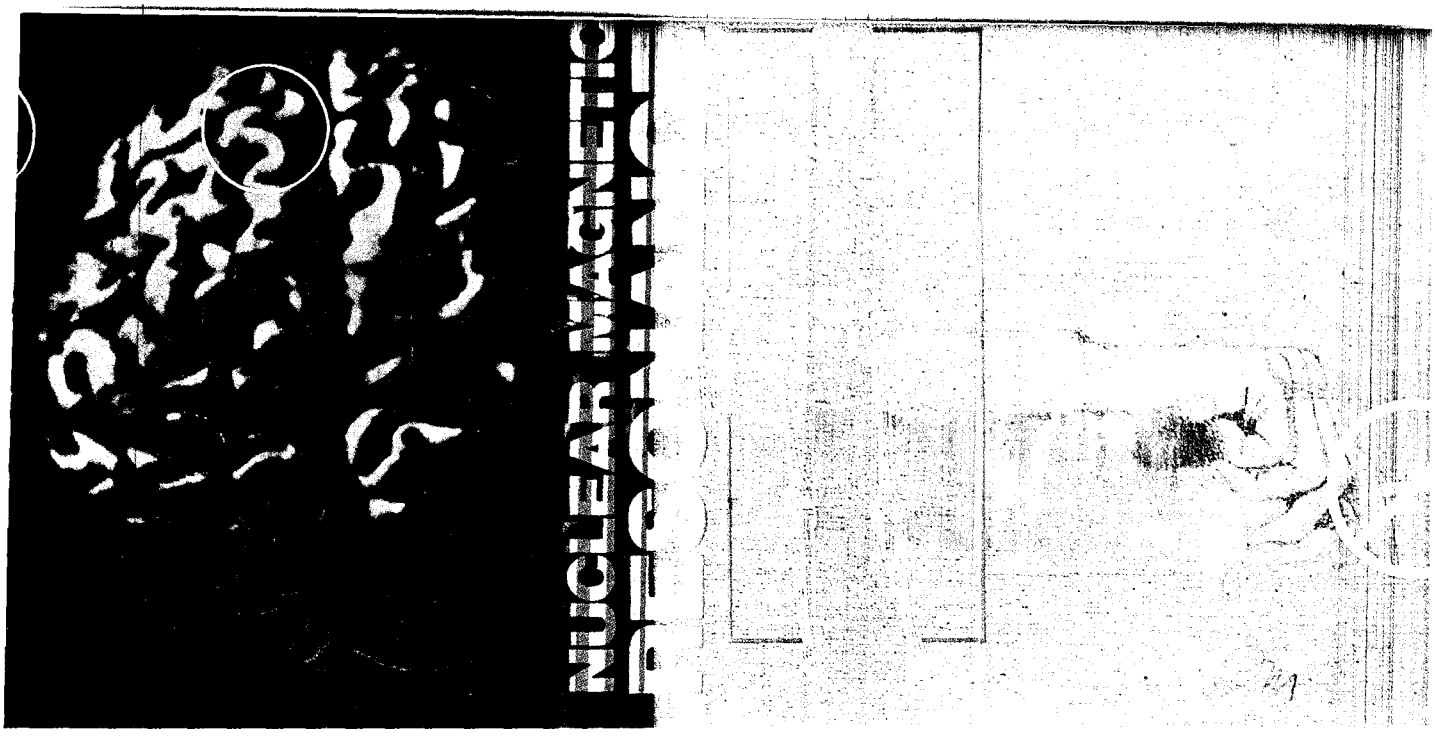

What is important is that he knows that his mother is dying and needs a liver transplant. He can't understand why people haven't donated their organs so his mother can live. LIFECARE DIGEST this week deals with the process and benefits of donating organs.

January 31
Lung Cancer

With today's advancements in medical science, the chance of detecting and treating lung cancer is much greater. And the sooner it's detected the better the chance of successfully treating it. But what if lung cancer could be successfully detected several years before it would show up on an x-ray? LIFECARE DIGEST talks with physicians who think it can and would save lives.

February 7
Defibrillator

You, or someone close to you, have experienced a heart attack recently. It's time to go home and continue a regular life again. Doctors suggest that exercise may be better than medication, but some precautions should be taken. Including exercising where a defibrillator is close at hand. LIFECARE DIGEST makes some life-saving suggestions for finding a safe place to exercise.

February 14
Nuclear Magnetic Resonance

Heart attacks and multiple sclerosis are problems for which there is no real solution. But what happens after a patient is affected by one of these? What kind of damage does it do? LIFECARE DIGEST looks at a nuclear magnetic resonance scanner, which can see tiny scars inside of a living brain or outline injured heart tissue, to find out how it can help in treatment.

The 700 Club

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February 21
Phobias

An estimated 2 million people suffer from apparently irrational fears that restrict what they can do. Some of the common phobias include heights, spiders, flying and water. But how can people with these fears learn to cope with them and go on living a normal life? LIFECARE DIGEST takes this week to discuss ways of dealing with unrealistic fears.

February 28
Preventable Cause Of Death

If you knew well in advance, from the leading doctors in the world, that you were going to die, but could prevent it, wouldn't you do everything possible to do so? Well, millions of Americans have been told so for years and years, but many do nothing about it. In fact, it's the leading cause of death in America. LIFECARE DIGEST details some innovative ways to prolong your life if you have this disease and they're all simple. Quit smoking.

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Hand Upon the Waters

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his burying money with Mitchell at the store."

"You, and Pose, and Matthew, and Jim Blake," Stevens said.

This time the other glanced back at him almost with surprise, almost impatiently.

"We can make up the difference," he said.

"I'll help," Stevens said.

"I thank you," the other said. "We got enough."

Then the coroner was among them, speaking testily: "All right, boys. Give them room."

With the others, Stevens moved out into the air, the afternoon again. There was a wagon backed up to the door now which had not been there before. Its tail gate was open, the bed was filled with straw, and with the others Stevens stood bareheaded and watched the four men emerge from the shed, carrying the quilt-wrapped bundle, and approach the wagon. Three or four others moved forward to help, and Stevens moved, too, and touched the youth's shoulder, seeing again that expression of spent and incredulous wild amazement.

"You went and got the boat before you knew anything was wrong," he said.

"That's right," the youth said. He spoke quietly enough at first. "I swum over and got the boat and rowed back. I knowed something was on the line. I could see it swagged——"

"You mean you swam the boat back," Stevens said.

"——down into the——Sir?"

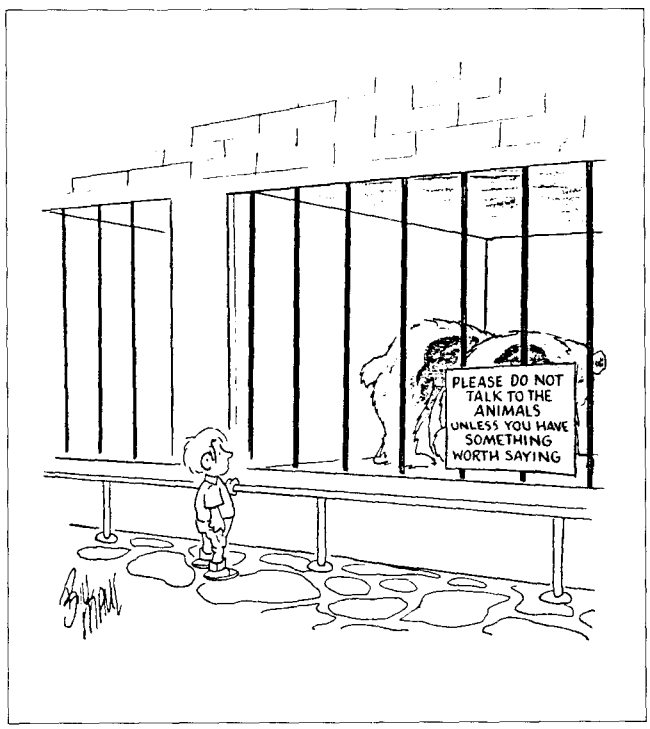
"You swam the boat back. You swam over and got it and swam it back."

"No, sir! I rowed the boat back. I rowed it straight back across! I never suspected nothing! I could see them fish——"

"What with?" Stevens said. The youth glared at him. "What did you row it back with?"

"With the oar! I picked up the oar and rowed it right back, and all the time I could see them flopping around in the water. They didn't want to let go! They held on to him even after we hauled him up, still eating him! Fish were! I knowed turtles would, but these were fish! Eating him! Of course it was fish we thought was there! It was! I won't never eat another one! Never!"

It had not seemed long, yet the afternoon had gone somewhere, taking some of the heat with it. Again in his car, his hand on the switch, Stevens sat looking at the wagon, now about to depart. *And it's not right,* he thought. *It don't add. Something more that I missed, didn't see. Or something that hasn't happened yet.*



The wagon was now moving, crossing the dusty banquette toward the high-road, with two men on the seat and the other two on saddled mules beside it. Stevens' hand turned the switch; the car was already in gear. It passed the wagon, already going fast.

A mile down the road he turned into a dirt lane, back toward the hills. It began to rise, the sun intermittent now, for in places among the ridges sunset had already come. Presently the road forked. In the "V" of the fork stood a church, white-painted and steepleless, beside an unfenced straggle of cheap marble headstones and other graves outlined only by rows of inverted glass jars and crockery and broken brick.

He did not hesitate. He drove up beside the church and turned and stopped the car facing the fork a the road over which he had just cor where it curved away and vanishe Because of the curve, he could he the wagon for some time before saw it, then he heard the truck. It w coming down out of the hills behir him, fast, sweeping into sight, a ready slowing—a cab, a shallow b with a tarpaulin spread over it.

It drew out of the road at the for and stopped; then he could hear th wagon again, and then he saw it an the two riders come around the curv in the dusk, and there was a ma standing in the road beside the truc now, and Stevens recognize him: Tyler Ballenbaugh—farmer, married and with family and a reputation fo self-sufficiency and violence who had been born in th county and went out Wes and returned, bringing witl him, like an effluvium, ru mors of sums he had wor gambling, who had marriec and bought land and nc longer gambled at cards, bu on certain years would mort gage his own crop and buy or sell cotton futures with the money—standing in the road beside the wagon, tall in the dusk, talking to the men in the wagon without raising his voice or making any gesture. Then there was another man beside him, in a white shirt, whom Stevens did not recognize or look at again.

His hand dropped to the switch; again the car was in motion with the sound of the engine. He turned the headlights on and dropped rapidly down out of the churchyard and into the road and up behind the wagon as the man in the white shirt leaped onto the running board, shouting at him, and Stevens recognized him too: A younger brother of Ballenbaugh's, who had gone to Memphis years ago, where it was understood he had been a hired armed guard during a textile strike, but who, for the last two or three years, had been at his brother's, hiding, it was said, not from the police but from some of his Memphis friends or later business associates. From time to time his name made one in reported brawls and fights at coun-

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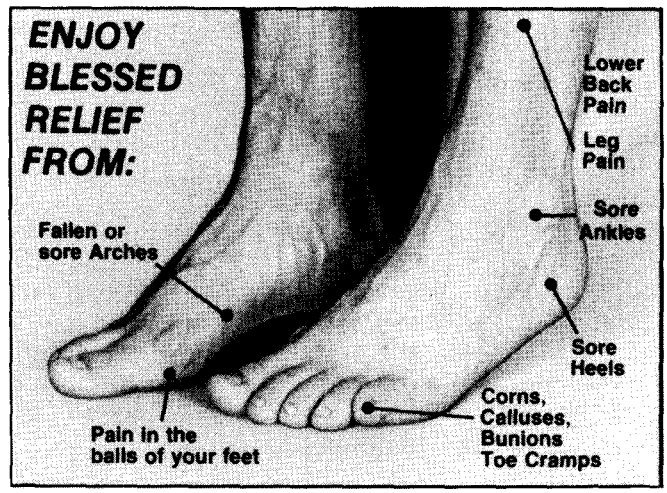

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try dances and picnics. He was subdued and thrown into jail once by two officers in Jefferson, where, on Saturdays, drunk, he would brag about his past exploits or curse his present luck and the older brother who made him work about the farm.

"Who in hell you spying on?" he shouted.

"Boyd," the other Ballenbaugh said. He did not even raise his voice. "Get back in the truck." He had not moved—a big somber-faced man who stared at Stevens out of pale, cold, absolutely expressionless eyes. "Howdy, Gavin," he said.

"Howdy, Tyler," Stevens said. "You going to take Lonnie?"

"Does anybody here object?"

"I don't," Stevens said, getting out of the car. "I'll help you swap him."

Then he got back into the car. The wagon moved on. The truck backed and turned, already gaining speed; the two faces fled past—the one which Stevens saw now was not truculent, but frightened; the other, in which there was nothing at all save the still, cold, pale eyes. The cracked tail lamp vanished over the hill. *That was an Okatoba County license number,* he thought.

Lonnie Grinnup was buried the next afternoon, from Tyler Ballenbaugh's house.

Stevens was not there. "Joe wasn't there, either, I suppose," he said. "Lonnie's dummy."

"No. He wasn't there, either. The folks that went in to Lonnie's camp on Sunday morning to look at that trotline said that he was still there, hunting for Lonnie. But he wasn't at the burying. When he finds Lonnie this time, he can lie down by him, but he won't hear him breathing."

"No," Stevens said.

III

He was in Mottstown, the seat of Okatoba County, on that afternoon. And although it was Sunday, and although he would not know until he found it just what he was looking for, he found it before dark—the agent for the company which, 11 years ago, had issued to Lonnie Grinnup a $5,000 policy, with double indemnity for accidental death, on his life, with Tyler Ballenbaugh as beneficiary.

It was quite correct. The examining doctor had never seen Lonnie Grinnup before, but he had known Tyler Ballenbaugh for years, and Lonnie had made his mark on the application and Ballenbaugh had paid the first premium and kept them up ever since.

There had been no particular secrecy about it other than transacting the business in another town, and Stevens realized that even that was not unduly strange.

Okatoba County was just across the river, three miles from where Ballenbaugh lived, and Stevens knew of more men than Ballenbaugh who owned land in one county and bought their cars and trucks and banked their money in another, obeying the country-bred man's inherent, possibly atavistic, faint distrust, perhaps, not of men in white collars but of pavi and electricity.

"Then I'm not to notify the co pany yet?" the agent asked.

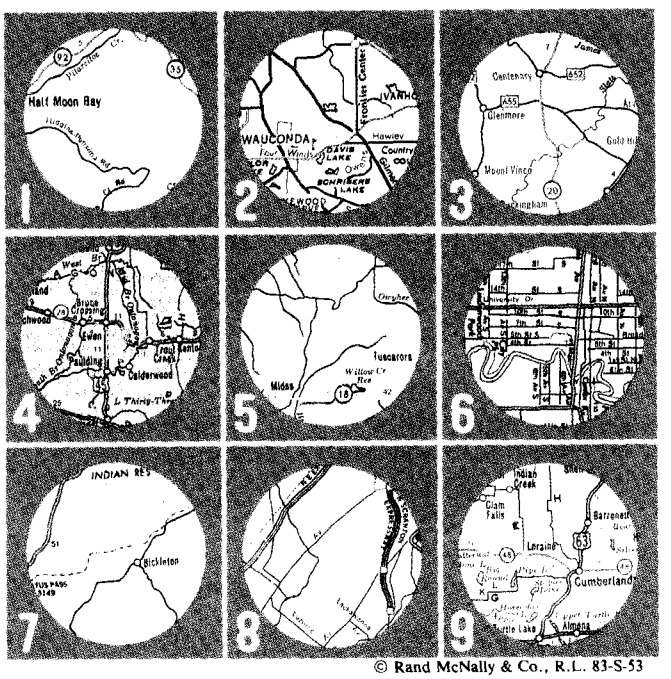
"No. I want you to accept t claim when he comes in to file it, e plain to him it will take a week or to settle it, wait three days and se him word to come in to your office see you at nine o'clock or ten o'clo the next morning; don't tell him wh what for. Then telephone me at Je ferson when you know he has got t message."

Early the next morning, about da break, the heat wave broke. He lay bed watching and listening to t crash and glare of lightning and t rain's loud fury, thinking of t drumming of it and the fierce cha neling of clay-colored water acro Lonnie Grinnup's raw and kinle grave in the barren hill beside th steepleless church, and of the sound would make, above the turmoil of th rising river, on the tin-and-canvas hu where the deaf-and-dum youth probably still waite for him to come home knowing that something ha happened, but not how, no why. *Not how,* Steven thought. *They fooled hin someway. They didn't ever bother to tie him up. They just fooled him.*

On Wednesday night he received a telephone message from the Mottstown agent that Tyler Ballenbaugh had filed his claim.

"All right," Stevens said. "Send him the message Monday, to come in Tuesday. And let me know when you know he has gotten it." He put the phone down. *I am playing stud poker with a man who has proved himself a gambler, which I have not,* he thought. *But at least I have forced him to draw a card. And he knows who is in the pot with him.*

So when the second message came, on the following Monday afternoon, he knew only what he himself was going to do. He had thought once of asking the sheriff for a deputy, or of taking some friend with him. *But even a friend would not believe that what*



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 105)

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have is a hole card, he told himself, *ven though I do: That one man, even n amateur at murder, might be satisied that he had cleaned up after himelf. But when there are two of them, either one is going to be satisfied hat the other has left no ravelings.*

So he went alone. He owned a pisol. He looked at it and put it back into its drawer. *At least nobody is going o shoot me with that,* he told himelf. He left town just after dusk.

This time he passed the store, dark it the roadside. When he reached the ane into which he had turned nine lays ago, this time he turned to the ight and drove on for a quarter of a nile and turned into a littered yard, his headlights full upon a dark cabin. He did not turn them off. He walked full in the yellow beam, toward the cabin, shouting: "Nate! Nate!"

After a moment a Negro voice answered, though no light showed.

"I'm going in to Mr. Lonnie Grinnup's camp. If I'm not back by daylight, you better go up to the store and tell them."

There was no answer. Then a woman's voice said: "You come on away from that door!" The man's voice murmured something.

"I can't help it!" the woman cried. "You come away and let them white folks alone!"

So there are others besides me, Stevens thought, thinking how quite often, almost always, there is in Negroes an instinct not for evil but to recognize evil at once when it exists. He went back to the car and snapped off the lights and took his flashlight from the seat.

He found the truck. In the close-held beam of the light he read again the license number which he had watched nine days ago flee over the hill. He snapped off the light and put it into his pocket.

Twenty minutes later he realized he need not have worried about the light. He was on the path, between the black wall of jungle and the river, he saw the faint glow inside the canvas wall of the hut and he could already hear the two voices—the one cold, level and steady, the other harsh and high. He stumbled over the woodpile and then over something else and found the door and flung it back and entered the devastation of the dead man's house—the shuck mattresses dragged out of the wooden bunks, the overturned stove and scattered cooking vessels—where Tyler Ballenbaugh stood facing him with a pistol and the younger one stood half-crouched above an overturned box.

"Stand back, Gavin," Ballenbaugh said.

"Stand back yourself, Tyler," Stevens said. "You're too late."

The younger one stood up. Stevens saw recognition come into his face. "Well, by——" he said.

"Is it all up, Gavin?" Ballenbaugh said. "Don't lie to me."

"I reckon it is," Stevens said. "Put your pistol down."

"Who else is with you?"

"Enough," Stevens said. "Put your pistol down, Tyler."

"Hell," the younger one said. He began to move; Stevens saw his eyes go swiftly from him to the door behind him. "He's lying. There ain't anybody with him. He's just spying around like he was the other day, putting his nose into business he's going to wish he had kept it out of. Because this time it's going to get bit off."

He was moving toward Stevens, stooping a little, his arms held slightly away from his sides.

"Boyd!" Tyler said. The other continued to approach Stevens, not smiling, but with a queer light, a glitter, in his face. "Boyd!" Tyler said. Then he moved, too, with astonishing speed, and overtook the younger and with one sweep of his arm hurled him back into the bunk. They faced each other—the one cold, still, expressionless, the pistol held before him aimed at nothing, the other half-crouched, snarling.

"What the hell you going to do? Let him take us back to town like two damn sheep?"

"That's for me to decide," Tyler said. He looked at Stevens. "I never intended this, Gavin. I insured his life, kept the premiums paid—yes. But it was good business: If he had outlived me, I wouldn't have had any use for the money, and if I had outlived him, I would have collected on my judgment. There was no secret about it. It was done in open daylight. Anybody could have found out about it. Maybe he told about it. I never told him not to. And who's to say against it anyway? I always fed him when he came to my house, he always stayed as long as he wanted to, come when he wanted to. But I never intended this."

Suddenly the younger one began to

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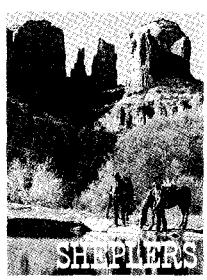

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laugh, half-crouched against the bunk where the other had flung him. "So that's the tune," he said. "That's the way it's going." Then it was not laughter any more, though the transition was so slight or perhaps so swift as to be imperceptible. He was standing now, leaning forward a little, facing his brother. "I never insured him for $5,000! I wasn't going to get——"

"Hush," Tyler said.

"——$5,000 when they found him dead on that——"

Tyler walked steadily to the other and slapped him in two motions, palm and back, of the same hand, the pistol still held before him in the other.

"I said, hush, Boyd," he said. He looked at Stevens again. "I never intended this. I don't want that money now, even if they were going to pay it, because this is not the way I aimed for it to be. Not the way I bet. What are you going to do?"

"Do you need to ask that? I want an indictment for murder."

"And then prove it!" the younger one snarled. "Try and prove it! I never insured his life for ——"

"Hush," Tyler said. He spoke almost gently, looking at Stevens with the pale eyes in which there was absolutely nothing. "You can't do that. It's a good name. Has been. Maybe nobody's done much for it yet, but nobody's hurt it bad yet, up to now. I have owed no man, I have taken nothing that was not mine. You mustn't do that, Gavin."

"I mustn't do anything else, Tyler."

The other looked at him. Stevens heard him draw a long breath and expel it. But his face did not change at all. "You want your eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth."

"Justice wants it. Maybe Lonnie Grinnup wants it. Wouldn't you?"

For a moment longer the other looked at him. Then Ballenbaugh turned and made a quiet gesture at his brother and another toward Stevens, quiet and peremptory.

Then they were out of the hut, standing in the light from the door; a breeze came up from somewhere and rustled in the leaves overhead and died away, ceased.

At first Stevens did not know what Ballenbaugh was about. He watched in mounting surprise as Ballenbaugh turned to face his brother, his hand extended, speaking in a voice which was actually harsh now: "This is the end of the row. I was afraid from that night when you came home and told me. I should have raised you better, but I didn't. Here. Stand up and finish it."

"Look out, Tyler!" Stevens said. "Don't do that!"

"Keep out of this, Gavin. If it meat for meat you want, you will g it." He still faced his brother; he d not even glance at Stevens. "Here, he said. "Take it and stand up."

Then it was too late. Stevens sa the younger one spring back. He sa Tyler take a step forward and h seemed to hear in the other's voice th surprise, the disbelief, then th realization of the mistake. "Drop th pistol, Boyd," he said. "Drop it."

"So you want it back, do you? the younger said. "I come to you tha night and told you you were wort $5,000 as soon as somebody hap pened to look on that trotline, an asked you to give me $10, and yo turned me down. Ten dollars, an you wouldn't. Sure you can have it Take it." It flashed, lov against his side; the orang fire lanced downward agai as the other fell.

Now it's my turn, Steven thought. They faced eac other; he heard again tha brief wind come from some where and shake the leave overhead and fall still.

"Run while you can, Boyd," he said. "You've done enough. Run, now."

"Sure I'll run. You do all your worrying about me now, because in a minute you won't have any worries. I'll run all right, after I've said a word to smart guys that come sticking their noses where they'll wish to hell they hadn't——"

Now he's going to shoot, Stevens thought, and he sprang. For an instant he had the illusion of watching himself springing, reflected somehow by the faint light from the river, that luminousness which water gives back to the dark, in the air above Boyd Ballenbaugh's head. Then he knew it was not himself he saw, it had not been wind he heard as the creature, the shape which had no tongue and needed none, which had been waiting nine days now for Lonnie Grinnup to come home, dropped toward the murderer's back

continued on following page

You be the Judge

by John Ritter

After having her seventh child, Mrs. Jones asked her doctor to prescribe a contraceptive pill.

But the nearsighted druggist who filled the prescription gave Mrs. Jones a bottle of tranquilizer pills by mistake, and when she got pregnant, she and her husband sued.

"The druggist was negligent in filling the prescription," the Joneses argued in court. "Now, because of him, our eighth child is on the way. He should have to pay for raising the child."

"Nonsense," the druggist said. "There's no basis for a lawsuit here. In the eyes of the law, a child is a blessing."

How would you decide if you were the judge?

The druggist had to pay. The judge ruled that when a druggist fills a prescription negligently, he must pay for the damage he causes. Besides paying the full cost of raising the child, the druggist had to pay Mrs. Jones' medical expenses and lost wages.

(Based on a 1972 Michigan appeals-court decision)

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with its hands already extended and its body curved and rigid with silent and deadly purpose.

He was in the tree, Stevens thought. The pistol glared. He saw the flash, but he heard no sound.

IV

He was sitting on the veranda with his neat surgeon's bandage after supper when the sheriff of the county came up the walk—a big man, too, pleasant, affable, with eyes even paler and colder and more expressionless than Tyler Ballenbaugh's. "It won't take but a minute," he said, "or I wouldn't have bothered you."

"How bothered me?" Stevens said.

The sheriff lowered one thigh to the veranda rail. "Head feel all right?"

"Feels all right," Stevens said.

"That's good. I reckon you heard where we found Boyd."

Stevens looked back at him just as blankly. "I may have," he said pleasantly. "Haven't remembered much today but a headache."

"You told us where to look. You were conscious when I got there. You were trying to give Tyler water. You told us to look on that trotline."

"Did I? Well, well, what won't a man say, drunk or out of his head? Sometimes he's right too."

"You were. We looked on the line, and there was Boyd hung on one of the hooks, dead, just like Lonnie Grinnup was. And Tyler Ballenbaugh with a broken leg and another bullet in his shoulder, and you with a crease in your skull you could hide a cig in. How did he get on that trotlin Gavin?"

"I don't know," Stevens said.

"All right. I'm not sheriff no How did Boyd get on that trotline?

"I don't know."

The sheriff looked at him; th looked at each other. "Is that wh you answer any friend that asks?"

"Yes. Because I was shot, you se I don't know."

The sheriff took a cigar from h pocket and looked at it for a tim "Joe—that deaf-and-dumb boy Lo nie raised—seems to have gone awa at last. He was still around there la Sunday, but nobody has seen hi since. He could have stayed. Nobod would have bothered him."

"Maybe he missed Lonnie to much to stay," Stevens said.

"Maybe he missed Lonnie." Th sheriff rose. He bit the end from th cigar and lit it. "Did that bullet caus you to forget this too? Just wha made you suspect something wa wrong? What was it the rest of u seem to have missed?"

"It was that paddle," Stevens said

"Paddle?"

"Didn't you ever run a trotline, a trotline right at your camp? You don't paddle, you pull the boat hand over hand along the line itself from one hook to the next. Lonnie never did use his paddle; he even kept the skiff tied to the same tree his trotline was fastened to, and the paddle stayed in his house. If you had ever been there, you would have seen it. But the paddle was in the skiff when that boy found it."

Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by February 10, 1985.

Strange Bedfellow

The Congressman's wife woke up,
And, startled, sat up in her bed;
"I think there's a robber in the house,"
To her husband, she fearfully said.

"No way," was his sleepy response,
"Your concern I cannot abide;
In the Senate, quite possibly, dear,
But never in the House!" he replied.

—Muriel Kovinow

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Matching Wits With Whales

continued from page 67

) four years to "prep" a new trainer. ut, says Thad Lacinak, the whales re good teachers. "The animals will ll you how you're doing. If they're ot working with you very well, then 's something that you're doing rong," he says. "They won't give ou trouble on purpose."

The whole experience of getting to now a whale can be humbling to mere umans. "Their eyesight is excellent. hey can echo-locate. Their hearing is 0 to 30 times better than ours," says acinak. And they have another kind f keen awareness, too. "Killer whales an sense genuineness," he says. "If ou genuinely like them, then you lon't have as many problems."

The latest ripple in the training waters at Sea World has been caused by automation. No, trained whales aren't yet coming out on assembly lines—but they're close. By pairing tones to various behaviors and playing them underwater, the trainers have persuaded the whales to perform a lengthy water ballet of tricks without benefit of human direction. The act has an eerie effect.

"Right now we have one whale that has 15 different tones," says Lacinak. "We hope to teach 50 easily in the near future." The extended outlook is that whales may eventually be taught tones for nouns, adjectives and verbs. For the first time, men and whales will have a mutually understandable language. That opens the doors to concept training. "We'll be able to signal, for example, 'Shamu, jump over hoop,' " says Lacinak, "and then we'll have three objects in the water—a hoop, a person and a ball. The whale will have to choose the right one. If we can do that, we will be able to prove that these animals have reason." Of course, if the whales do it wrong, no one will know for sure they aren't just playing dumb.

So, just how intelligent are killer whales, really? Butcher says killers, dolphins and chimpanzees are the brainiest animals in the world next to man. But their smarts aren't the reason after 11 years in the business that he prefers training whales to any other animal.

"They're not intimidated by anything in the world, including man," he says. "That's what really intrigues me."

Skiing

continued from page 55

white stuff even if you reside in such unlikely locales for skiing as Indiana, North Carolina, Iowa or Illinois.

Snow-making in Indiana, for example, guarantees skiing pleasure in such resorts as the Nashville Alps, Ski Paoli Peaks and Ski Valley. The same is true in Iowa of both Sundown and Winter World; in Illinois of Chestnut Mountain and Snowstar; in Michigan of Apple Mountain and Mount Brighton; in Virginia of Snowshoe; and in North Carolina of Wintergreen.

Excellent skiing is available in Northern Michigan and in Minnesota. Minneapolis-Saint Paulites seem to favor a run north to Lutsen off Lake Superior for a pleasant stay

continued on page 110

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 94)

A. The temples of Abu Simbel in Egypt were saved from the rising waters of the Nile in the 1960s. An international team disassembled the temples and reconstructed them 200 feet above the river bed.

B. Shiprock, near Farmington in northwestern New Mexico, is the solidified neck of a volcano that eroded. It stands approximately 1,400 feet high.

C. Parts of the Great Wall of China were begun as early as the fourth century B.C. Emperor Shih Huang Ti began to organize these parts into a single system about 214 B.C. as a defense against the Huns.

D. The Great Buddha, by Ono Goroemon, is located in Kamakura, Japan.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 100)

1. California
2. Chicago, Illinois
3. Virginia
4. Michigan
5. Nevada
6. Fargo, North Dakota
7. Washington
8. Scranton, Pennsylvania
9. Wisconsin

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

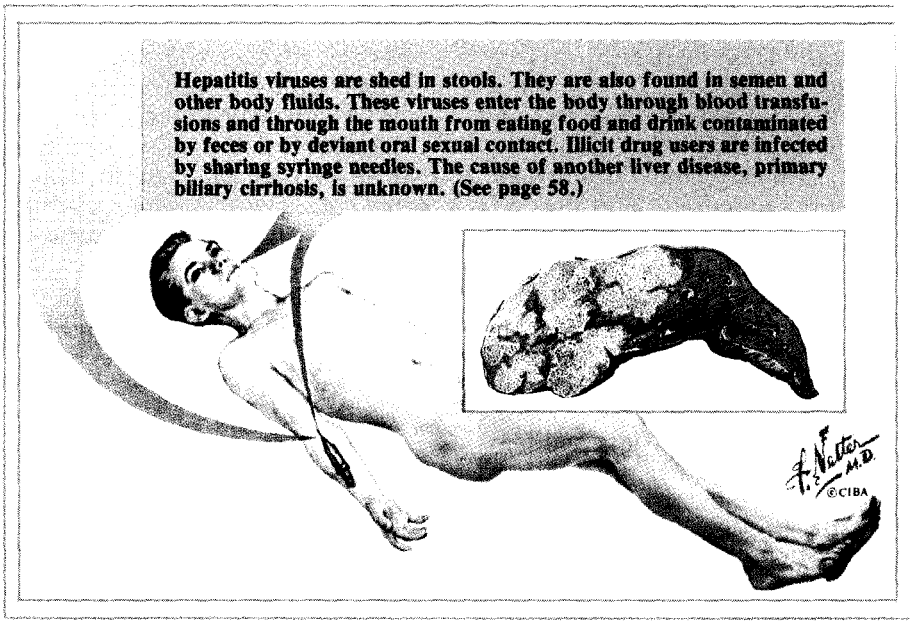
Fear less, hope more; eat less, chew more; whine less, breathe more; hate less, love more; and all good things are yours.—Swedish Proverb

Avoiding Hepatitis

I was flying in a chartered plane the other day in which the only magazine rack on board was stocked with *Playboy*-type magazines. (I surmised that the customary clientele on this plane was male executives.) As I sorted through the stack looking for something to read, a *Penthouse* with George Burns and Vanessa Williams on the cover fell out, and I confess—I peeked at those now infamous pictures.

My reaction is that the medical profession needs to be doing a much better job of educating our young people who experiment with deviant methods of sexual gratification. Anything that involves oral-anal contact is inviting exposure to the hepatitis virus. For example, homosexual men have far more hepatitis than other groups in our society and should certainly be vaccinated against hepatitis B if they have not already been.

Do our young people, who are led to believe by the liberal press that "anything goes" in sexual practices, know that they are inviting a host of health disasters? Are they made aware of the threats to health posed by sex acts as portrayed by Vanessa Williams and her female partner? Do most young people know about the risk of contracting a whole catalog of sexually transmitted diseases including hepatitis B? Do they know of the need to vaccinate against this disease should they elect to follow these practices? And how about those who know about the shots but cannot afford the $100 to get them?



Hepatitis viruses are shed in stools. They are also found in semen and other body fluids. These viruses enter the body through blood transfusions and through the mouth from eating food and drink contaminated by feces or by deviant oral sexual contact. Illicit drug users are infected by sharing syringe needles. The cause of another liver disease, primary biliary cirrhosis, is unknown. (See page 58.)

"Good heavens! I think my body is rejecting your bill..."

Of the sexually transmitted diseases, hepatitis B poses the most serious health hazard to society. It is passed from victims to the uninfected by deviant sexual relations, through needles shared by illicit drug users and through blood donated by carriers. Thus, hepatitis is spread beyond the homosexual and drug-user circles to innocent members of society. Not only a personal but a community and a world-wide health problem results. Hepatitis B is responsible for most cases of liver cancer, which on a world-wide basis kills more people than any other single form of cancer.

It appears that those getting hepatitis B may never fully recover. Approximately 1 to 3 percent of those contracting acute hepatitis go on to develop fulminant hepatitis and die. A more benign disease may go into relative remission, but it often does not go away entirely. From 5 to 10 percent of hepatitis-B victims become chronic carriers and can infect others for the rest of their lives.

A vaccine to prevent hepatitis B is available. It is rather expensive, but it is strongly urged for members of those groups in danger of developing the disease.

A whole generation is in need of an education program warning of the dangers of the "new" sexually transmitted diseases. Most of these diseases are incurable, which makes them more insidious than other venereal diseases.

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:rhaps it's time for society to ke a stand against the portrayal sexual practices that pose health reats to the rest of society.

A growing number of persons, edominantly women, are devel- ping liver failure with no identifi- ble cause. These persons are diag- osed as having primary biliary cir- hosis or PBC. (See page 58.) Since ie cause is not yet recognized, more search is urgently needed. Drugs ich as tranquilizers and birth- ontrol pills have been suspected.

Mild Myasthenia Gravis

)ear Dr. SerVaas:

This is in response to the letter rom Lois Harvey. For now, forget ie cats! She is wondering if her aughter's muscular weakness ould be an allergy to cats. I too m hypoglycemic. I, too, had some enefit from the diet, but was still lagued with the muscular weak- ess and fatigue until, mercifully, a loctor I went to about the hypogly- emia spotted the real cause and ent me to a doctor who is a special- st in myasthenia. (The *Post* pub- ished an excellent article on the ubject last month, except that the nild form was not mentioned.) To nake a long story short, after years of being branded as neurotic and depressed, I was diagnosed correct- ly as having the *mild* form of my- asthenia gravis. She will very likely have a difficult time finding some- one who will take her seriously and do the Tensilon test, but she should not stop until she does. One of my friends who suggested it to her doc- tor was told she could not have that. She wasn't rich enough! Well, I'm nowhere nearly as rich as Onas- sis either, but I have it. Although there is no connection between the two, my specialist, who has studied the disease for around 45 years, says the two diseases are often found in the same patient.

She should try to find a specialist in myasthenia, and will probably have to go to a large clinic. Next to that, a neurologist would probably be best.

I'll gladly correspond with the ladies if I can be of help.

Mildred N. McAnally
Bourbonnais, Illinois

Sun Lovers

"Fry Now, Pay Later" is the headline for a slick ad with a glamorous bathing beauty sunning herself to a warm bronze in the tropical sun. The ad, commissioned by the American Cancer Society, is great but it probably won't discourage sun lovers. If you can't resist the sun spots in the wintertime, be informed about cover-up protection. Sun tan screens, dry-skin lotions and even make-up help protect the skin against the ravages of the sun's rays. Wear a hat!

Unsuspected Cancer

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My husband, while under the care of a physician for adult-onset diabetes (age 62), became ill in February 1984, was operated on and was found to have an abdomen full of metastasized cancer. After chemotherapy and a brave, sweet struggle, he died July 30, 1984. Through the trauma and agony of those five short months, we asked ourselves over and over—where were the warning signs of cancer? Where has research come up with answers? This is a man who in 72 years never smoked anything—could never afford anything alcoholic other than an occasional beer or highball! Never did anything to excess.

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I would be interested to see *The Saturday Evening Post* do an occasional article on the rate of success of chemotherapy or cobalt or any method on the different types of cancer. Paul's cancer was adenocarcinoma. Are all seniors doomed to succumb to some type of cancer?

God help us all! Thank you for your excellent program and magazine!

Mrs. Norman Paul Johnson
Sequim, Washington

Dear Mrs. Johnson:

It is true that our chances of getting cancer increase with each year as we grow older. The warning signs could be in the stool in the form of hidden blood and I'm sure you will want to do this test regularly yourself.

Eating a high-fiber diet protects against colon cancer. This has been established with good research and is now backed up by the National Cancer Institute. Cancer of the colon and the rectum is the nation's No. 2 killer cancer. We're so sorry to learn that it struck your husband so unexpectedly.

Gas Attack

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

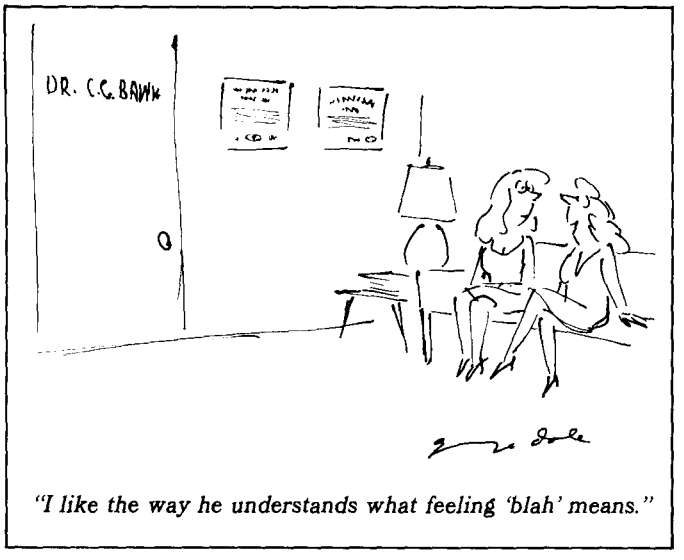
I have a few problems which I hope you can assist me in solving. I have been trying to increase my intake of fiber and have tried many of the various bean recipes in your publication. The trouble is the excessive flatulence which these products cause. Is there any natural remedy or method of preparation which can eliminate this problem?

I hope to hear from you in the near future and hope you can offer some solution. Thank you for disseminating the information which otherwise would not be available.

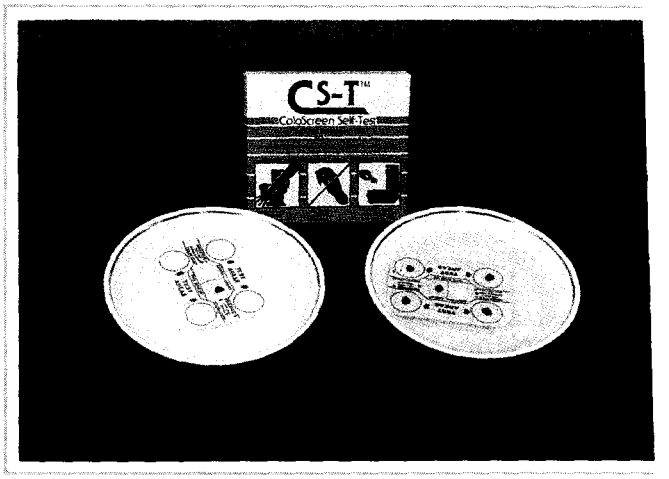
Edward J. Beck
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Beck:

If you will drink at least eight cups of warm water daily you will have less gas. While we don't understand why, cold water doesn't relieve flatus as well. Try drinking citrus tea which is nothing more than a quarter of lime in hot water with some prune juice to sweeten. Don't drink tea or coffee to increase your water intake because they contain caffeine and xanthine. More exercise will help too. Don't add baking soda to your beans as you don't need the extra sodium



"I like the way he understands what feeling 'blah' means."



We tried the ColoScreen Self-Test and found it did indeed dete the small amount of blood we had added to the water in tl laboratory dish on the right. Dish on left contained clear wate

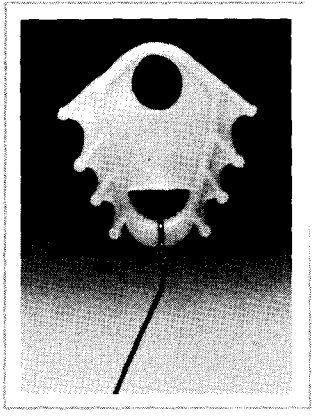
Passing gas from the colon is not harmful to you health, it's just embarrassing for some. Better to ignore th flatus and eat the beans than suffer the real problem of slightly smelly colostomy bag brought on by a nice polit refined fiber-depleted wind-free bland diet.

Easier Home Testing For Hidden Blood

Unlike other tests for hidden blood, Helena Labora tories' new ColoScreen Self-Test (CS-T) eliminates th need for unpleasant handling of stool specimens. CS-T uses a chemical detector pad sandwiched between tw sheets of biodegradable paper. To perform the test, th pad is floated in the toilet bowl following a bowel move ment. If there is blood present, the test areas of the pa turn red. ColoScreen Self-Test's one-step testing make messy sample and chemical handling obsolete. Test pa can be flushed in the toilet.

IUD Alert

Doctors throughout the country have been receiving recall notices on the Dalkon Shield intrauterine contraceptive devices. The Dalkon Shield was marketed between 1970 and 1974. In 1980 A.H. Robins, the manufacturer, recommended that the Dalkon Shield be removed from women who continued to use it; the Food and Drug Administration and other government agencies followed suit in 1983.



Anyone still using one of these Dalkon Shields should contact her physician immediately to have it removed.

Substantial medical opinion holds that the continued use of the Dalkon Shield may pose a serious personal health hazard to users. Therefore, Robins is launching a national public-information program to alert women still using the devices to call their physicians or clinics for an appointment to have them removed.

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The early IUDs were frequently expelled by the uterus. o counter this, the Dalkon Shield was designed. This evice was not expelled so readily as other designs because f small barbs along the sides. These barbs, however, were ıe undoing of the device. Occasionally, they penetrated ıe uterine wall with a dire consequence—bacteria from ıe uterus entered the abdominal cavity. Peritonitis esulted and a few related deaths have been reported.

Robins is sponsoring television, newspaper and magaine advertising asking women who believe they may still e using the Dalkon Shield to call their physicians or clinics or an appointment. Robins will pay the customary fees harged for examination and removal of the device.

The Dalkon Shield, "crablike" in shape with fins on ither side, has a single tail string attached to enable the inerter and user to determine proper placement and to proide a means of removal. The tail string, thicker than that ısed with other IUDs, is black in apearance and has a knot approxmately three centimeters from its nd. Other makes of IUDs have two trings on them. If you can feel two trings, you do not have a Dalkon Shield and no examination is needed.

If you had an IUD inserted in the 1970s, and it has a single string atached, chances are it is a Dalkon Shield. The Robins Company will pay for your examination and for the removal of the device. For this service, you may go to your own doctor.

Cat Call

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

This letter is in response to a letter to the editor in your November 1984 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* by Lois Harvey, Merriam, Kansas, titled "A Weakness for Cats."

Ms. Harvey erroneously referred to the muscle weakness Martina Navratilova experienced several years ago as an allergy to cats. In fact, she had contracted a disease from her cat called toxoplasmosis, a protozoan disease that is widespread in both the human and animal population. Fortunately, it generally does not cause severe illness in most cases but has the potential for causing abortion, birth defects and even death in rare cases.

Because the cat is the primary host for this disease, it is usually considered to be the main source of infection. Toxoplasmosis can also be contracted by eating rare meat that has not been heated to more than 151° F., by drinking unpasteurized milk or by handling soil contaminated with the organism.

Not all human ailments associated with animals are allergies, so tell your doctor if persistent symptoms occur.

John S. Baker, D.V.M.
West Lafayette, Indiana

Transplants

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I would be interested in donating any or all of my organs at my death, even skin, bone, etc., for transplanting.

I have a granddaughter who is now awaiting a heart-lung transplant in northern California or Palo Alto. She has been accepted and now awaits a donor.

M. Hollingsworth
Rowland Heights, California

Dear Mrs. Hollingsworth:

Your name has been entered on the computer at the SatEvePost Society. We have also entered the need for a heart-lung transplant for your granddaughter. All those willing to donate organs at the time of their death are encouraged to register at our exchange for Society members.

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Members needing organs are invited to register as well.

The promise of cyclosporin to prevent or retard rejection of transplants has created a great demand for organs. The lack of organs is the greatest problem for victims and for physicians waiting to do transplants. The Saturday Evening Post Society has a clearing house and computer space allotted so that all those willing to donate their organs at death can register with the *Post*. All those who now need an organ or expect to need an organ in the future should also register their needs as potential recipients. Availabilities and needs will be matched on the computer.

Amaranth

continued from page 27

Spanish landed in Mexico some 450 years ago, they found the Aztecs flourishing on a diet of maize and amaranth. When the Indian empire declined, maize remained to become an American staple, while amaranth, by far the superior grain in nutrients, fell into obscurity.

The amaranth plant looks something like a tobacco plant but is much taller. The leaves are edible if cooked. (If only amaranth could be substituted for tobacco fields in the South.)

Some backyard farmers in the United States have been raising small plots of amaranth for years with excellent results. Russell Millsap, a full-time attorney and part-time gardener in the Sacramento area, raised a plot of amaranth with more success than he expected. Instead of getting a yield of 1½ to 2 ounces per plant, he got 6. Others have found that by planting amaranth plants just ten inches apart, they can get "incredible" yields up to 2.3 tons per acre.

The first international seminar on amaranth was held in Chapingo, Mexico, last October. Dr. Noel Vietmeyer, a staff member of the National Academy of Sciences, believes it to be even more promising than the winged bean, another crop high in nutrients being developed for use in Third World countries.

Amaranth is now available through The Saturday Evening Post Society. If you would like to try some, see page 24 for details.

Skiing

continued from page 105

at the ultranice Moose Mountain complex. Boyne Mountain in north-central Michigan can make any Westerner envious of its tough downhill slopes and picturesque back-country trails.

West: Colorado, for openers, has ten excellent choices: Aspen, Breckenridge, Copper Mountain, Crested Butte, Keystone (two different areas), Purgatory, Steamboat Springs, Winter Park, Monarch Winter Sports in Garfield and that relative youngster among Rocky Mountain resorts, Vail. If status and the chance to see former President Gerald Ford promenading on the slopes are important to you, Aspen or Vail is most likely your ski town of choice. If you're looking for great skiing, wild views and bargain rates on lift tickets, however, you'll want to avoid the crowds by heading to Monarch Ski Area in Salida.

The queen of all western resorts remains Sun Valley, Idaho, but be warned that lift tickets there are priced as steep as the slopes of Bald Mountain. Nonetheless, some bargains on cross-country skiing are available nearby.

The Utah ski resort of Park City lacks the glamour of Sun Valley, b attractive prices at three neighbori ski complexes—along with a nice restored historic district—make it t preferred place to go for the econon minded. Airline flights to Salt Lal City are always at a discount, ar Park City is but a short drive away b rental car. What you save on accor modations and air fare, you ca spend on one of the greatest thrills c your life—a $200-$250 helicopt rental that drops you off at some c the most impressive virgin sno you'll ever cut with skis. Other popu lar retreats for skiing enthusiasts ar the quaint northern Ne Mexico community of Tac and exciting, youth-oriente Jackson Hole, Wyoming Northern California boast many fine resorts. Squav Valley and the Tahoe regio pack the biggest "rep." A alternative to the crowd there, however, is a visit t the Sierra City-Downievill area. "When you see th Sierra Buttes at 8,500 feet it's like skiing the Bavarian Alps," claims Ross Gralia, a ski instructor who operates Quiet Mountain Nordic in Nevada City.

Ballroom Dancing

continued from page 28

As for the ballrooms, they are ready whenever you are. Here are some of them:

- Roseland Ballroom, New York, New York;
- Idora Ballroom, Youngstown, Ohio;
- King Phillip Ballroom, Wrentham, Massachusetts;
- Roaring 20s Ballroom, San Antonio, Texas;
- Bel-Rae Ballroom, New Brighton, Minnesota;
- Cotillion Ballroom, Wichita, Kansas;
- Val-Air Ballroom, West Des Moines, Iowa;
- Peony Park Ballroom, Omaha, Nebraska;
- Cocoanut Grove Ballroom, Santa Cruz, California;
- Medina Ballroom, Hamel, Minnesota;
- Willowbrook Ballroom, Willow Springs, Illinois;
- Col Ballroom, Davenport, Iowa

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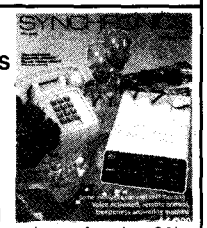

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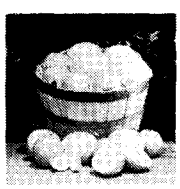

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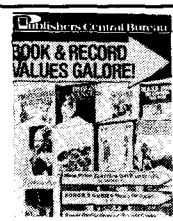

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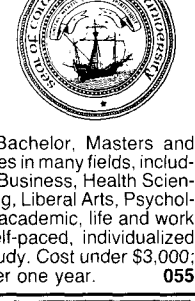

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MONEY TALK

by Helen Spears

A real-estate expert answers readers' most frequently asked questions about marketing their homes.

Q. How do I go about arriving at an asking price for my house? There are so many considerations. I want it to be high enough that I can afford to negotiate, but low enough to be competitive.

A. It's best to get a professional appraisal. The appraiser will base his appraisal on actual selling prices of comparable property but will use a number of other techniques as well. He will not be biased by any desire to compete with someone else' appraisal, as would a real-estate professional who might be seeking a listing. Furthermore, such an appraisal carries more weight with a prospective buyer.

Q. More homes are on the market in our city than ever before. Would we be better off to sign with a multiple-listing agency, or should we try to sell it ourselves to lower the price by the amount of the commission?

A. My many years of selling real estate have prejudiced me in favor of signing with an agent, for a number of reasons. First, selling real estate is a complicated and often treacherous business, fraught with legal pitfalls. In my opinion, it is no place for amateurs. A seller who thinks he has made a successful deal can find himself in some very sticky situations, which can range from losing the sale all the way to being sued later because he was unaware of some matters for which a professional would have been looking.

Second, you need all the help you can get. An agent, especially one with a multiple-listing agency, can give your house more exposure. He can keep you from wasting your efforts on an unqualified buyer. The agent has lists of buyers in your price range and for your type of house, and he won't sit back and wait for someone to drive by or to see your ad in the paper, as you would have to do.

The third reason for using an agent may be the most important of all. These are times of much crime, when it is no longer safe to open your home to strangers. Real-estate professionals

"Let's play house! You be the home buyer and I'll be the sharp realtor with a socko method of alternate financing!

are taught to screen prospective buyers in their offices. They learn safety techniques when showing a house and are alert to possible dangers to your property.

Q. I want to be as helpful as possible when my house is being shown, and I think I know it better than anyone else. Should I be available, waiting nearby, in order to answer any questions or explain anything to the buyer?

A. It is best to leave when your house is being shown. Your agent can do a better job of showing it if no one is there. The buyer will be less inhibited about bringing up things that bother him, and the agent can counter the objections as they occur. If you think of anything that needs explaining, it is best to bring it up with the agent before he arrives with the buyer for a showing. Never apologize for your house—even to your agent. No house is perfect.

Q. I hear a lot about creative financing, whatever that is. Are there any caveats regarding this subject I should be aware of?

A. We always hear a lot about creative financing when interest rates are high and money is tight. Sometin these alternative ways of financi are necessary if one wishes to sell house. Some things to be aware when you are asked to enter into cr tive financing of any kind:

A frequently used device to help buyer who can't come up with t money until he can get a loan at a re sonable rate, or sell some property, the balloon note. In this approach, buyer will have the seller carry h mortgage at a lower-than-prevaili rate. The principal will come due in lump sum (the balloon) at a specifi time. This procedure can be ve dangerous for a young, unsophisi cated couple and should not be e tered into lightly. I do not recon mend a balloon note that comes d in less than seven years. That muc time can be necessary for conditior to change in the marketplace.

Another consideration should b the financial strength of your buyer you are planning to carry back the f nancing on your house. You shoul insist on a buyer who is stable finan cially and whose income is equal to a least four times the monthly pay ment, including taxes and insurance I have heard people argue that carry ing back a loan is no problem—th worst that can happen is that you wil get your house back. That view is tru to a certain extent, but consider th matter of legal expense involved in a foreclosure, to say nothing of the has sle involved. Don't expose yourself tc that kind of problem.

Q. How can you reassure me as I undertake this big step?

A. Think positively. Write down the things you love most about your home. You must have liked one thing most about your home that made you want to buy it. Tell your agent what you like about it so that he can emphasize that aspect in his ads. Someone else will surely fall in love with it for the same reason.

And don't forget—if you're 55 or older, you may be eligible for at least part of the once-in-a-lifetime, $125,000 exclusion of gain that the IRS allows you to use against your income when you sell your home. Check with your realtor, accountant or lawyer for details.

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